The World's Classics

CCXXVII

THE POEMS OF VIRGIL

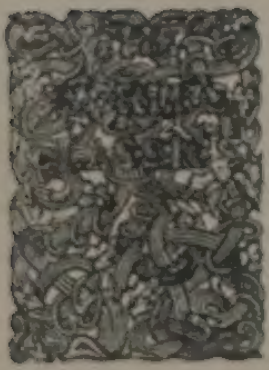
PRINTED IN ENGLAND
AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
BY FREDERICK HALL

THE POEMS OF VIRGIL

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

JAMES RHOADES



HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON EDINBURGH GLASGOW COPENHAGEN
NEW YORK TORONTO MELBOURNE CAPE TOWN
BOMBAY CALCUTTA MADRAS SHANGHAI PEKING

Publius Virgilius Maro

Born, Pietola . . . . . 70 B.C.
Died, Brundusium . . . . . 19 B.C.

This translation of the poems was first published in the 'World's Classics' in 1921.

TO

MY WIFE

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION

To write a verse-translation of the *Aeneid*, though the labour be one of love, must in the nature of things be a somewhat thankless undertaking: for in the first place, if it is impossible to reach perfection in the rendering of any poem from one language to another, it is past impossible, when the two languages are so remotely akin as Latin and English, and when the style of the author was, even in his own tongue, unapproachable for subtle delicacy and artistic finish: and secondly, even should he attain to a high degree of excellence, the qualified approval of a few scholars, and the thanks of an infinitesimal fraction of the reading public, are likely to be the translator's sole reward.

And yet it has seemed to me that, if one could produce a version of the *Aeneid* that should be in itself an English poem, and at the same time a faithful reflection of the original, neither adding to the text nor diminishing from it, such an achievement would be worth the time and labour required for the task. Admitting to the full the high standard that has been reached by some of my predecessors, though with the details of their work I have purposely kept myself unacquainted, I do not think that the prime virtue of a translator, namely absolute fidelity to the original—eschewing paraphrase where possible, and resisting all

temptation to be brilliant on his own account—has hitherto been kept sufficiently in sight. I am far from supposing that in the present volume I have done more, myself, than honestly attempt it; but it cannot be said to have been seriously attempted by those, however able and felicitous, who have hampered themselves at starting with the exigencies of a rhyming metre.

Notwithstanding the argument of Sir Charles Bowen in the Preface to his *Virgil in English Verse*, I hold that lineal conformity is not a matter of the first importance, and that verbal closeness, or, at any rate, identity of meaning, is. For this reason I should in any case have chosen Blank Verse as the vehicle best adapted to my purpose: but, besides this, it is the metre of the English Epic, and therefore, in my opinion, the metre most fitted for reproducing the Epic of another nation. Further, as a matter of personal taste, I feel that the deep seriousness, the pensive majesty, the underlying pathos of Virgil's poetry, are fundamentally incompatible with any measure more rapid than the English Iambic; I can conceive nothing less like the Virgilian cadence than what Milton terms 'the jingling sound of like endings'; nor, on the other hand, do I know of anything that savours so much of Virgil as parts of the Blank Verse of Milton and of Cowper.

Such is the substance of my defence against possible assailants of the metre which I have selected, and also my apology to critics and readers for venturing to add my 'sum of more to that which' already perhaps in their opinion 'hath too much'.

It seems almost superfluous to state that in the

present work, as in my translation of the *Georgics*, the debt I owe to the late Professor Conington's writings is incalculable. And I would also here express my sense of obligation to Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, from whom, in the way of warm encouragement and friendly criticism, I have received more help than any book could give.

THE OLD GARTH, READING,
10th January 1893.

NOTE TO SECOND EDITION

To this I would now merely add that, in revising these books for a new edition, I have been more forcibly reminded than hitherto of the amount of my indebtedness to others. It goes without saying that a translation of the *Aeneid* in these days cannot well be the work of a single mind. The cells in the brain of any one, equipped to attempt it, must already have been enriched with the nectar of other men's thoughts, culled from the flowers of many climes. One cannot even converse with some men, without assimilating turns of thought or speech which from that time forth are apt to figure as one's own. In this sense I am, perhaps more than most, 'a debtor unto many,' both men and books. I cannot enumerate them all, or specify to whom I owe this or that. But, in view of the generous reception that has been accorded to my work, I wish to record here unequivocally that I am deeply conscious of the debt.

5 FITZJAMES AVENUE, KENSINGTON,
12th November 1906.

PREFATORY NOTE TO THIRD EDITION

In preparing my translation of the *Aeneid* and *Georgics* for the Oxford University Press, after being piloted through two editions by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. and Messrs. Kegan Paul respectively, I have, with a view to the removal of certain abbreviated forms, that seem hardly at home in their surroundings, made slight revisions of the text where these occurred, and in some other passages besides.

Further, while roaming through that treasury of Virgilian lore, *Aeneas at the site of Rome*, by my friend, Mr. Warde Fowler—our great seer into the heart and mind of Virgil, and dispeller of the mists that cling to the dark places where history and legend blend—I have in three passages of much-disputed meaning, viz. *Aeneid* viii, 65, 75, and 108, been led, as by an unerring hand, to exchange my former interpretations for those so irresistibly advocated there.

There is yet one more departure from my previous versions, about which I ought perhaps to say a word, namely, the substitution of 'Prince' for 'Sire', as an equivalent for 'Pater', when applied *as a title* to Aeneas and to Anchises before him. This is the rendering adopted by John O'Gilby in his rhymed version of the poem in 1685; and being convinced that the word 'Pater' in this connexion denoted a more compre-

hensive relationship than that of simple fatherhood, amounting in fact to that of 'Pater patriae'—cp. *Aeneid* xii, 166, where it is expanded into 'Romanae stirpis origo'- it seemed to me, and to Mr. Warde Fowler also, as he allows me to say, that the above-named writer was justified in his rendering; and I have accordingly followed him in this respect.

KINGSTHORPE, KELVEDON,
ESSEX,
1st December 1920.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
THE AENEID	Book I	1
	Book II	25
	Book III	52
	Book IV	75
	Book V	98
	Book VI	125
	Book VII	153
	Book VIII	179
	Book IX	202
	Book X	227
	Book XI	256
	Book XII	285
THE GEORGICS		314
THE ECLOGUES		389

THE AENEID

BOOK I

Of arms I sing, and of the man who first 1–23
From Trojan shores beneath the ban of fate
To Italy and coasts Lavinian came,
Much tossed about on land and ocean he
By violence of the gods above, to sate
Relentless Juno's ever-rankling ire.
In war, too, much enduring, till what time
A city he might found him, and bear safe
His gods to Latium, whence the Latin race,
And Alba's sires, and lofty-towering Rome.
Say, Muse, what outrage to her power the cause,
Or angered why, the Queen of Heaven constrained
A man, so marked for goodness, still to ply
The round of peril, bear the brunt of toil:
In heavenly breasts do such fierce passions dwell?
There was an ancient city, the abode
Of Tyrian settlers, Carthage, far to sea
Facing Italia and the Tiber-mouths,
Wealthy of substance, and in war's pursuit
None fiercer, far beyond all lands, 'tis said,
To Juno dearest — Samos' self less dear.
Here were her arms, her chariot here; that this
Should, fate consenting, a world-empire be,
Even then the goddess aimed with fond desire.
Nathless she had heard that from the blood of Troy
A race was rearing, destined to o'erthrow
Her Tyrian towers; that issuing hence should come
A people of wide empire, lords of war,
To ravage Libya: such the round of fate.
Moved by this fear, Saturnia, and therewith

Still mindful of the former strife, which erst
At Troy for her dear Argos she had waged—
Nor were the quarrel's causes and fierce pangs
Yet banished from her soul; in memory's depth
Lie stored the doom of Paris, and the affront
Of her spurned beauty, and that loathèd stock,
And the high prize of ravished Ganymede—
Fired with these thoughts besides, the Trojan few,
'Scaped from the Danai and Achilles fell,
Still must she keep upon wide ocean tossed
Aloof from Latium; and for many a year
They roamed, fate-driven, through all the circling seas:
So vast the toil to found the Roman race.
  Scarce out of sight of the Sicilian land
To sea-ward they were sailing cheerily,
Tilting the salt foam with each brazen beak,
When Juno, nursing in her bosom's depth
The undying wound, thus with her own soul spake:
'I to shrink foiled from my design, too weak
To ward the Teucrians' king from Italy,
Because the fates forbid! Could Pallas then
Burn up the Argive galleys, and their crews
Drown in the deep, for one man's mad offence,
Ajax, Oileus' son? With her own hand
She, hurling from the clouds Jove's nimble fire,
Scattered their barks, with winds upheaved the sea,
And him, his riven breast panting forth the flames,
Upwhirled and staked upon a pointed rock:
But I, who walk the queen of heaven, at once
Sister and spouse of Jove, with one weak race
These many years must war; and is there left
Still who to Juno's godhead bows the knee,
Or lays a suppliant's offering on her shrine?'
  Such thoughts revolving in her fiery breast,
Lo! to the storm-clouds' home, Aeolia, tracts
Teeming with furious gales, the goddess came.
Here in a vast cave Aeolus, their king,
The wrestling winds and roaring hurricanes
Bends to his sway and curbs with prison-bonds;
They, with a mighty rumbling of the hill

Growl chafing round their barriers; on the height,
Sceptre in hand, aloft sits Aeolus,
And sleeks their passions and allays their ire;
Else would they hale sea, land, and vaulted heaven
In their wild flight, and sweep them into space.
But with this fear the Sire omnipotent
Penned them in caverns dark, and o'er them piled
The bulk of lofty mountains, and a king
He gave them, who by settled bond should know
To grip the reins, or slacken, at his word.
Him Juno then with suppliant voice addressed:
'Aeolus, for to thee the Sire of gods
And King of men hath given to soothe the waves
Or lift them with his wind, a race to me
Hateful, now sailing o'er the Tuscan deep,
Bears Ilium and her conquered household gods
To Italy: strike wrath into the winds,
Sink and o'erwhelm their barks, or sunder far
And broadcast fling their bodies on the deep.
Twice seven fair nymphs of matchless mould have I,
Of whom Deiopea, fairest-formed,
In lasting wedlock will I knit with thee,
And dedicate her thine, that all her years
She for such service at thy side may spend,
And make thee father of a race as fair.'
Then answered Aeolus: 'Thy task, O queen,
Is to search out thy pleasure, mine to do
Thy bidding: of thy grace is all I own
Of power, this sceptre, and consenting Jove
Thou set'st me in the banquet-hall of heaven,
And mak'st me ruler of the clouds and storms.'
So having said, his spear he turned and thrust
Against the hollow mountain-side: the winds
As in compact array, where vent is given,
Rush forth and with tornado scour the world,
Sweep on the sea, and from its sunken bed
Upheave it whole in one wild onset, east,
South, and southwester with thick coming squalls,
And roll huge billows to the shore. Anon
Rises the creak of cables, cry of men:

Clouds in a moment from the Trojans' eyes
Snatch heaven and day; black night broods o'er the deep:
Skies thunder; the air lightens, flash on flash;
No sign abroad but bodes them instant death.
Straight are Aeneas' limbs with shuddering loosed;
He groans, and, stretching his clasped hands to heaven,
Thus cries aloud: 'O thrice and four times blest
Who won to die beneath Troy's lofty towers
Under their kinsmen's eyes! O Tydeus' son,
Bravest of Danaan blood! to think that I
On Ilium's plains was suffered not to fall,
Nor at thy hand let forth my life-breath, where
Fierce Hector by the son of Aeacus
Lay stricken low, where huge Sarpedon, where,
Caught down beneath his current, Simois rolls
Shields, helms, and bodies of the countless brave!'
Such words out-tossing, a loud blast from the north
Strikes him full-sail, and lifts the floods to heaven:
Crash go the oars, then swerves the prow and gives
The waves her broadside: on rolls, heaped and sheer,
A watery mountain: on the wave-tops some
Hang poised; to some the sea deep-yawning shows
Bare ground amid the billows, surge with sand
Raving; three ships the south wind's sudden clutch
Hurls upon hidden rocks—Italian folk
Name them the Altars rising 'mid the waves—
A vast ridge on the sea-top: three the east
Drives on to banks and shallows from the deep,
A piteous sight, and breaks them on the shoals,
And heaps the sand about them: one which bore
The Lycians and Orontes true of heart,
Even as he gazes, a huge sea astern
Strikes from above: dashed headlong from on board
Down goes the helmsman: her, spun whirling thrice
Even where she lies, the eddying gulf devours.
Here and there scattered on the weltering waste
Swimmers are seen, and heroes' arms, and planks,
And Trojan wealth upon the waters strewn.
Now the stout ship of Ilioneus, and now

Of brave Achates, that which bare on board
Abas, and that too of Aletes old,
The storm hath quelled; with rib-joints loosened, all
Let in the watery foe, and gaping split.
Meanwhile of ocean made one roaring mass,
And a storm launched, and all his water-floods
Wrung from their lowest deeps, was Neptune ware,
And sorely chafed he: o'er the deep he peered,
Above the billow lifting a calm brow:
Far scattered over all the main he sees
Aeneas' fleet, he sees the Trojans whelmed
Beneath the waters and the fallen sky,
Nor from her brother's heart were hid the wiles
And spite of Juno: to his side he bids
Eurus and Zephyr, and bespeaks them thus:
'Hold you such blind reliance on your birth?
So! dare ye now without my fiat, winds,
Mix earth and heaven, and mass these mountain-heights?
Whom I—— but best the uproared floods appease:
Not all so lightly shall ye answer me
Your trespasses hereafter. Speed betimes!
And say ye to your king, not his, but mine
The empire and fell trident of the sea
By lot assigned. He sways the savage rocks,
Of thee, O Eurus, and thy tribe the home:
Let Aeolus hold court and vaunt him there,
And rule close-barred the prison of the winds.'
So saying, and swifter than that word, he smoothes
The swelling waters, routs the banded clouds,
Brings back the sun. Cymothoe therewithal
And Triton lend their shoulders to thrust off
From the sharp rock their vessels; he himself
Upheaves them with his trident, clears a way
Through the vast quicksands, and allays the flood,
And skims the wave-top lightly charioted.
And as when oft in some vast throng hath risen
A tumult, and the base herd waxeth mad,
And brands and stones, wrath-furnished weapons, fly,
Then, if some hero chance upon their sight,
Of weight for worth or exploit, they are hushed

And stand, all ear, to listen ; with his words
He sways their passion, soothes their ruffled breasts ;
So all at once the roar of ocean died,
What time, forth peering o'er the main, the Sire
Borne on a cloudless heaven his coursers drove,
And flying gave his willing chariot way.
  Toil-worn the children of Aeneas strive
To make what shores are nearest, and at length
To Libya's coast they come. There is a spot
Deep in a cove's recess : an isle there makes
A harbour with the barrier of its sides,
'Gainst which no deep-sea billow but is dashed,
And sundered far into sequestered creeks.
On either side huge cliffs, a towering pair,
Frown up to heaven ; sheer down in shelter sleep
Broad waters, while, a scene of waving woods,
Black shaggy groves hang beetling from above.
Under the cliff's face is a crag-hung cave ;
Within, fresh springs and seats in the living rock
Nymph-haunted : the tired ships, to moor them here,
No cables need, nor hookèd anchor's fang.
Here, mustering seven from all his tale of ships,
Aeneas enters ; yearning sore for land,
Outleap the Trojans, gain the wished-for beach,
And lay their brine-drenched limbs upon the shore.
Achates from a flint first struck the spark,
And nursed the fire in leaves, and, heaping round
Dry fuel, on tinder quickly caught the flame.
Then, weary of fate, their sea-marred corn they fetch,
And gear of the corn-goddess, and prepare
The rescued grain to parch, and pound with stone.
  Meanwhile Aeneas scales a crag, to scan
In one wide survey all the sea, if aught
Of Antheus and the Phrygian biremes there
Wind-drifted he may spy, or Capys, or
Caicus' arms upon the lofty stern.
Vessel in sight is none, on shore he sees
Three stags before him ranging ; in their rear
The whole herd follow, and in long array
Wind feeding through the valleys. Then he stopped,

Seized in his clutch a bow and wingèd shafts—
Weapons which true Achates chanced to bear—
And first themselves the leaders, holding high
Their heads with branchy antlers, he lays low,
And then the herd, and all the rout pell-mell
Plies with his arrows through the leafy brakes,
Nor stays his hand till seven huge frames on earth
He casts in triumph, to match the tale of ships.
Thence to the port he hies, gives all their share,
And next the wine, which on Trinacria's shore
In casks Acestes had in bounty stowed—
A hero's gift at parting—he metes out,
And with this utterance soothes their troubled breasts:

'O comrades, for not all unlearned of ills
Are we already—O schooled to worser woes
Than these, of these too heaven will grant an end.
Even Scylla's fury and deep-bellowing rocks
Have ye drawn nigh, and proved the Cyclop-crags:
Courage recall; dull fears forgo; belike
This too with joy will be remembered yet.
Through shifting perils, by many a brink of death,
Toward Latium are we faring, where the fates
Portend us quiet resting-places: there
The realm of Troy must from her ashes rise:
Endure, and hoard yourselves for happier days.'

So spake his lips, while, sick with extreme woe,
Hope's mask he wears, and chokes the anguish down.
They to the spoil, the feast that is to be,
Address them, flay the ribs, the flesh lay bare;
Part cleave it into pieces, and on spits
Still quivering fresh impale them; other some
Set cauldrons on the shore, and tend the fires.
Then with the food they summon back their strength,
And stretched upon the greensward take their fill
Of old wine and fat venison. When good cheer
Had banished hunger, and the board was cleared,
In endless talk for their lost mates they yearn,
'Twixt hope and fear uncertain whether still
Among the quick to deem them, or even now
Suffering the worst, and deaf to their last cry.

And chiefly good Aeneas, now the fate
Of keen Orontes, now of Amycus,
And inly, Lycus, thine untimely doom,
And for brave Gyas, brave Cloanthus, mourns.
And now they had ended, when from heights of air
Down-glancing on the sail-flown sea, and lands
With shores and widespread peoples stretched below,
Jupiter thus upon the cope of heaven
Made pause, and fixed his eyes on Libya's realm.
Him then, such cares revolving in his breast,
Sadder than wont, her bright eyes brimmed with tears,
Venus bespake: 'O thou who swayest the tides
Of men and gods with sovereign power eterne,
And scar'st them with thy bolt, what crime so dire
Can my Aeneas, what the sons of Troy
Have wrought to-thee-ward, that against them now,
By death so minished, the whole world stands barred,
And all for Italy? Surely that from these
Should one day issue with revolving years
The Romans, ay, from these the warrior-chiefs
Of Teucer's blood requickened, born to rule
All-potent sea and land, thou promisedst:
What purpose, Sire, has warped thee? I indeed
Hereby, with counter-fate requiting fate,
Oft solaced me for Troy's sad overthrow;
But the same fortune, that pursued so long,
Still dogs them with disaster. Mighty king,
What end dost thou vouchsafe them of their toils?
Antenor, from the Achaean midst escaped,
Could thrid Illyria's windings all unscathed,
Far inward to Liburnian realms, and pass
The well-springs of Timavus, whence the sea
Bursts through nine mouths 'mid thunder of the rocks,
And whelms his fields beneath the roaring main.
Yet here Patavium's city founded he,
To be his Teucrians' dwelling-place, and named
The nation, and hung high the arms of Troy;
Now rests he tranquil, lulled in calm repose:
But we, thine offspring, whom thy nod assigns
The height of heaven, our ships—O misery!—lost.

To slake one wrathful spirit are forsook,
And sundered far from the Italian coast.
Is this the good man's guerdon? Dost thou so
Restore us to our empire?'
Upon her
Smiling with that regard, wherewith he clears
Tempestuous skies, the Sire of men and gods
His daughter's lips touched, and bespake her thus:
'Truce, Cytherea, to thy fears, and know
Unshaken stand thy children's destinies:
Lavinium's city and predestined walls
Thou shalt behold, and in thine arms up-bear
High-souled Aeneas to the stars of heaven;
Nor hath my purpose warped me. This thy son—
For I, to ease thy gnawing care, will speak,
From fate's dark roll her inmost secrets wring—
Shall wage a mighty war in Italy,
Crush the proud folk, and for his warriors found
A city and a system, till the third
Summer hath seen him lord in Latium,
Three winters o'er the vanquished Rutules sped.
But young Ascanius, newly now surnamed
Iulus—Ilus was he while enthroned
Stood Ilium's State—shall compass in his reign
Thirty great cycles with revolving months,
And from Lavinium shift his empire's seat,
And Alba Longa's ramparts rear with power:
Here now shall reign full thrice a hundred years
Great Hector's line, till Ilia, royal maid
And priestess, shall twin offspring bear to Mars,
Their sire; then glorying in the tawny hide
Of the she-wolf, his nurse, shall Romulus
Take up the nation, build the war god's town,
And call them Romans after his own name.
For these nor goals of power, nor times I fix—
Grant them a boundless sway. Fierce Juno too,
Who now with terror scares earth, sea, and heaven,
Shall turn to kinder counsels, and with me
Cherish the Romans, masters of the world,
The toga'd nation. So hath heaven decreed.

A time shall come with gliding lustres, when
The house of Assaracus to her yoke shall bow
Phthia and famed Mycenae, and bear sway
O'er conquered Argos. From that glorious line
Of Troy descending, Caesar shall be born,
Destined to bound with ocean his domain,
As with the stars his glory, Julius,
A name bequeathed from great Iulus. Him,
Laden with eastern spoils, shalt thou one day
Hold safe in heaven: to him too prayers shall rise.
Then wars shall cease, the rugged times grow mild;
Hoar Faith, and Vesta, and Quirinus then
Yoked with his brother Remus, shall give laws;
Grim-knit with bolts of iron, War's temple-gates
Shut fast shall be, while hellish Rage within
High on a grisly pile of arms, his hands
Brass-bound behind him with a hundred knots,
Shall roar terrific from blood-boltered mouth.'
So saying, he sends down Maia's son from heaven,
That Carthage her new towers and lands might ope
To greet the Teucrians, lest, unlearned of fate,
Dido repel them. Through the vast of air
His plumèd oars he plies, on Libya's strand
Has swift alighted; ay, even now he is
About his errand; the god wills, and lo!
Those haughty hearts the Punic folk put by;
Their queen in chief toward the Teucrian host
Now harbours gentle thoughts and kind desires.
But good Aeneas, all night long perplexed
With many a care, when first the genial boon
Of light was given, resolved to issue forth,
Search out the new land, and what shores he hath gained
By the wind's grace, whether by man or beast—
So savage seem they—tenanted, then bear
Back to his friends the tidings of his quest.
In woody creek beneath a hollow rock
His fleet he hides, by trees and bristling shades
Closely embosomed, then himself strides forth,
Achates sole beside him, in his hand
Two javelins brandishing broad-tipped with iron.

Him, half the wood-way through, his mother met,
In face and garb a maiden, armed with gear
Of Spartan damsel, or like her of Thrace,
Harpalyce, what time she tires her steeds,
Outspeeding arrowy Hebrus in her flight.
For from her shoulders huntress-wise was slung
A shapely bow; her tresses she let trail
Upon the winds, bare-kneed, her flowing folds
Close gathered in a knot. Ere he could speak,
'Ho!' cried she, 'youths, if ye have chanced to spy
One of my sisters, tell me where she strays,
With quiver and spotted lynx-skin girt, or else
Hard on the track of foaming boar, full cry.'
So Venus, and in answer Venus' son:
'None of thy sisters have I seen or heard,
O—damsel must I name thee? for thy face
Nor mortal seems, nor human rings thy voice:
O goddess surely, or Phoebus' sister thou,
Or of the blood of nymphs, whoe'er thou art,
Be kind, uplift the burden of our woe,
And deign to say what heaven bends over us,
Cast on what borders of the world: for here
Witless of country or of folk we roam,
By winds and mighty billows hither driven.
So on thine altars at our hand shall fall
Full many a victim.'
Then spake Venus: 'Nay,
Not mine to claim such worship; Tyrian maids
Wont thus to wear the quiver, and bind their limbs
High with the purple buskin. Here thou seest
The Punic realm, a Tyrian people, thus
Agenor's city, but all the borderland
Libyan, a race untamable in war.
Dido, whom erst from Tyre a brother's fear
Banished, now reigns their empress; 'tis a long
And tangled tale of outrage, but the main
Threads I will trace. Sychaeus was her spouse
In all Phoenicia lord of widest lands:
Fondly, poor heart, she loved him, by her sire
A virgin given, and in first bridal yoked.

But reigned o'er Tyre a monster-king of crime,
Pygmalion, her brother, and there came
Fury between them. At the household shrine,
Impious and blinded by the lust of gold,
With stealthy stroke at unawares he slays
Sychaeus, all reckless of his sister's love.
Long he concealed the deed, by many a base
Dissimulation with illusive hope
Fooling the love-sick bride. But in her sleep
Uprose the form of her unburied lord,
That, lifting a face pale in wondrous wise,
Laid bare the ruthless altar, and therewith
His steel-pierc'd bosom, and unveiled to view
All the dark horror of the household crime.
Then from her home at swiftest speed to hie
He bids her, and for aid upon the way
Old treasures hid within the earth reveals,
Store known to none of silver and of gold.
Scared at the tale, Dido her flight prepares
And friends to fly with: round her throng whom fierce
Hate for the tyrant, or keen terror, filled;
Chance-proffered ships they seize, and lade with gold:
Pygmalion's treasures from his gripe are borne
O'er seas, a woman piloting the way.
So to the place they came, where now thou spyest
The lofty walls and rising citadel
Of new-built Carthage, and of land they bought—
Called Byrsa from their bargaining—so much
As with a bull's hide they might compass round.
But who are ye, sirs, from what shores arrived,
Or on what journey bound?' So questioned, he
With accents from his deepest heart-springs drawn,
Sighing, replied:

'Goddess, should I recount
From their first source, and wert thou free to hear,
Our sorrow's sad recital, eve would first
Put day to sleep, and shut the gates of heaven.
From ancient Troy, if haply through thine ears
Troy's name has entered, borne o'er many a main,
The wind's whim drave us to the Libyan shores.

Men call me good Aeneas ; in this fleet
Snatched from the foe my household gods I bring,
In fame extolled above the stars. My goal
Is Italy, my country, and a race
Sprung from high Jove. With twice ten ships I climbed
The Phrygian main, by fate's clear promise led,
My goddess-mother pointing me the way ;
Scarce seven remain, by winds and waters riven.
Myself the while, a beggar and unknown,
Range here the Libyan waste, an outcast banned
From Europe and from Asia.' His sad plaint
Venus could bear no longer, but broke in
Thus on his grief's mid utterance :

'Whosoe'er
Thou art, not all unloved, methinks, of heaven
Draw'st thou the breath of life, who thus hast reached
Our Tyrian city : but go forward still,
And hence to the queen's palace win thy way ;
For news I bring thee of thy friends' return,
Thy fleet in harbour, by the shifting gales
To shelter driven : or idly and for naught
My parents schooled me in prophetic lore.
See yonder swans twice six in jubilant line,
Which from the skiey region with his swoop
Jove's bird was routing o'er the plains of heaven :
Now in long train they seem some lighting-ground
To choose, or, chosen, scan it from above :
As these, returned, with hurtling pinions play,
Wheel in one flock through heaven, and utter songs
So, of thy ships and friends aboard them, some
Are safe in port, and some with swelling sails
Now make the harbour : only do thou still
Go forward, follow where the pathway leads.'

She spake, and turning shone with rosy neck ;
Her head's ambrosial locks breathed scent divine ;
And, as her robe flowed downward to her feet,
She stepped no doubtful goddess. When he knew
His mother, her fleeting form he thus pursued,
Crying, 'Ah ! cruel thou too, wherefore mock
Thy son so oft with semblances untrue ?

Why may I never clasp thy hand in mine,
Or hear unfeignèd accents and reply ? '
So chiding, toward the town he wends his way.
But Venus with a dark haze hedged them in,
As on they strode, and a thick mantling mist
Miraculous shed over them, that none
Might see, or touch, or compass their delay,
Or ask their cause of coming. She herself
Aloft to Paphos hies, her loved abode
Blithe to revisit, where her temple stands,
And with Sabaean incense ever smoke
A hundred altars, fragrant with fresh flowers.
Meanwhile, where points the track, they speed their way,
And now the hill they climb, that o'er the town
Hangs huge, and frowns above the opposing towers.
Aeneas marvels at the mighty mass,
Mere huts of yore, he marvels at the gates,
The busy din and paving of the ways.
The Tyrians in hot haste are building walls,
Rearing a citadel, and uprolling rocks
By toil of hand ; some choose a dwelling-site,
And with a trench surround it : they appoint
An awful senate, laws, and magistrates.
Here these are digging harbours, yonder those
Lay deep foundations for a theatre,
And hew gigantic columns from the rocks,
Lofty adornments of a stage to be.
Such toil in early summer as keeps the bees
Busy in sunshine amid flowery fields,
When forth they lead the ripe youth of their race,
Or pack the amber-dripping honey, and stretch
Their cells to bursting with the nectar sweet,
Or ease returning labourers of their load,
Or form a band, and from their precincts drive
The drones, a lazy herd : how glows the work !
How sweet the honey smells of perfumed thyme !
O happy ye, whose walls already rise,
Exclaims Aeneas, toward the city-roofs
Upgazing, and so enters through their midst,

Hedged in with darkness, marvellous to tell,
And mingles with the folk, unseen of all.

Within the city's midst a grove there stood
Bounteous of shade, where first the Punic host,
Scaped from the brunt of whirlwind and of wave,
Dug forth, as queenly Juno had foreshown,
The symbol of a fiery horse's head:
For so, said she, their race should ever prove
Peerless in war and with abundance blest.
Sidonian Dido here a mighty fane
To Juno's praise was rearing, rich with gifts
And with the indwelling goddess: see! of brass
High on ascending steps the threshold lay,
And clenched with brass the lintels, of brass too
The doors on creaking hinges. In this grove
A strange sight met him, that first soothed his fear
Here first Aeneas dared for safety hope,
And in his broken fortunes firmlier trust.
For 'neath the mighty fane while he surveys
Point after point, still waiting for the queen,
And marvels to behold what fortune crowns
The city, and her craftsmen's emulous hands
And toil of labour, there set forth he sees
The battlefields of Ilium, and the war
By fame now bruited over the whole world,
Priam and Atreus' sons, and, bane of both,
Achilles. With arrested steps he cries
Weeping, 'What place, Achates, or what clime
But with the story of our grief o'erflows?
See Priam! even here, too, honour hath its meed,
And there are tears for what befalls, and hearts
Touched by the chances of mortality.
Fear naught, and thou shalt find this fame will bring
Some safety with it.' He spake, and feasts his soul
Upon the empty picture, sighing sore,
His face all bathed with grief's abundant flow.
For, as they fought round Pergamus, behold!
Here fled the Greeks, Troy's bravest at their heels
The Phrygians here, Achilles in his car
With crested helm pursuing. Nor far aloof

With tears he knew the snowy-canvassed tents
Of Rhesus, which, in the first sleep betrayed,
Red Tydeus' son was deluging with blood,
Who campward now drives off the fiery steeds,
Or e'er on Trojan pastures they have browsed,
Or drunk of Xanthus. Elsewhere was portrayed,
His arms in flight flung from him, Troilus:
Poor boy! for with Achilles overmatched,
Dragged by his steeds to the void car he clings,
Thrown backward, and yet grasping still the reins:
Neck, see! and hair are trailed along the ground,
And his reversed spear scribbles in the dust.
Meanwhile the Trojan women to the shrine
Of unregardful Pallas passed along
Bearing the peplus, all their tresses loosed,
As suppliant mourners with hand-bruisèd breasts;
On earth the goddess with averted gaze
Her eyes was fixing. There Achilles too
Had thrice dragged Hector round the walls of Troy,
And now was bartering his dead corse for gold.
Then from the bottom of his heart he heaved
A mighty groan, when he beheld the spoils,
The chariot, nay, the body of his friend,
And Priam outstretching his defenceless hands.
Himself too there among the Achaean chiefs
He recognized, and dusky Memnon's arms
And eastern warriors. With their moonèd shields
Penthesilea like a fury leads
The Amazonian ranks, and blazes forth
Amid her thousands, one protruding breast
Looped with a golden girdle—warrior-queen,
Who dares the shock of battle, maid with men.
  Now while Aeneas the Dardan at this sight
Marvels, beholding, while amazed he stands
In one fixed gaze immovable, the queen,
Dido, in matchless beauty, to the fane,
Thronged with a mighty company, has come.
As by Eurotas' banks, or on the heights
Of Cynthus, when Diana plies the dance—
A thousand Oreads upon either side

Massed in her train—she on her shoulder bears
A quiver, and as she treads o'ertops them all—
A secret rapture thrills Latona's breast—
Such Dido seemed, so moved she through their midst
Rejoicing, busied with her realm to be.
Then in the sacred portals and beneath
The mid vault of the temple, hedged with arms,
Propped high upon a throne, her seat she took.
There laws and judgements gave she to her folk,
Now meting forth their tasks in equal shares,
Now doling them by lot: when suddenly
'Mid a great throng Aeneas sees approach
Antheus, Sergestus, and Cloanthus brave,
And other Teucrians whom the black typhoon
Had scattered o'er the main, or swept afar
To alien shores. Achates and his chief,
Thrilled and bewildered betwixt joy and fear,
Yearn eagerly to clasp their hands, but still,
By the strange fact confounded, make no sign,
And from their cloudy covering watch to learn
The heroes' fortunes, on what shore their fleet
They are leaving, with what hope arrived, for lo!
From all the ships came envoys craving grace,
And with loud clamour making for the shrine.
So when they had entered and gat leave to speak,
Their eldest, Ilioneus, thus took the word
With heart unruffled: "O queen, whom Jove assigns
To found a virgin city, and curb in
Unbending nations with the reins of law,
We Trojans, tempest-driven from sea to sea,
In bitter case implore thee, from our ships
Ward off the unutterable doom of fire:
Spare us, a pious race, and on our plight
Look with no distant eyes. We have not come
To harry with the sword your Libyan homes,
Or seize the spoil, and drive it to the shore:
Such lawlessness we like not, nor so prone
Are conquered men to insolence. There is
A spot, by Greeks Hesperia named, a land
Of old renown, mighty in arms, in soil

Prolific, where the Oenotrian heroes dwelt,
Now by a later race named Italy,
If rumour lie not, from their leader's name.
Thither our course we held, when, big with storm,
Orion, rising with a sudden sea,
Drave us on hidden shoals, and scattered us
Far athwart billows of o'ertoppling brine
And pathless rocks, before the headstrong south:
Hither we few have floated to your shores.
What race of men is this? What land allows
Custom so cruel? The welcome of the shore
Denied, they dare us at sword's point set foot
Upon the utmost margin of their land.
If men and mortal arms ye hold so light,
Yet look for gods mindful of right and wrong.
Aeneas was our king, none juster, none
More famed for goodness, or for feats of war.
If fate still spare that hero, if he still
Feeds on the air of heaven, nor yet is laid
In cruel darkness, naught have we to fear;
No, nor wouldst thou repent thee to have been
His challenger in kindness. Cities too
And arms to aid in Sicily have we,
And famed Acestes, sprung from Trojan blood.
Let us but haul our battered fleet ashore,
Fit planks in the forest, and trim oars, that if
Vouchsafed us still to make for Italy,
Comrades and king restored, with hearts elate
To Italy and Latium we may go;
But if cut off our safety, and if thee,
Best father of the Teucrians, Libya's deep
Holds in its keeping, and no hope is now
Left in Iulus, we at least may seek
Sicania's strait from whence we sailed, the homes
There waiting, and Acestes for our king.'
So Ilioneus; and instant with one mouth
Clamoured assent the sons of Dardanus.
Then briefly Dido speaks with drooping eyes:
'Cast fear adrift, ye Teucrians, shut the doors
On doubt: the hard conditions of the time

And raw youth of my kingdom to this push
Compel me, and to guard my frontiers round.
The comrades of Aeneas, and Troy's town,
Her heroes and their heroisms, and all
Her war's vast conflagration, who is there
That knows not? Not so dull indeed the hearts
We bear in Punic bosoms, nor so far
Out of the sun's track in his charioting
Our Tyrian town. The great Hesperian land
And Saturn's realm, or Eryx and the tract
That bows to king Acestes—choose ye which;
Safeguarded I will speed you on your way,
With stores to boot. Or would ye in this realm
Sit down beside me? yours the town I build:
Haul up your ships: Trojan and Tyrian
Without distinction shall be held by me.
And would that by the selfsame tempest driven
Your king himself Aeneas had been here!
For my part, I will send through all my coasts
Sure scouts, and bid them traverse Libya's land
From end to end, if haply cast ashore
Forest or city holds him wandering.'
Fired by these words long since Achates bold
And Prince Aeneas burned to break their cloud.
Achates first gat utterance: 'Goddess-born,
Say now what purpose rises in thy heart?
Thou seest all safe, comrades and fleet restored,
One only lacking, whom our own eyes saw
Called in mid-ocean: with thy mother's words
Else all things tally.' Scarcely had he spoke,
When suddenly the cloud that wrapped them round
Sunders, and melts into the open heaven.
Forth stood Aeneas in the clear sunlight
Resplendent, face and shoulders like a god:
For she who bare him on her son had breathed
A glory of hair, and ruddy light of youth,
And on his eyes glad lustre—such a grace
As artist's hand to ivory lends, or like
Silver or Parian chased with yellow gold.
Then to the queen, by all unlooked for, thus

Sudden he speaks: 'I, whom ye seek, am here,
Trojan Aeneas, snatched from Libyan waves.
Thou, who alone the unutterable woes
Of Troy hast pitied, and dost impart to us—
Sole remnant by the Danai left, fordone
With all mischances both of land and sea,
Beggared of all—a city and a home,
Dido, to yield thee worthy thanks stands not
Within our means, nor theirs who else survive
Of Dardan blood, scattered the wide world o'er.
May heaven, if any powers regard the good,
If justice and the self-approving mind
Weigh aught in the world, return thee guerdon due!
What age so blest as to have borne thee? What
Parents so noble as to call thee child?
While rivers still shall run into the sea,
While shadows sweep the mountain-sides, while heaven
Shall feed the stars, thy glory, name, and praise,
What land soe'er me summon, shall remain.'
So saying, his right hand he reached forth to greet
Friend Ilioneus, Serestus with his left,
Then others, bold Gyas and Cloanthus bold.
Astounded by the hero's presence first,
Then at his vast misfortune, thus outspake
Sidonian Dido: 'Through such mighty perils,
O goddess-born, what fate pursues, what force
To barbarous shores impels thee? Art thou that
Aeneas, whom kindly Venus by the wave
Of Phrygian Simois to the Dardan bare,
Anchises? I myself remember well
When Teucer, from his own home ousted, came
To Sidon, seeking a new realm to win
By Belus' aid: my father Belus then
Was harrying Cyprus, whose rich soil he swayed
With conquering sceptre. From that time to this
Troy's chequered fortune hath been known to me,
And thine own name, and the Pelasgian kings.
Even he, their foeman, with high praise would laud
The Teucrians, from the Teucrian's ancient stock
Claim to be sprung. Then enter, sirs, our house.

Me also, tossed from toil to toil, like chance
Suffers at length to make this land my home:
Nor all unlessoned in calamity
Learn I to aid the wretched.' With such words
She to her palace leads Aeneas in,
And for the temples of the gods proclaims
Due honour. For his comrades therewithal
Down to the beach she sends a score of bulls,
A hundred bristling backs of burly swine,
Fat lambs a hundred, with their dams to boot,
Glad gifts for the glad day. Meanwhile, within,
The palace is set forth in all the pomp
Of royal splendour, and amidst the hall
A feast are they preparing coverlets
Wrought deftly of proud purple, on the boards
Ponderous silver, and, embossed in gold,
The brave deeds of her sires, an endless-long
Array of exploits traced from chief to chief
Down from the earliest dawning of her race.

Aeneas, for a father's love forbade
His mind to rest, sends forward to the ships
Achates, bidding him with speed acquaint
Ascanius, and conduct him to the town—
Upon Ascanius a fond father's heart
Is wholly set—and presents he bids bring
Snatched from the wreck of Ilium, a long robe
Stiff with embroidered gold-work, and a veil
Purfled with yellow-flowered acanthus, worn
By Argive Helen, and from Mycenae brought,
What time to Troy she sailed, a bride forbid—
Her mother Leda's marvellous gift; therewith
A sceptre which erewhile had known the grasp
Of Priam's eldest daughter Ilione,
A pearl-strung necklet, and a double crown
Of gems and gold. Upon this errand sped,
Achates now was hastening to the ships.

But Cytherea in her breast revolves
New wiles and new devices, that, for sweet
Ascanius, Cupid, changed in face and form,
May come, and with his gifts inflame the queen

To frenzy, and wrap all her frame in fire.
Ay, for in sooth she fears the treacherous house
And double-spoken Tyrians: Juno's hate
Sears her, and trouble at nightfall returns.
Thus, therefore, she bespeaks her wingèd Love:
'Son, my sole strength and mighty power, O son,
Who laughest even at the Typhoïan bolts
Of the great Father, to thy feet I fly,
And suppliant sue thy godhead. How Aeneas,
Thy brother, is buffeted from shore to shore
Over the main by Juno's rancorous spite—
These things are known to thee, and with our grief
Oft hast thou grieved. Phoenician Dido now
Holds and enchains him with her flattering words;
And much I fear where Juno's welcome tends;
She will not idle where such hopes are hinged.
So to prevent the queen with guile, and gird
With fire I purpose, that no power may change,
But strong love for Aeneas fix her mine.
Next how to achieve it hearken my device:
The royal boy, my chiefest care, e'en now
To the Sidonian town sets forth to go
At his loved father's bidding—in his hand
Gifts that escaped Troy's burning and the sea.
Him will I hide upon Cythera's height,
Or on Idalium in my sacred seat,
Lulled in deep slumber, that my stratagems
He may not know nor intervene to mar.
Then for one night—no more—feign thou his form,
And don the well-known features, boy for boy,
That when with rapture at the royal board,
The wine-god brimming, Dido to her breast
Shall take thee and embrace, and on thy lips
Imprint sweet kisses, with the subtle fire
Thy breath may poison her at unawares.'
Obedient then to his dear mother's words,
Love doffed his wings, and with Iulus' step
Walked gaily forth. Meantime Ascanius,
While gentle slumber o'er his frame she pours,
Venus, to her immortal bosom clasped,
Bears upward to Idalia's wooded heights,

Where soft amaracus enfolds with flowers,
And fans him with the breath of odorous shade.
  And now, all joy, Achates for his guide,
Cupid the royal gifts obediently
Came bearing for the Tyrians. Entering,
He sees the queen set in their midst, reclined
Upon a gold couch proudly canopied.
Now Prince Aeneas, now the Trojan men
Gather, and stretch them on strewn purple. Slaves
Pour water on their hands, and proffer bread
From baskets, and bring towels with shorn pile.
Within are fifty handmaids, charged in course
To heap continuous store, and magnify
With fire the hearth-gods; and a hundred more,
With men as many and of like age, to load
The boards with viands, and set the winecups on.
The Tyrians also, through the festive hall
Gathered in crowds, are bidden to recline
On broidered couches. At Aeneas' gifts
They marvel, marvel at Iulus too
The god-light in his face, the well-feigned words—
And at the robe, and veil embroidered-fair
With yellow flowered acanthus. Most of all,
Ill-starred, and destined to the coming bane,
The fair Phoenician cannot gloat her fill,
But feeds the flame with gazing, by the boy
Ravished no less than by the gifts. But he,
When he had clasped Aeneas, and hung close
About his neck, sating the hungry love
Of his pretended sire, moves toward the queen.
She with her eyes, and she with all her heart
Cleaves to him, and fondles at her breast anon—
Dido, all witless of how great a god
Is her poor bosom's burden. He the while,
His Acidalian mother heeding well,
Slowly begins to blot Sychaeus out,
And with a living passion to forestall
A heart long stagnant and to love unused.
  When the first hush upon the banquet fell,
The board removed, they set on mighty bowls,
And crown the winecups. Loud the rafters ring,

As through the wide hall rolls the roar of tongues;
Down from the gilded roof hang lamps ablaze,
And flambeaux flaring put the night to rout.
And now a cup heavy with gems and gold
The queen bade bring, and filled it with pure wine,
As Belus used, and all from Belus sprung;
Then through the hall fell silence: 'Jupiter,
Of hospitable laws, men say, the giver,
To Tyrians and to travellers from Troy
Grant that this day propitious be, and that
Our children's children may remember it.
Let Bacchus, source of merriment, be near,
And bounteous Juno; and, ye Tyrians too,
Grace ye our gathering with goodwill.' She spake
And on the table poured the votive wine,
And, having made libation, with lip's edge
Herself first touched it, then to Bitias
Passed with a merry taunt; he, nothing loth,
Drank of the foaming goblet, and dived deep
Into the brimming gold; then other lords
In turn. Iopas of the flowing hair
Makes the hall echo with his gilded lyre,
Once taught of mightiest Atlas: and his song
Is of the wandering moon, the toiling sun,
Whence human kind and cattle, whence rain and fire;
Arcturus, and the showery Hyades,
And the twin Bears; why winter suns so haste
To dip themselves in Ocean, or what check
Retards the lingering nights. With shout on shout
Applaud the Tyrians, and the sons of Troy
Make answer: therewithal in varied talk
Unhappy Dido still spun out the night,
Drinking deep draughts of love; and much she asked
Of Priam, much of Hector, with what arms
Aurora's son came girded to the fray,
How fair the steeds of Diomede, or how vast
Achilles. 'Nay, but, O my guest,' said she,
'Come, tell us from the first the Danaan plots,
Thy comrades' woes, and thine own wanderings:
For lo! the seventh returning summer now
Bears thee a wanderer over land and wave.'

BOOK II

All lips were hushed, all eyes attentive fixed : 1–23
Then Prince Aeneas from his lofty couch
Addressed him thus to speak :

'Unutterable,
O queen, the grief thou bid'st me to revive,
How Troy's magnificence and royal power,
Woe worth the day ! the Danai overthrew ;
Thrice piteous scenes which I myself beheld,
And was a mighty part of! Such a tale
Who or of Myrmidons or Dolopes
Or stern Ulysses' soldiery could tell,
And hold from weeping ? Now, too, dewy night
Adown the sky falls headlong, and the stars
Sinking invite to sleep. But if to learn
Our woes such longing take thee, and to hear
Brief-told Troy's dying anguish, though my mind
At the remembrance shudders, from the grief
Recoils, I will attempt it.

'Broken in war
And baffled by the fates, the Danaan chiefs,
Now that so many grew the gliding years,
By Pallas' aid, artificer divine,
Build up a horse of mountain bulk, the ribs
Of pine-planks interwoven, feigning it
A votive offering for their home-return ;
So runs the rumour. Into its dark side
Picked warriors stealthily by lot they stow,
And till the deep vaults of its mighty womb
With armèd soldiery.

'There lies in sight
An isle, fame-bruited, Tenedos, full-fraught
Of power, while yet stood Priam's empire—now
Mere bay and roadstead, ill for keels to trust.

Hither they sail, and on the barren shore
Lie hid. We deem them far upon their way,
Bound for Mycenae with a favouring gale.
Thereat all Teucria shuffles off the load
Of her long mourning. Wide are flung the gates;
Whence issuing forth with rapture we behold
The Dorian camp, the haunts now tenantless,
The shore left void: here the Dolopian band,
Here fierce Achilles pitched; here lay the fleet;
Here were they wont to meet us, host to host.
Some gape at Maid Minerva's doom-fraught gift,
And marvel at the monster-horse; and first
Thymoetes urged it within walls be haled,
And lodged in the fortress, or through treachery, or
That thither now the fates of Troy were set.
But Capys and the minds of saner bent
Bid either hurl it headlong in the sea—
This Danaan ambush, their suspicious gift—
Or fire it from beneath, or pierce and probe
The womb's dark hollows. With fierce party-cries
This way and that the wavering crowd is torn.
'First of a mighty throng, outspeeding all,
Laocoon from the citadel's steep height
Comes running in hot haste, and cries from far,
"Alack! so mad, my masters! do ye think
The foe departed? deem ye any gift
Of Danaans can lack guile? have ye so learned
Ulysses? or within this timber caged
Achaeans lurk, or 'tis an engine framed
Against the walls, to spy into our homes
And pounce upon the city from above,
Or else some trickery lurks therein; trust not
The horse, ye Trojans; whatsoe'er it be,
Even gift in hand, I fear the Danai still."
So saying, with main strength a huge spear he hurled
At the brute's flank, and where the framework bulged
To belly: it stood there quivering; the womb shook;
The vaults rang hollow and gave forth a groan:
And had the powers above, had our own wit
Not turned awry, he had prevailed to sack

The Argives' den; Troy still were standing; thou,
Priam's tall citadel, unshaken still.
'Meanwhile a youth, his hands behind him bound,
See! Dardan hinds come haling to the king.
Loud-clamouring, who, to shape it even so,
And let the Achaeans into Troy, had thrust
A stranger's wilful presence on their path,
Dauntless of soul, and armed for this or that—
His wiles to ply, or fall on certain death.
Eager to see, Troy's sons from every side
Rush round him like a torrent, each with each
Vying to mock their captive. Come now, hear
How Danaans can deceive, and learn from one
The villainy of all. For as he stood
Helpless, confused, a target for all eyes,
And gazed around upon the Phrygian ranks,
"Alas!" he cried, "what land, what ocean now
Can harbour me? or what last hope have I—
The wretch, alike from Danaan earth debarred,
And for whose blood the Dardans howl no less,
To quit their hatred?" By that burst of grief
Changed was our humour, checked each rude assault;
We urge him speak, relate from whence he sprang,
His errand what, and why, a thrall, so bold.
Then, fear abandoned, thus at length he speaks:
"All will I truly tell thee, King," quoth he,
"Betide what may; my Argive birth I own:
This at the outset; nor, if Fortune shaped
Sinon for misery, shall her spite, beside,
Shape him to fraud and falsehood. It may be,
Borne on men's voices, to thine ear hath sped
Some sound of Palamede from Belus sprung,
A name world-famous, whom by lies betrayed,
Guiltless, and on a villain's charge, because
The war he gainsaid, the Pelasgian lords
Once did to death, now, lorn of light, deplore.
To him as comrade and near kinsman I
Was by a needy sire in earliest youth
Sent hither to the field. While yet enthroned
Scathless he stood, and at kings' councils throve,

I in some sort held rank and honour too:
But when Ulysses' treacherous spite, I speak
No secret, drave him from the realms of day,
Downcast and darkling my sad life dragged on,
With inward wrath for my friend's guiltless fate.
Nor—madman—could I hold my peace, but vowed,
Should chance but offer, to my Argive home
If e'er returned in triumph, to wreak his fall,
And, thus outspoken, stirred the goads of hate.
Thence my first slip to ruin, Ulysses thence
Ceased not to scare me with new charges, thence
To sow dark rumours in the common ear,
And hunt for armed accomplices. Indeed
No rest he took till, Calchas at his side—
But why the unwelcome record do I thus
Vainly unroll? or why the tale prolong?
If all the Achaeans in one class ye file,
And hearing that suffices, take, 'tis time,
Your vengeance; this the Ithacan would wish,
And this the Atridae grudge no gold to buy."
'Then truly burn we to search out and learn
The why and wherefore, strangers as we were
To guilt so monstrous and Pelasgian guile.
He, quaking, with false heart his speech renews:
'"Oft were the Danai fain to take their flight,
Leave Troy behind, and quit the weary war;
And would they had done so! the rough sea as oft
Opposed its stormy barrier, and the south
Scared them from going. Chiefly when yon horse,
Of maple-beams compacted, stood erect,
With bellowing storm-clouds the whole welkin rang.
Doubtful, we send Eurypylus to ask
The oracle of Phoebus: from the shrine
This dolorous word he brings. 'It was with blood
Of a slain virgin ye appeased the winds,
When, Danai, first ye made for Ilium's shore:
With blood no less must your return be sought,
And expiation of an Argive's life.'
'"When to the people's ears this utterance came,
Numbed were all hearts, and through their inmost bones

Ran a chill shudder—who was he by fate
Predestined thus? Apollo's victim who?
Then he of Ithaca with blusterings loud
Drags forth into their midst Calchas the seer;
Hotly demands, what is this will of heaven.
Nor lacked there who even then foretold to me
The schemer's cruel outrage, or who saw
The end, yet spake not. Twice five days the seer
In silence hides him, vows no word of his
Shall denounce any, or to death consign.
Scarce driven at length by the Ithacan's loud cries,
To crown their compact, he breaks forth in speech,
And dooms me to the altar All approved,
And turned what each was fearing for himself
To one poor soul's destruction. Now drew near
The unutterable day; for me were now
The altar-rites preparing, the salt cakes
And brow-encircling fillets. I confess
I plucked me from perdition, brake my bonds,
In miry pool all night sedge-sheltered lay,
Till they should sail, if haply sailed they had.
Nor longer my old country may I hope,
Or children sweet, or longed-for sire, to see,
Of whom far likelier they for my default
Will claim the forfeit—with their death, poor souls!
Atone my trespass. But I thee implore
By the high Gods, and powers that know the truth,
By what remains to mortals anywhere
Of faith untarnished, pity woes like mine,
Pity a soul with unjust burdens bowed."

'Life to his tears we grant and pity too:
Priam's own voice first bids the man be loosed
From grip of gyve and fetter, and thus speaks
With kindly word: "Whoe'er thou art, henceforth,
As for the Greeks, forget them and forgo:
Ours shalt thou be, and to my questioning
Unfold true answers: this huge monster-horse
Why built they? by whom fathered? to what end?
A sacred symbol? or some tool of war?"
He had said: the other, well equipped with guile

And craft Pelasgian, to the stars upturned
His hands now fetterless : " You, quenchless fires,
And your inviolable majesty
I call," quoth he, " to witness, and you too,
Altars and heinous swords which I escaped,
And garlands of the gods, my victim-gear :
Lawful it is for me to break my vows
Of fealty to the Greeks, lawful to hate
The men themselves, and bring to the light of day
Whate'er they shroud in darkness, nor am I
Holden by any of my country's laws :
Only do thou stand by thy plighted word,
Troy, and, safeguarded, guard thy promise safe,
If truth I tell, if richly thee repay.
" " All hope and courage for the war's emprise
On Pallas' help the Danaans ever stayed :
But from what time, with Tydeus' impious son,
Ulysses, crime-contriver, dared to rend
Doom-fraught Palladium from its hallowed shrine,
And slew the watchmen of her castled height,
And snatched the sacred image, and feared not
With hands blood-reeking to contaminate
Her godhead's maiden fillets, from henceforth
The Danaans' hope in ebb slid ever back,
Crushed was their strength, the goddess' heart estranged.
Nor doubtful the dread signs Tritonia gave ;
Scarce was her semblance lodged within the camp,
When from the upturned eyes shot quivering flames,
A salt sweat coursed along the limbs, and thrice—
Wondrous to tell—of her own self she sprang
From earth shield-laden, and with spear that shook.
Calchas at once with prophet-voice bids brave
Ocean in flight, for that no Argive arms
Could uptear Pergamus, except they seek
At Argos for new omens, and bring back
That will of heaven, which erst they bare away
O'er ocean with them in their curvèd keels.
And now that homeward-wafted they have sought
Mycenae, 'tis to get them arms, and gods

For their way-fellows, and, the sea recrossed,
They will be here unlooked for. In such wise
Doth Calchas sort the omens. Warned by him
They reared this image in Palladium's place,
For outraged godhead, their dark crime to quit.
But to this monstrous height of woven planks
Calchas bade lift it and upbuild to heaven,
Lest through your gates it be received, or drawn
Within the ramparts, and so shield your folk
Beneath their ancient worship. For if hand
Of yours had wronged Minerva's offering,
Mighty destruction then —which augury
May heaven first turn upon himself! — would fall
On Priam's empire and the Phrygians; but
If by your hands your city it should scale,
Asia herself should in a mighty war
Assail the walls of Pelops, and such doom
Remain in store for our posterity."

'By such decoys of Sinon's art forsworn
The tale gat credence, and by craft were caught
And forced tears, whom neither Tydeus' son,
No, nor Achilles of Larissa nor
Ten years had conquered, nor a thousand keels.

'A mightier portent and more fearful far,
Poor souls! here bursts upon them, and confounds
Their blinded senses. For Laocoon,
The priest of Neptune, as by lot assigned,
Was sacrificing at the wonted shrine
A mighty bull, when, lo! from Tenedos,
Over the tranquil ocean serpents twain —
I shudder to recount it — with huge coils
Cumbering the deep, ply shoreward side by side;
Reared on the surge their breasts and blood-red manes
O'ertop the billows; the remaining bulk
Skims ocean aft in labyrinthine folds:
Hark! how the brine seethes audibly! and now,
Their glowing eyes with blood suffused and fire,
The shore fields they were gaining, and their chaps
Hissed, as with flickering tongues they licked them; we
Pale at the sight fly scattered; they with line

Unwavering at Laocoon aim, and first
His two sons' slender bodies either snake
Embraces and enfolds, and gnawing feeds
Upon the hapless limbs ; then him they seize
Up-hurrying armed to aid them, and bind fast
With mighty spires, and now—their scaly length
Twice wreathed about his waist, twice round his neck—
With heads o'ertop him and high-towering throats.
He, while to rend their knots he strives amain,
His fillets with black venom drenched and gore,
Uplifts to heaven heart-piercing shrieks ; as when,
'Scaped from the altar, bellows a maimed bull,
That from his neck shakes off the erring axe.
But to the temple's height that dragon pair
Gliding escape, and seek the citadel
Of fell Tritonia, to find covert close
Under the goddess' feet and orbèd shield.
Then through the trembling hearts of all there crept
Strange fear ; and "rightly hath Laocoon
Paid for his crime," they cry, "with point of spear
Wounding the hallowed wood, what time he hurled
His guilty lance against the flank." Then all
Shout that the image to her shrine be drawn,
And supplication to the goddess made.
We cleave the city-walls, the ramparts ope ;
All gird them to the task, beneath the hoofs
Set wheels a-gliding, and around the neck
Stretch hempen hawsers ; with war-laden womb
The doom-fraught engine scales the walls : around
Boys and unwedded girls sing litanies,
And joy to touch the cable with their hands.
And so it enters, and glides threateningly
Into the city's midst. Land of my birth !
O Ilium, home of gods, and, famed in war,
Ye Dardan battlements ! four times it stopped
At the gate's very threshold, and four times
From out its entrails came a clash of arms.
But frenzy-blinded we press heedless on,
And in our hallowed citadel uprear
The luckless prodigy. Then, even then,

Cassandra for the coming doom unlocks
Those lips ne'er trusted by the sons of Troy—
So heaven decreed it: we, that day our last,
Fond wretches! range the city, and festoon
With gala-boughs the temples of the gods.

'Meanwhile the face of heaven is turned, and night
Comes up from ocean, in its mighty shade
Both earth and sky, and Myrmidonian wiles
Enveloping: stretched silent on the walls
The Teucrians lay; sleep held their weary limbs.
Even now the Argive host from Tenedos
With vessels in array was wending on,
Through the kind stillness of the silent moon
Seeking the well-known shore, when sudden, lo!
The royal galley reared her signal-fires,
And, shielded by the gods' unequal doom,
Sinon by stealth lets loose the pinewood bolts,
And womb-imprisoned Danai. Them the horse
Restores, thrown open, to the light of day,
And from the hollow frame exultant leap
Thessander, Sthenelus, those lords of war,
And dread Ulysses, by the lowered rope
Down-gliding; Acamas, and Thoas, and
Son's son of Peleus, Neoptolemus,
And first Machaon, Menelaus too,
Ay, and Epeus, framer of the fraud.
These storm the town, buried in sleep and wine;
The guards are slain; through the wide portals all
Let in their friends, and join the federate band.

'It was the time when the first slumber falls
On suffering mortals, by the high God's gift
Then sweetest stealing o'er them: lo! in sleep
Hector before mine eyes, all woe-begone,
Seemed then to stand, and shower down floods of tears;
Torn by the dragging chariot, as of old,
And black with blood stained dust, his swollen feet
Pierced with the thong. Ah! what a sight he was!
How all unlike that Hector, who returned
Clad in Achilles' arms, the spoils of war,
Or fresh from hurling on the Danaan decks

The fires of Phrygia ! now with draggled beard,
And hair blood-clotted, wearing all those wounds
So thickly dealt him round his native walls !
Weeping myself, I first, methought, addressed
The hero, and drew forth these sorrowing words :
" Light of the Dardan land, O staunchest hope
Of Teucria's sons, say why this long delay ?
Or from what borders, Hector, art thou come,
Much looked for ? is it thus that, wearied out
With all the myriad slaughters of thy friends,
City and townsmen's ever-changing woes,
Our eyes behold thee ? What unseemly cause
Hath marred thy cloudless features ? or what mean
These wounds I gaze on ? " Not a word spake he,
Nor recked mine idle questioning, but groan
On laboured groan from out his bosom's depth
Upheaving, " Ah ! fly, goddess-born," he said,
" And snatch thee from the flames : the foemen hath
Our walls, and Troy from her proud summit sinks.
Enough to king and country hath been given :
If any hand could Pergamus have saved,
Then mine had saved it : Troy commits to thee
Her worship and her household gods ; these take
As comrades of thy destinies ; for these
Seek out a mighty city thou at length
Shalt rear thee, having roamed wide ocean o'er."
Such words he spake, and in his hands bare forth
The sacred fillets from the inmost shrine,
And Vesta's might, and her undying fire.
' Meantime the walls grow one confusèd scene
Of widespread anguish ; and, though far withdrawn
My sire Anchises' palace amid trees
Lay sheltered, ever louder and more loud
Surges the din, swells out the alarm of war.
I start from sleep, to the high roof-top mount,
And stand, all ear, to hearken : as, when fire
Falls on the corn beneath the furious south,
Or ravening torrent from a mountain flood
Lays low the fields, lays low the laughing crops,
The oxen's labour, and drags forests down

Headlong, the hind from some tall craggy peak
Mute with amaze stands listening to the roar.
Then is the bare truth self-attested, then
The Danaan wiles unmask them; see e'en now
The house of Deiphobus a vast ruin yawns
O'ertopped by Vulcan! see his neighbour too
Ucalegon in flames! Sigeum's gulf
Reflects the blaze afar. Up goes to heaven
Shouting of men, and clarion's bray; distraught
I seize mine arms, though arms lack argument;
But my heart burns to mass a warrior-band,
And with my comrades hasten to the hold:
Frenzy and anger urge my headlong will,
And death methinks how comely, sword in hand!
'But Panthus, from the Achaean darts escaped,
Panthus, the son of Othrys, see! and priest
Of Phoebus on the height, in his own hand
The sacred emblems of the vanquished gods,
And dragging his young grandchild after him,
Nigh at wits' end comes hurrying to my door.
"Panthus, how stands the fortune of the day?
What point of vantage seize we?" Scarce had I
Uttered the words when, groaning, he replies:
'The latest day, the inevitable hour,
Has dawned on Dardan land; we, Trojans once,
And Ilium, and the Teucrians' grant fame
Have been, and are not; Jove's remorseless will
From us to Argos hath borne all away;
Our town's a-flame; the Danaans lord it there.
Towering amidst the city-walls erect
The horse rains armed warriors! far and near
Sinon with victorious insolence spreads wide
The conflagration. Through the folding gates
Some enter, myriads countless as e'er came
From great Mycenae; some, to bar our path,
With weapons have beset the narrow ways,
A wall of steel blade-edges flashing bare,
For death-blow dight: scarce seek the foremost guards
To hold the gates against them, or maintain
The blindfold conflict.' At such words as these

From Othrys' son, and at the doom of heaven,
I rush into the midst of fire and fray,
Where the grim Fury, where the battle-din
Me summons, and the shouts uptossed to heaven.
Then, lo! by moonlight borne across my path,
Rhipeus, and Epytus, right brave in arms,
And Hypanis and Dymas join with me,
And gather to my side, and Mygdon's child,
The youth Coroebus. In those days it chanced
He, with mad passion for Cassandra fired,
Had come to Troy, and as a son was now
To Priam and the Phrygians lending aid,
Unhappy, not to heed the warning voice
Of his heaven-frenzied bride. Whom when I saw
Close-banded and with stomach for the fray
I thus the more exhort them: "Warrior-hearts,
Dauntless in vain, if your desire be set
On following one who dares the bitter end,
Our fortune's plight how desperate, ye may see:
Gone are the gods, from shrine and altar fled,
Aye, one and all, by whom this empire stood:
The town ye seek to succour is in flames;
Then die we, plunging into the battle's midst;
One safety hath defeat—to hope for none!"
Thus were the warriors' souls to frenzy wrought.
Then like to ravening wolves in a black mist,
Whose belly-rage unbridled drives them forth
To grope for prey—their cubs left lone the while
With droughty jaws await them—on we press
Through darts, through foemen, to no doubtful doom,
Thridding the city's midst: Night's ebon wings
Float round us with their overarching shade.
Who could unfold the havoc of that night,
Tell o'er the slain, or match our teen with tears?
Stoops to her fall our ancient city, she
The empress of the ages. Through her streets
And homes, and hallowed thresholds of the gods,
Heap upon heap the dead lie strewn and stark;
Nor Teucrians only pay the bloody debt;
Sometimes, though vanquished, to their heart returns

Valour, and down the conquering Danai go.
Look where you will, heart-rending agony
And panic reign, and many a shape of death.
" First to confront us, with a mighty band
Of Danai backed, behold Androgeos,
Who, all unconscious, taking foes for friends,
Thus as a comrade hails us : " Haste, my men !
What laggard sloth retards you ? others, see !
Amid her flames are plundering Pergamus,
While ye from your tall ships are newly come."
He said, and, greeted with no sure reply,
Knew in a moment fallen amid foes.
Staggered, both foot and voice he backward drew.
As one, who, struggling with rough briars, hath trod
At unawares a serpent underfoot,
Starts back in sudden terror, as it rears
Its wrath on high, and puffs a purple throat,
Not otherwise, confounded at the sight,
Androgeos was retreating. On we rush,
With serried arms enclose them, and on ground
They knew not, and with terror ta'en aback,
Slay them on every side. So fortune's breath
Fans our first effort. Here Corœbus cries,
Waxed jubilant with courage and success :
" Where fortune at the outset, comrades mine,
With such clear signs of friendship points the path,
Be ours to follow : change we shields and don
The Danaan emblems. Craft or prowess, which,
Who cares to ask in dealing with a foe ?
Themselves shall furnish us with arms." So saying,
The plumed helmet of Androgeos
He next puts on, with buckler blazoned fair,
And girds an Argive sword upon his thigh.
The like does Rhipeus, ay and Dymas too,
And all our youth exulting ; every man
Arms him from out the recent spoil ; then on
We press, commingling with the Danaan ranks,
Led by no god of ours, and hand to hand
Through the blind night wage many a battle-bout,
Send many Danaans to the shades below.

This way and that they fly, some to the ships,
Seeking at headlong speed the trusty shore ;
Some clambering up the monster-horse again,
Vile dastards, hide them in the well-known womb.
Ah ! not for men to trust, if gods be loath !
See where, with locks that stream upon the wind,
Maiden Cassandra, Priam's daughter, comes
Haled from the temple and Minerva's shrine ;
Vainly to heaven her burning eyes she casts—
Eyes, for her tender hands are locked in chains.
This sight Coroebus brooked not ; mad with rage
He hurled him on their very midst, to die.
We following all in close array rush on.
Here first from the high temple's top o'erwhelmed
With friendly darts, most piteous slaughter falls
Upon us, through the aspect of our arms,
And lying semblance of our Grecian crests.
Then too the Danai, with a groan of wrath
For the maid's rescue, mustering from all sides,
Fall on—impetuous Ajax, and the twin
Atridae, and all the host of Dolopes ;
Even as at times, when a tornado bursts,
Winds meet in shock of battle, West, and South,
And East exulting in his orient steeds ;
The forest creaks, and Nereus, all a-foam,
Storms with his trident, from its lowest depth
Upchurning all the ocean. Such beside
As through the darkness in the gloom of night
We routed by our stratagem, and chased
The city's length, appear, and first are they
Our shields and lying weapons to discern,
And mark the incongruous accent of our tongues.
Straightway we are outnumbered and o'erwhelmed ;
And first Coroebus at the altar-steps
Slain of the warrior-goddess, by thy hand,
Peneleos, bites the dust : falls Rhipeus too,
Of all the Teucrians foremost without peer
For justice and fast-cleaving to the right :
The gods willed otherwise : next, pierced by friends,
Both Hypanis and Dymas are laid low ;

Nor all thy goodness, Panthus, no, nor could
Apollo's fillet shield thee in thy fall.
Ashes of Ilium, and ye funeral-fires
Of my lost friends, witness, when ye went down,
I shunned no Danaan missiles, and no chance
Of blow for blow, that, had fate willed my fall,
This arm had earned it. Sundered from the rest
With me are Iphitus and Pelias,
Iphitus age-encumbered, Pelias
Sore wounded by Ulysses. Straight we hie
Toward Priam's palace, by the shouting led.
But here a giant conflict we behold,
As warring else were nowhere, none beside
Dying the city through; so stubborn raged
The war-god, while the Danai roofward rush,
And the shield-tortoise driven besets the door.
Close cleave their ladders to the walls, and nigh
The very entrance up the rungs they press,
With left hands shielded intercept the darts,
And with the right clutch fast the battlements.
Meanwhile the Dardans, see! upwrench amain
Turret and roofing tile; with these for darts,
Seeing the end, in death's extremity,
They stand on their defence; some topple down
August ancestral splendours—gilded beams;
Others with drawn blades block the doors below,
And guard them densely massed; fresh heart I take
To aid the palace, ease with help our men,
Add vigour to the vanquished.

There was set
An entrance by a hidden door that led
From hall to hall of Priam, posternwise
Left rearward of the palace, by the which
While yet the empire stood, Andromache,
Poor heart! would oftimes unattended seek
Her royal kinsfolk, to his grandsire's knee,
Leading her little son Astyanax.
Mounting, I gain the summit of the pile,
From whence the wretched Teucrians hurled amain
Their ineffectual darts. A turret stands

On the sheer edge, with its high pinnacle
Reared to the stars, whence Troy would oft be viewed,
The Danaan ships too, and the Achaean camp:
This, armed with tools, assail we round about,
Where the high floor-joists lend a tottering hold,
And from its deep bed wrench, and hurl it: lo!
Suddenly with a crash down, down it goes,
Trailing wild havoc on the Danaan ranks:
But up come others, and meanwhile the storm
Of stones and motley missiles knows no stay.
Hard on the threshold, by the very door,
Pyrrhus exults, flashing in armèd sheen:
As when a serpent fed on poisonous weeds,
By winter-frosts kept swollen underground,
Fresh from the shedding of his slough, with youth
New-burnished, rolls his slippery length to light,
And, sunward towering with uplifted breast,
Flickers the three-forked lightning of his tongue.
With him huge Periphas, and Automedon,
Achilles' charioteer, who bare his arms,
And all the flower of Scyros, storm the walls,
And at the roof fling fire. In front of all,
Gripping a two-edged axe, himself is there,
Bursting the tough doors through, and from their hinge
The brass-bound valves divorcing: see! even now
He has hewn a beam out, scooped the stubborn oak,
And made a monstrous and wide-yawning breach.
The inner palace and far-lengthening halls
Ope and lie bare, the secret sanctuary
Of Priam and the kings of long ago;
And standing on the threshold's edge they see
Arm'd warriors.
'But confusion reigns within,
Wild shrieks and piteous uproar; far-withdrawn
The hollow chambers, hark! with woman's plaints
Are wailing: the cry strikes the golden stars.
Then through the wide halls trembling matrons stray,
And, fondly clinging, clasp the doors and kiss.
On presses Pyrrhus with his father's might;

Nor barriers, no, nor guards his onset brook;
With quick blows of the battering-ram the door
Totters, the valves fall forward from the hinge:
Force cleaves a way: the Danaans flooding in
Burst them a passage, cut the foremost down,
And fill the wide space with their soldiery:
Not all so madly doth a foaming flood
Burst through the barrier of opposing banks
With conquering swirl, then, raging on an heap,
O'er-ride the country, and through all the plain
Sweep byre and herd before it. I myself
Saw mad with slaughter Neoptolemus,
And both the Atridae on the threshold; aye,
And Hecuba with daughters and sons' brides
A hundred, and, along the altar stretched,
Priam, polluting with his own heart's blood
The fires himself had consecrated. All
Those fifty bridal chambers, the rich hope
Of children's children, portals proudly dight
With trophies and barbaric gold, lie low;
And still the Danai swarm where fails the fire.
'Haply of Priam's fate would'st also hear.
Soon as he saw the city stormed and fallen,
His palace doors wrenched open, and the foe
Amid his inmost chambers, the old man
About his shoulders, palsied now with age,
Binds, unavailing, long forgotten arms,
Then girds him with his helpless sword, and, where
The foe throngs thickest, turns his steps to die.
Midmost the palace, under heaven's bare vault,
Stood a huge altar, and a bay-tree near,
Of immemorial age, drooped over it,
Embracing in its shade the household gods.
Here round the unavailing altar stone,
Like doves swept headlong by a murky storm,
Hecuba and her daughters huddling cowered,
Clasping the sacred images. But when
Priam she saw in arms of youth arrayed,
"Ah! my unhappy lord, what thought so dire
Pricked thee to don this battle gear?" she cried,

"And whither bound so hotly? Not for such
Succour or such defenders craves the time,
No, not were my own Hector now at hand.
Enough, withdraw thee hither: all shall be
Saved by this altar, or thou slain with us."
So spake she, and drew towards her, and set down
Her aged lord upon the hallowed seat.
'But lo! from Pyrrhus' slaughtering sword escaped,
Polites, one of Priam's sons, through darts,
Through foemen, the long corridors adown
Comes flying, and traverses the empty court,
Wounded. Him Pyrrhus with pursuing stroke
Plies hotly, and all but within his grasp
Holds even now, and pricks him with his spear:
Bursting at length upon his parents' view,
Before their very eyes prostrate he fell,
And poured his life out in a rush of blood.
Then Priam, though fast within the net of death,
Brake all restraint, nor voice nor passion spared.
"For crime so shameless may the gods," he cries,
"If justice be in heaven such deeds to mark,
Pay thee due thanks, fair meed requite thee, who
Hast forced mine own son's murder on my sight,
And with his death profaned a father's eyes:
But he—thou liest to call thyself his son—
Achilles, erst with Priam, though a foe,
Dealt otherwise; with kindling shame he owned
A suppliant's rights and honour, rendered up
The bloodless corse of Hector for the tomb,
And sent me to my realm again." So saying,
The old man heaved a weak and woundless spear,
Which, straightway by the clanging brass repelled,
From the shield's outer boss-rim harmless hung.
"Therefore," said Pyrrhus, "shalt thou bear the news,
And to my sire the son of Peleus go:
Look that thou tell him of my sorry deeds,
And how degenerate Neoptolemus;
Now die." So speaking, to the altar's self
He haled him trembling, slipping in a pool
Of his son's blood, and wreathing in the hair

His left hand, with the right flashed out his sword,
And plunged it in his body to the hilt.
Such was the goal of Priam's destinies;
Such end befell him, with his eyes to see
Troy burnt, and Pergamus to ruin fallen,
Erewhile o'er many nations, many lands,
The haughty lord of Asia. There he lies
A vast trunk stretched along the sand, a head
Shorn from the shoulders, and a nameless corse.
'Then first fell horror closed me round; I stood
Amazed: uprose the form of my loved sire,
As I beheld the king, in age his peer,
Cruelly wounded, gasping out his life.
Rose to my mind Creusa too, left lone,
And my house plundered, and the plight of young
Iulus. I look back to scan what force
Is yet around me: one and all worn out
Have vanished from my side, cast them to earth
Headlong, or, fainting, dropped into the flames.
'Now was I left alone, when I discern
Clinging to Vesta's shrine, and silently
Lurking within her solitary cell,
The daughter of Tyndareos: the fierce glare
Of conflagration lends me light to stray,
And cast my eyes o'er all things, far and near.
She, with a dread foreboding in her heart
Of Teucrian hate for Pergamus o'erthrown,
And Danaan retribution, and the wrath
Of her forsaken lord—she, common fiend
Of Troy and her own country, hidden close,
Couched by the altar from the scorn of men.
At once my soul caught fire, and rising wrath
Prompts to avenge my country, and exact
The wage of wickedness. Shall she forsooth
Live to see Sparta, and her native town
Mycenae? in the triumph she has won
Walk as a queen, and with her eyes behold
Husband and home, her parents and her sons,
Thronged round with Ilian women, and a train
Of Phrygian bondsmen? What! with Priam slain,

Troy burnt to ashes, and the Dardan shore
Bedewed so often with the sweat of blood!
Not so: albeit no memorable name
By woman's death be won, nor triumph yield
Such victory, yet to have wiped out a pest,
Wreaked worthy punishment, shall be my praise,
My joy to surfeit in avenging fire,
And to have slaked the ashes of my friends.
Such words outflinging, and by rage of heart
Transported, sudden to my sight is borne,
Never till now so dazzling to behold,
And in pure radiance beaming through the night,
My gentle mother—goddess undisguised—
Such and so stately as her form appears
To sons of heaven: she held me by the hand,
And thus, moreover, spake with rosy lips.
"Son, what fierce anguish in thy bosom stirs
Ungovernable wrath? why ragest thou?
Thy care for me fled whither? Wilt thou not
See first where thou hast left thine age-worn sire,
Anchises, whether still survive thy wife
Creüsa and Ascanius thy child?
Whom all ere this, encompassed every side
By prowling Greeks, did not my care prevent,
Or flames had snatched, or foeman's sword devoured.
Think not it is the hated face of her,
The Spartan daughter of Tyndareos,
No, nor much blamèd Paris, but the gods,
The gods, whose unrelenting hate o'erturns
This empire, and Troy's loftiness brings low.
Look—for the cloud which, o'er thy vision drawn,
Dulls mortal sight, and spreads a misty murk,
I will snatch from thee utterly: but thou
Fear not thy mother's bidding, nor refuse
Her hests to hearken—here where thou but seest
Huge shattered fragments and stone rent from stone,
And dust and smoke blent in one surging sea,
Neptune with his vast trident shakes the walls,
And heaves the deep foundations, from her bed
O'ertoppling all the city. Juno here

Storms at the entrance of the Scaean gate,
Implacable, and raging, sword on thigh,
Summons her armed confederates from the ships.
Now backward glance, and on the embattled height
Already see Tritonian Pallas throned,
Flashing with storm-cloud and with Gorgon fell.
The Sire himself each Danaan heart imbues
With courage and victorious might; himself
Against our Dardan power stirs up the gods.
Son, snatch at flight, and let thine efforts end:
Nowhere will I forsake thee till set safe
Upon thy father's threshold." She had said,
And vanished in thick shadows of the night.
Dread forms appear, and mighty potentates
Of heaven, at feud with Troy.

"Ah! then mine eyes
Beheld all Ilium settling into flame,
Troy, Neptune's city, from her base o'erthrown;
As some hoar ash-tree on the mountain-tops,
Which eager husbandmen make haste to fell,
With steel and showering axe-strokes hacked and hewn,
Threatens and ever threatens, and nods on
With quaking foliage, rocking crest, until,
Little by little, neath the wounds o'erpowered,
One dying groan it utters, and falls stretched
Along the hillside, a root severed wreck.
I get me down, and with the god to guide
Through fire and foes win unimpeded way;
Weapons give place to me, and flames retire.
"So when at last my father's door was gained,
And the old home, my sire, whom first I seek—
My first thought now to bear him to the hills—
Refuses to live on, Troy laid in dust,
Or stoop to exile. "Ye, whose blood," he cried,
"Hath yet youth's freshness, and whose strength stands whole
In native vigour, do ye speed your flight;
Me had the high gods destined to survive,
They would have spared my home. Enough and more
That I have seen one downfall, and outlived

The capture of our city : here, even here,
Lay out my body, and bid farewell, and go.
This hand shall find out death ; the foe will take
Pity on me, and hunger for my spoil.
Light is the loss of burial. Long ago
Hateful to heaven and useless, I drag on
My lingering days, e'er since the Sire of gods
And King of men breathed on me with the blast
Of his winged bolt, and touched me with his fire."
' So spake he, and stood firm, persisting ; we,
My wife Creüsa, and Ascanius,
And the whole house, beseech him, bathed in tears,
Not to whelm all in his own ruin, nor add
Weight to the push of doom : he spurns our prayer,
Stands rooted to his purpose and the spot.
Once more I turn to arms, and long for death
To end my misery ; for what counsel now,
What fortune was vouchsafed me ? "Didst thou think
That I could leave thee, sire, and go my way ?
Fell word so monstrous from a father's lips ?
If it be writ in heaven that naught remain
Of all this city, and thy fixed purpose hold,
So fain to heap upon Troy's funeral-pyre
Thyself and thine, death opes thee wide the door :
And, fresh from bathing in the blood of Priam,
Soon Pyrrhus will be here, who butchers son
In face of sire, and sire at altar-side.
For this then, gentle mother, did thy hand
Pluck me from sword and flame, that I might see
The foe upon my hearth-stone, see my sire,
Ascanius and Creüsa at his side,
Slaughtered and weltering in each other's blood ?
Arms, arms, my men ! their last reveillé calls
The vanquished. To the Danai give me back :
Let me revisit and renew the fight :
Ne'er shall we all die unavenged to-day."
' Therewith once more I gird my sword on, brace
And fit my left arm to the shield, and forth
Was hurrying from the house, when lo ! my wife

Clasping my feet upon the threshold clung,
Held forth the young Iulus to his sire.
" If bound for death, speed us with thee through all ;
But if past effort teach thee still to place
Some hope in arms, then first defend our home.
Bethink thee to whose hand thou leavest us,
Thy sire, and young Iulus, and myself,
Once called thy wife." So loudly pleading she
Filled all the house with moans, when lo ! there falls
A sudden portent marvellous to tell !
For, as betwixt their gaze and their embrace
His sorrowing parents held him, on the crown
See ! of Iulus' head a tongue of fire
Light-hovering shone, and, harmless to the touch
Licked his soft locks, and round his temples fed.
We in a flutter of alarm shake out
The blazing hair, and with spring water strive
To quench the sacred flame ; but joyfully
My sire Anchises with a starward gaze
Lifted his voice and upturned hands to heaven.
" Almighty Jupiter, if any prayer
Can bend thee, look upon us — only this ;
And, if our goodness earn it, Sire, henceforth
Grant us thine aid, and ratify this sign."
Scarce had the old man spoken, when there pealed
A sudden crash of thunder on the left ;
And, gliding through the darkness from on high,
Shot with a torch-like trail of rushing light
A star ; we mark it o'er the roof-top glide,
A fiery path displaying, and at length
Bury its brightness beneath Ida's wood :
Then lo ! a long drawn furrow-line of light !
And o'er the region hangs a sulphurous smoke.
Conquered at last my sire uplifts his head,
Invokes the gods, adores the sacred star.
" Up, up ! no tarriance more ! I follow, and where
Ye lead, am with you. Gods that guard our land,
Preserve my house, preserve my grandchild : yours
This omen, in your holy keeping Troy.
Son, I submit, content with thee to go."

'He said; and through the streets more loudly now
Is heard the fire, and nearer roll the tides
Of conflagration. "Come then, father mine,
Mount thee upon my neck; these shoulders, see
Shall bear thee up, nor feel that task a toil.
Come what come may, one peril both shall share
Or one deliverance. Hand in hand with me
Let walk the child, Iulus, and my wife
Follow our footsteps from behind. And ye,
Servants, be mindful; heed what I shall say.
Quitting the city to a mound ye come
And ancient fane of Ceres in the waste
Hard by, an aged cypress, by our sires
With holy awe regarded years on years.
To this one goal by divers tracks we'll wend.
Father, do thou the sacred emblems take,
Our country's household gods, within thy hand
Fresh from the slaughter of so fierce a strife,
For me 'twere sin to touch them, till I wash
Me clean in running water." So I spake
And, over my broad shoulders and bowed neck
Donning for robe a tawny lion's hide,
Stoop to the burden; twines his hand in mine
The child Iulus, with unequal steps
Following his sire: my wife comes on behind.
Forth fare we through the shady ways, and me
Whom erst no showering missiles could make blench,
Nor banded Greeks in hostile ranks arrayed,
Now every breeze affrights, and every sound
Startles, so tremulous am I, at once
Fearful for my companion and my load.
'And now, nearing the gates, the journey's length
Methought I had o'erpast, when suddenly
A sound of hurrying footsteps to mine ear
Seemed borne, and, peering through the dark, my sire
Exclaims: "They are upon us: fly, son, fly!
I see their glowing shields and glittering arms."
Then, in the scare, some Power that loved me not
Snatched my bewildered sense. For as I thrid
Untrodden paths, the wonted track forgo,

Alas! my wife Creusa, now by fate
Torn from me, to my sorrow, either stopped,
Or missed her way, or weary sat her down—
I know not—to our eyes restored no more.
Nor did I once look back to learn my loss,
Nor turn my thoughts upon her, till we reached
The mound of ancient Ceres and the shrine.
Then, then, of all our gathered forces, she
Alone was wanting to the way-fellows,
Slipped from the sight of husband and of son.
Whom in my frenzy did I not upbraid
Of men and gods? Or what more cruel hap
Saw in the falling city? Ascanius,
My sire Anchises, and Troy's household gods
I give into my comrades' care, and lodge
Safe in the winding vale, then seek once more
The city, and gird me in my glittering arms,
Steadfast to re-encounter every risk.
All Troy retraverse, and expose my life
Anew to every peril. I repair
First to the walls, and that dark portal, whence
My feet had issued, trace and follow back
Each step in the dark, and scan with searching eye.
The horror round, the very silence too
Scares me; then home I turn, if haply—ah!
If thither haply she had bent her steps.
The Danaan had rushed in, filled all the house.
Speeds the devouring fire before the wind,
Rolled to the roof-top; now the flames outsoar it;
The billowy heat goes raging up to heaven.
Thence I pass onward, and cast eyes again
On Priam's palace and the citadel.
Even now within the empty corridors
Of Juno's sanctuary, as chosen guards,
Phoenix and dread Ulysses watch the spoil.
Hereunto gathered from her burning shrines,
Troy's plundered treasure—tables of the gods,
Cups all of gold, and captive raiment, lie
Massed in a heap. About it in long line
Stand boys and trembling matrons. Nay, I dared

Even to launch my shouts into the dark,
Making the streets re-echo, as I called
"Creüsa?" and "Creüsa," cry on cry,
With mournful iteration, but in vain.
Searching the city thus from house to house,
And raving without end, the hapless shade
And spectre of Creüsa's self appeared
Before me, statelier than the form I knew.
I stood aghast; my hair rose, and the voice
Stuck in my throat. Then thus, methought, she spake,
And with such words allayed my trouble: "Why
To frantic sorrow give such wanton way,
O my sweet lord? Without the nod of Heaven
These things befall not; at thy side to bear
Creüsa hence—nor fate decrees, nor he
The lord of high Olympus suffers it.
Lo! exile long awaits thee, and to cleave
A vast expanse of ocean: then shalt thou
Arrive Hesperia, where with gentle march
Through their rich fields the Lydian Tiber flows.
High fortune here, a throne, a royal bride,
The Fates assign thee. Banish now thy tears
For loved Creüsa: I shall never look
Upon the proud homes of the Myrmidons
Or Dolopes, ne'er go to be the slave
Of Grecian dames, a Dardan woman I,
Wed to the son of Venus the divine.
But me the mighty mother of the gods
Holds on this shore. And now adieu! Guard well
The love we cherished for thy child and mine."
So saying, she left me weeping, yearning sore
To speak, and vanished into empty air.
Thrice, as she stood, my arms I would have flung
About her neck, and thrice my baffled hands
Closed upon nothing, and a form that fled,
Like to light breezes, one with wingèd sleep.
So passed the night, and so at length I turn
Back to my friends, and here with wonder find
New comrades, a vast concourse, matrons, men,
An army massed for exile—piteous throng!—

From all sides gathered, armed in heart and gear,
Where'er I list to lead them over sea.
And now o'er Ida's topmost ridge the star
Of dawn was rising, bringing back the day:
The Danaans had beset and held the gates,
Nor hope of help was offered: I gave o'er,
Took up my sire and for the mountains made.'

BOOK III

When Asia's realm and Priam's guiltless race 1–25
The high gods doomed to overthrow, when fell
Proud Ilium, and all Neptune's city Troy
In dust lay smoking, we are driven to seek
By auguries from heaven far outland homes
And lands unpeopled, and a fleet we build
Close underneath Antandros and the heights
Of Phrygian Ida, doubtful whither fate
Dooms us to journey, where vouchsafes to stay;
And men we muster. Scarce had summer dawned
When, as my sire Anchises now bade hoist
Sail to the breath of fate, with tears I quit
My native shores, the harbours, and the plains
Where once was Troy. An exile forth I fare
Upon the deep with comrades and with son,
My hearth's Penates, and the mighty gods.
'There lies a land afar with widespread plains
Dear to the war-god, which the Thracians till,
Once swayed by fierce Lycurgus, from of old
With hospitable hearth-ties knit to Troy,
While yet her fortune stood. Hither I sail,
And, with fate frowning on my first essay,
Upon the winding shore trace city walls,
And, from my own name, name them Aeneadae.
'Unto Dione's child, my mother, I,
And to the gods, was doing sacrifice,
As prosperers of our toil, to heaven's high king
Slaughtering a sleek bull on the shore: hard by
A hillock stood with cornel-coppice crowned,
And myrtles bristling thick with spear-shaft wands.
Approaching, by main force I strove to pluck
The greenwood from the ground, that I might deck
With leafy boughs the altar, when a sight

Portentous meets my gaze, and strange to tell.
For from the first tree, torn with severed roots
From out the soil, trickle black gouts of blood,
That stain the earth with gore. My limbs quake, chilled
With horror, and cold fear congeals my blood.
A second stubborn wand once more I turn
To pluck me, and probe deep the hidden cause;
And black blood follows from the bark once more.
Much pondering in my heart, I 'gin to pray
The forest-nymphs and sire Gradivus too,
Guardian of Getic land, to prosper well
The vision, and make light the omen; but,
When for the third time, and with mightier heft,
The spear-wands I assail, and tug and strain
With bent knees 'gainst the opposing sand—should I
Speak or be silent? from the mounds' recess
A piteous groan is heard, and to mine ears
An answer borne: "Why réndest thou a wretch
Like me, Aeneas? At last within my grave
Spare me, and spare those righteous hands to stain.
Troy-born am I, no alien to thee,
Nor from a mere log flow these blood-drops: ah!
Fly, fly the ruthless land, the shore of greed;
For I am Polydorus, here transfixed
And overwhelmed by crop of iron spears
With pointed pikes upspringing." Then, indeed,
Quelled with distracting fear I stood amazed:
My hair rose, and the voice stuck in my throat.
"This Polydorus, with vast weight of gold,
Unhappy Priam erst had secretly
To care of Thracia's king consigned, when now
Misdoubting of the Dardan arms, he saw
His city girdled by the leaguers' ring.
But Teucria's power once crushed, her fortune fled,
The Thracian, following the victorious arms
And star of Agamemnon, snaps all ties
Of honour, and, Polydorus done to death,
Lays his rude gripe upon the gold. To what
Drivest thou not man's heart, O lust of gold
Accursed? When the trembling left my frame,

To chosen heads of the people I recount—
My sire in chief—the portents of the gods,
Demand their judgement. All are of one mind
To quit the land of crime, fly friendship stained,
And give our fleet the south wind. So we pay
The rites of death to Polydorus, heap
A huge mound o'er him : altars to his shade
Sad with blue fillets and black cypress stand,
And round them, with locks loosed in wonted wise,
The Ilian women : cups of milk a-foam
Yet warm, and bowls of consecrated blood
We offer, and lay the spirit in the tomb,
And with loud voices raise the farewell cry.
' Soon as the deep gave promise fair, and winds
Had lulled the main, and Auster soughing low
Gave seaward summons, to the beach my crews
Haul down the ships, and throng the shore. Then forth
From harbour fare we ; lands and cities fade.
In the mid main a sacred home there lies,
Unto the Nereids' mother dearer none,
Nor to Aegean Neptune : this of old
Around the shores and sea-rims wandering
With filial love the Bearer of the bow
To Myconos high-cragged and Gyarus bound,
And steadfast planting taught to laugh at storms.
Hither I sail ; a safe port's halcyon calm
Here greets the weary crews ; to land we leap,
Worship Apollo's town. King Anius—
King among men, and priest of Phoebus too—
Brow-bound with fillets and the sacred bay,
Speeds towards us ; in Anchises an old friend
He knows ; so, clasping hospitable hands,
His roof we enter.
' I was worshipping
The antique stone-built temple of the god :
" Give us a home that shall be ours, O lord
Of Thymbra ; ramparts to the way-worn give,
A breed of sons, a lasting city : keep
Unscathed Troy's second bulwark, what remains
'Scaped from the Danai and Achilles fell.

Whom must we follow? whither bid'st us go?
Where fix our habitation? Father, grant
A sign from heaven, and sink into our souls."
'Scarce had I spoke when suddenly meseemed
All things 'gan tremble, doors and sacred bay;
And the whole mountain moves; the shrine flies ope,
The cauldron rumbles. Prone to earth we fall,
While to our ears is borne a voice: "O sons
Of Dardanus long-suffering, that same land,
Which bare you first from your ancestral stem,
Shall to her fertile bosom welcome back:
Seek out your ancient mother; there shall reign
The house of Aeneas o'er the world's wide shores,
And her sons' sons, and all their seed to be."
So Phoebus: and a mighty joy arose
Confused, tumultuous: with one voice they cry,
"What is this city whither Phoebus now
Summons the wanderers, bids them to return?"
Then, pondering records of the men of old,
Thus spake my sire: "Hearken, ye lords of Troy,
And learn what hopes are yours: amidst the main
Lies Crete, of mighty Jove the island, where
Mount Ida, and where the cradle of our race;
There in a hundred mighty towns folk dwell,
A realm most fertile, whence our earliest sire
Teucer, if rightly I recall the tale,
Was wafted first to the Rhoetean shore,
And chose a site for sovereignty; as yet
Nor Ilium nor the towers of Pergamus
Had stood: men dwelt in the low valleys; hence
The Mother, haunter of Mount Cybele,
The Corybantian cymbals, Ida's grove;
Hence the close secret of her rites, and those
Yoked lions harnessed to her queenly car.
Up therefore! hie we where Heaven's bidding leads,
Appease the winds, and seek the Gnosian realm:
Nor is't a long course thither; Jove to aid,
The third dawn lands us on the Cretan shore."
So saying, due offerings at the shrine he slays,
A bull for Neptune, a bull too for thee,

O fair Apollo, a lamb black for storm,
White for the favouring Zephyrs.
'Rumour flies
That Prince Idomeneus, a banished man,
Hath quit his father's realm, the shores of Crete
Abandoned, that her hearths are void of foes,
Homes empty for our advent. Straight we leave
Ortygia's harbour, and o'er ocean fly,
Past Naxos with her Bacchant-haunted heights,
And green Donysa, past Olearos,
And snowy Paros, and the Cyclades
Sprent o'er the main, and thrid we seas that race
By crowded islands: high the seamen's shout
Rises amid their changeful toil: the crews
Bid make for Crete and for our sires: a breeze
Springing astern convoys us, and at length
To the Curetes' ancient shores we glide.
So eagerly my chosen city's walls
I 'gin to build, Pergamea calling it,
And bid my people glorying in the name
Cleave to their hearths, and rear a roofèd hold.
Scarce were the ships hauled dry ashore, the youth
Busied with marriage and new fields to till—
I laws and homes assigning—when there fell
Upon men's limbs from heaven's infected arch
A sudden wasting, and on trees and crops
Piteous contagion—a year fraught with death.
They left their pleasant lives, or dragged about
Sick bodies; Sirius too baked bare the fields;
Grass withered; the sick crop denied her food.
Back to Ortygia's oracle my sire
Bids us retraverse Ocean, and implore
The grace of Phoebus; to our weary plight
What end vouchsafes he, whence would have us seek
Aid for our trouble, whither steer our course?
'Twas night: sleep held all creatures upon earth,
When lo! the sacred emblems of the gods,
The Phrygian Penates, out of Troy
Borne with me from amidst the blazing town
Seemed, as I lay in slumber, to stand forth

Before mine eyes, clear in a flood of light,
Where streamed the full moon through the casement-
shaft,
Then thus to address me, and with these words allay
My trouble: "That which from Apollo's lips,
Once wafted to Ortygia, thou shouldst learn,
Lo! here he utters, unsolicited
Sending us to thy very threshold. We,
Who from Dardania's burning have thyself
And thine arms followed, in the fleet thou led'st
Crossing the swollen deep--even we no less
Will lift to heaven thy sons that shall be born,
Grant empire to thy city. But do thou
Found mighty ramparts for the mighty, nor
Shirk the long toil of flight. Shift hence thy home:
Not these the shores portended, nor in Crete
Doth Delian Apollo bid thee dwell.
There is a spot, by Greeks Hesperia named,
A land of old, mighty in arms, in soil
Prolific, which the Oenotrian heroes tilled,
Now by a later race called Italy.
If rumour lie not, from their leader's name.
There is our sure home; hence sprang Dardanus,
And sire Iasius, founder of our race.
Arise, be glad, and to thy father old
Bear this no doubtful mandate, that he seek
Corythus and Ausonia's land; the fields
Of Dicte Jove denies thee!" Sore amazed
By such a vision and the voice of gods
Nor was that slumber; face to face I seemed
Their mien, their wreathed locks to recognize,
And then divine regard, while a chill sweat
Over my whole frame ran--from bed I leap,
And raising voice and upturned hands to heaven,
Pour unpolluted offerings on the hearth.
That homage paid, exulting I make known
All to Anchises, point by point revealed.
The twofold lines, the double stock, himself
Fooled by a new confusion of old lands,
He owns, then cries aloud, "Son, long the sport

Of Ilium's fate, Cassandra erst alone
Chanted this hap to me: I now recall
She thus foretold our destiny, and oft
Invoked Hesperia, oft the Italian realm.
But that the Teucrians to Hesperia's shore
Should come indeed, who could have thought it? whom
Then would Cassandra's prophecies have swayed?
Yield we to Phoebus' warning, and pursue
The wiser course." He spake, and all with joy
His word obey; this second home we quit,
Leaving some few behind, and with sails set
Scour the waste ocean in our hollow barks.

'Soon as our galleys gained the open deep,
And now no longer land appeared, but lo!
Ocean on all sides, and on all sides sky,
There stood a dark-blue storm-cloud o'er my head
Laden with night and tempest, and the wave
Shuddered beneath the gloom. At once the winds
Roll up the sea, and mighty billows rise:
Scattered, we toss upon the weltering waste:
Clouds wrapped the daylight, dank night stole the sky,
And fire burst through the welkin, flash on flash.
We are hurled from out our course, and wander on
O'er the blind waters. Palinurus even
Vows he discerns not day from night in heaven,
Nor in mid-wave can mind him of the track.
For three full days dim with blind mist we drift
Upon the deep, as many starless nights.
On the fourth day at length land first was seen
To crown the horizon, opening out afar
Mountains and wreathèd smoke. Down drop the sails,
We rise upon our oars; with eager strain
The seamen churn the foam, and sweep the blue.

'Saved from the waves, me first the Strophad shores
Receive; the Strophades—their Grecian name—
Lie in the great Ionian, island-haunts
Of fell Celaeno and her Harpy crew,
Since Phineus' door closed on them, and they fled
Scared from their former board. More foul than they
No portent, and no fiercer plague or wrath

Of heaven e'er rose from out the Stygian wave,
Birds maiden-faced, their belly's excrement
Most noisome, and with hooked hands and cheeks
Blanched with eternal famine.

'Hither then
Borne safe, and entering harbour, lo! we spy
Rich herds of oxen scattered o'er the plain,
And flocks too of the goat-tribe on the grass
Untended; we rush on them with the sword,
And call upon the gods and Jove himself
To share the spoil, then on the winding shore
Pile couches up, and feast on the rich fare.
But sudden from the hills with fearful swoop
The Harpies are upon us, and clap loud
Their hurtling wings, and snatch the food away,
Polluting all things with their filthy touch;
Fearful at once their cry, and foul their smell.
In deep recess beneath a hollow rock,
Curtained with trees and bristling shade, once more
We lay the board, renew the altar-fires:
When from a diverse point of heaven once more
Out of some hidden lair the clamorous rout
Come winging round the prey with hooked feet,
And taint the food with tasting. Then I charge
My comrades seize their weapons and make war
On the fell brood. As bidden they do, range swords
In the grass-covert, and hide shields from sight.
So when along the winding shore their swoop
Sounded, Misenus from his lofty watch
With hollow brass gives warning: to the assault
My comrades rush, and a strange warfare try—
To harry with the sword these ominous birds
Of ocean. But their feathers take no hurt,
Their flesh no wound, and, soaring swift on high,
They leave behind them the half-eaten prey
And their foul traces. One, Celaeno perched
On a tall crag, ill-boding prophetess,
Breaks into heart-wrung utterance: "Is it war
For our kine slaughtered and our bullocks felled,
Sons of Laomedon—war, ye would wage

Against us, and the blameless Harpies drive
Forth from their father's realm ? Take then to heart
My words, and write them there : what prophecies
The Sire Omnipotent taught Phoebus once,
Phoebus Apollo me, I, mightiest
Of Furies, now make known to you : the goal
Ye seek is Italy ; to Italy,
The winds invoking, shall ye come, be free
Her ports to enter : but your destined town
With walls ye shall not gird, till famine dire
And your outrageous onslaught upon us
Drive you to gnaw your tables and devour."
She spake, and to the forest winged her way.
As for my comrades, a quick chill of fear
Curdled the blood within them ; their hearts fell ;
No more with arms, but vows and prayers they now
Bid sue for grace, or be they goddesses,
Or dread ill-omened birds : aye, and my sire
Anchises from the shore with outspread hands
Calls on the mighty ones of heaven, proclaims
Due sacrifice : " Ye gods, avert their threats,
Such evil hap forfend, and with your peace
Preserve the good." Then bids he rend away
The rope from shore, uncoil and ease the sheets.
The south winds stretch our canvas : fast we fly
Over the foaming waters, borne along
As wind and helmsman summoned. Now appears
In the sea's midst Zacynthus and her woods,
Dulichium, Samë, and the towering cliffs
Of Neritos ; we hurry by the rocks
Of Ithaca, Laertes' realm, and curse
The land that gave to fell Ulysses birth.
Soon too Leucate's stormy peaks, and lo
Apollo, feared of seamen, heaves in sight :
Weary, for him we make, and enter so
The little town : our anchor from the prow
Is cast, the sterns stand ranged along the shore.
So beyond hope at length achieving land,
To Jove we purify us, with our vows
Kindling the altar, and crowd Actium's shore

With Ilian games: my comrades strip, and ply,
All smooth with oil, their native wrestling-bouts,
Glad to have 'scaped so many Argive towns,
And through the midst of foes our flight pursued.
Meanwhile the sun rolls round the mighty year,
And winter's icy north-winds fret the sea.
A shield of hollow brass, great Abas erst
Had wielded, on the portals' front I fix,
And with this line commemorate the deed:
"Aeneas' spoil, from Danaan conquerors won."
Then bid them quit the harbour, man the thwarts.
With eager zeal my comrades lash the sea,
And sweep the watery floor. Anon we let
Phaeacia's airy summits drop from view,
And skirt Epirus' shore, till entering
The harbour of Chaonia, we draw nigh
Buthrotum's high-built city. Here a tale
Of things incredible assails our ears,
That Helenus, Priam's son, was reigning now
O'er Grecian cities, master of the bride
And crown of Pyrrhus, son of Aeacus,
And that Andromache had thus once more
Passed to a lord of her own race. Amazed
I stood, and my heart burned with strange desire
To accost the hero, from his lips to learn
Fortunes so strange. On from the port I fare,
Leave fleet and shore behind me, when it chanced
That nigh the city, in a grove, where flowed
A mimic Simois, Andromache
Her yearly feast was offering, gifts of grief,
Unto the ashes, summoning the shade
To Hector's tomb, which with green turf, though void,
She had hallowed, and twin altars, where to weep.
Soon as her wildered eyes my coming saw,
With Trojan arms about me, scared at such
A portent, her limbs stiffen in mid gaze,
Warmth left her frame, she swoons, and scarce at length
Breaks the long silence: "Is 't thy very face?
Com'st thou indeed with tidings, goddess-born,
A living man? or if the genial light

Hath faded from thee, where is Hector ?" So
With showers of tears she spake, and all the place
Filled with her shrieking. To that passionate cry
Scarce can I frame brief answer, and, much moved,
Gasp out in faltering accents : " I indeed
Live, and my life through all extremes drag on :
Doubt not, thine eyes see truly : ah ! what chance
Hurled from that height of wedded love receives,
What fortune worthy of her past hath found,
Hector's Andromache ? art still the wife
Of Pyrrhus ?" With downcast eyes and bated breath
She spake : " O blest beyond all women else
The maiden child of Priam, bidden to die
'Neath Troy's tall ramparts, at the foeman's tomb,
She who ne'er brooked the casting of the lot,
Nor, captive, touched a conquering master's bed !
We, our home burnt, o'er distant oceans borne,
Have from Achilles' heir endured the pride
Of youthful insolence, borne him a son
In slavery : he, wooing afterward
Leda's Hermione, and nuptial ties
With Lacedaemon, me to Helenus,
Bondmaid to bondsman did consign. But him
Orestes, with fierce love for his stol'n bride
Fired, and still goaded by the fiends of crime,
At his ancestral altars unaware,
Waylaid and slaughtered. Neoptolemus
Thus dying, a portion of the realm he swayed
Passed o'er to Helenus, who called the fields
Chaonian, and Chaonia all the land,
From Trojan Chaon, and topped the heights with this
New Pergamus and Ilian citadel.
But thou—what winds, what fates have shaped thy
course ?
Or what god driven unwitting to our shores ?
How fares the boy Ascanius ? lives he yet
And drinks the air of heaven ?—whom while in Troy . . .
But still to his lost mother doth he yearn
With boyish love ? Aeneas for his sire,
Hector his uncle—do these kindle him

To antique prowess, and mettle of a man?"
So poured she forth her sorrow, and long she wept
Idly, when lo! advancing from the walls,
The hero-son of Priam, Helenus,
Comes with a mighty train, and his old friends
He knows, and leads them to his home with joy,
But all his utterance broke with bursting tears.
At every forward step I recognize
Troy, but in little, here a Pergamus,
The model of the mighty, there, though parched,
A river that from Xanthus takes its name,
And clasp the portals of a Scaean gate.
Along with me the Teucrians too enjoy
The friendly city; the king welcomed them
In spacious cloisters; midmost of the court
They poured out wine-libations, the meats set
On golden platters, goblets in their hand.
'And now a day and yet another day
Has come and gone; the breeze invites our sails;
The south wind swells, and puffs the canvas out,
When, with these words approaching, I thus seek
An answer from the seer: "Thou son of Troy,
Interpreter of heaven, who dost the will
Of Phoebus know, the tripods, and the bays
Dear to the Clarian god, the stars, and tongues
Of birds, and omens of the flying wing,
Come tell me—for the favouring voice of heaven
Hath my whole course declared, and one and all
The gods with power divine urged me to make
For Italy, and distant lands explore;
Only Celaeno with her Harpy voice
Chants a strange portent horrible to tell,
Rooting fierce wrath and hideous famine—say
What perils first am I to shun, or by
What clue surmount such heights of suffering?'
Then with due sacrifice of slaughtered steers
First Helenus implores the grace of heaven,
Unbinds the fillets from his sacred brow,
And with his own hand to thy temple-gates,
O Phoebus, leads me, wildered with excess

Of godhead, then at last with priestly lips
Chants this prophetic utterance: "Goddess-born—
For that thou journeyest over sea, led on
By mightier omens, plain the proof, so draws
The king of gods thy destinies, and turns
The shifting changes; such their circling course—
Few things of many, that thou may'st safelier track
Strange seas, and settle in Ausonia's port,
I will unfold thee: what remains to know
The sister-fates from Helenus withhold,
Saturnian Juno to his tongue denies.
First, Italy, which e'en now thou deemest near,
Fain blindly to attempt the neighbouring ports,
Long tracts of country, a long pathless way,
Divide from thee: aye, in Trinacrian waves
First must thine oar be bent, and thy ships pass
The salt Ausonian main, the infernal lakes,
Aeaean Circe's isle, ere thou may'st found
Upon safe shore thy city. And tokens I
Will give thee; do thou keep them stored in mind.
When by the wave of a sequestered stream
Thine anxious eye lights on a monstrous sow,
Under the holm-oaks on the margin laid,
With thirty head of swine new-littered, white,
Stretched out along the ground, white too the young
About her udders, know that there shall be
Thy city's site, there a sure rest from toil.
And shudder not, though ye be doomed to gnaw
Your tables; for the Fates will find a way,
Apollo hear and aid you; but these shores,
This border of the Italian coast, that lies
Nearest, by waves of our own ocean washed,
Fly, for in all their towns dwell evil Greeks.
Here have the Locri from Narycia built
Cities, and Lyctian Idomeneus
Filled the Sallentine fields with soldiery.
Here stands Petelia, propped upon its wall,
The tiny town of Philoctetes, lord
Of Meliboea. Nay, when o'er the main
Wafted, thy fleet hath anchored, and ashore

On new-built altars thou shalt pay thy vows,
First with a purple robe o'er-veil thy locks,
Lest in mid-worship, while the sacred fires
Yet burn, a foeman's face meet thine, and mar
The omens. And this ceremonial rite
So let thy comrades, as thyself, observe,
And in its holy use thy sons abide
Blameless. But when, departing thence, the wind
Shall waft thee nigh Sicilia's coast, and when
Pelorum's narrow bars asunder draw,
Cleave to the leftward land, the leftward sea,
Though long the circuit; shun the right, both shore
And water. For this region once, 'tis said,
By violence and huge convulsion torn—
Such power of change is in long lapse of time—
Leapt into twain, that were one land before,
Continuous; and amidst them broke the sea,
That with its waves cut off Hesperia's side
From Sicily's, and flowed, a narrow firth,
'Twixt fields and cities sundered, shore from shore.
The right side Scylla doth beset, the left
Implacable Charybdis, aye and thrice
In the deep whirl of her abyss sheer down
She sucks huge billows, and anon to heaven
Rears them in turn, and whips the stars with spray.
But Scylla, pennèd in a blind cave's recess,
Thrusts forth her mouth, drags vessels on the rocks—
Upward, of human visage, and a maid
Fair breasted to the waist, beneath, a fish
Of bulk portentous, and with dolphin's tail
Joined to wolf's belly. Better to lag round
Trinacrian Pachynus as your goal,
The long slow circuit fetch, than once have seen
Deformèd Scylla in her cavern vast,
And rocks that to her dark blue sea-dogs ring.
Aye, and if Helenus foreknoweth aught,
And as a seer win credence, if his soul
Brim with Apollo's truth, one prescient word,
For all will I vouchsafe thee, goddess-born,
And urge the admonition o'er and o'er;

Great Juno's godhead honour first with prayer;
To Juno chant thy willing vows, and quell
With suppliant gifts the mighty queen: for so
Victor at last, Trinacria left behind,
Shalt thou to Italy's far bourne be sped.
Here landed, when to Cumae's town thou comest,
The holy lakes, Avernus' echoing groves,
Thou shalt the frenzied prophetess behold,
Who in a rock's deep hollow chants the Fates,
To leaves committing characters and names.
All prophecies upon the leaves impressed
The maid in order ranges, left to lie
Shut up within the cavern: they remain
Unmoved in place, nor from their order stir,
But none the less, when with the turning hinge
A draught of air strikes, and the open door
Unsettles the light leaves, ne'er heeds she then
To catch them, as they flutter round the cave,
Restore their places, or fit line to line:
Men go their ways uncounselled, and detest
The Sibyl's seat. There count no loss of time
Too dear, though comrades chide thee, though the voyage
Press and provoke thy sails to sea, and thou
Might'st fill their favouring hollows, but approach
The prophetess, and with thy prayers implore
Herself to chant the oracles, and unlock
Her willing lips in speech. She will unfold
The tribes of Italy, and wars to be,
How best to shun or suffer every toil,
And to thy prayer vouchsafe a prosperous voyage.
Thus far my voice may warn thee: up, away!
And by thy deeds lift Troy in might to heaven."
'So spake the seer with kindly word, then gifts
Heavy with gold and carven ivory
Bids to the ships be brought, massed silver stows
And Dodonean cauldrons in our keels,
A ring-wrought hauberk triple-twilled with gold,
And superb helmet, cone and flowing crest,
The arms of Neoptolemus. My sire

Has gifts too of his own : horses beside
And guides he sends with us, fills up the tale
Of oarsmen, and equips the crews with arms.
' Meanwhile Anchises bids rig out the fleet
Nor longer dally with the wafting wind.
Him the interpreter of Phoebus then
With high regard addressed : " Anchises, deemed
Meet for the holy hand of Venus, loved
Of heaven, twice rescued from Troy's falling towers,
There lies Ausonia's land : make sail and seize it ;
Yet hold the deep, pass by the nearer coast,
Needs must thou ; of Ausonia, see, the tract
Apollo doth reveal lies yonder far.
Go forth," said he, " in thy son's goodness blest !
Why lengthen words, delaying while I speak
The rising gales ? " Nor less Andromache,
Sad at the final parting, brings forth robes
With gold woof broidered for Ascanius,
And Phrygian scarf, nor seants the guerdon due.
But loads him with her loom-gifts, and thus speaks :
" These too, as tokens of my hand, receive,
Dear boy, in witness of the lasting love
Of Hector's wife Andromache ; aye, take
The last gifts of thy kin, sole likeness thou
Still left me of my own Astyanax !
Such eyes, such hands, such looks he wore ; his youth
Had now been ripening to like years with thine."
I, as I left them, spake with rising tears :
" Live, and be happy, ye, whose destined course
Is now accomplished ; we from fate to fate
Must still be summoned, but your rest is won :
No plain of ocean need ye plough, pursue
No still-retreating far Ausonian fields.
A copy here of Xanthus, and a Troy
Do ye behold which your own hands have made,
I trust with happier omen, and less apt
For Grecian inroad. But if ever I
To Tiber come, and Tiber's bordering fields,
And see the ramparts to my race assigned,
Our sister cities and their kindred folk,

Here in Epirus, in Hesperia there,
Who boast the self-same founder, Dardanus,
The self-same fortunes, we will yet some day
Take, and of twain create one Troy in heart:
That task be left to our posterity."
'On through the deep we speed, and skirt the near
Ceraunians, whence the way to Italy,
And shortest passage o'er the waves. Meanwhile,
The sun drops, and the hills are veiled in gloom.
On the earth's welcome bosom, meting out
The oars by lot, we stretch us by the wave,
And, on the dry beach scattered, court repose;
Slumber bedews our weary limbs. Nor yet,
Driven by the Hours, was Night to her mid course
Attaining, when, no sluggard, from his couch
Springs Palinurus, every wind explores,
Catching the breeze with listening ears: he marks
All stars that swim the silent sky, surveys
Arcturus, and the showery Hyades,
The Twin Bears, and Orion armed in gold.
Seeing a set calm in a cloudless heaven,
Loudly he signals from the stern; our camp
Is broken up; we venture on the voyage,
Spreading our sail-wings. And Aurora now
Was reddening, and the stars were put to flight,
When in the distance we descry dim hills,
And Italy's low coast-line. "Italy!"
First cries Achates; Italy our crews
Hail with a shout of triumph. Then my sire
Anchises wreathed a mighty bowl with flowers,
And filled with wine, and called upon the gods,
Standing upon the lofty stern. "Ye gods,
Lords both of land and ocean with their storms,
Waft us a fair course, and breathe favouring gales."
The wished-for breezes freshen, and the port
Widens with narrowing distance, and clear seen
The temple of Minerva tops the height.
My comrades furl the sails, and shoreward steer.
The harbour there by eastern waves is bent
Bow-wise; with salt spray foam the barrier cliffs;

The port itself lies hidden ; the towered rocks
Lower their arms, on either side a wall ;
The temple from the shore retires. Four steeds
Here on the grass, first omen, I beheld,
Grazing the plain at large, and white as snow.
Then Prince Anchises : " War it is thou bringest,
O stranger-country ! Steeds are armed for war,
And war these herds portend us. Yet at times
The same beasts use to bow them to the car,
And, yoked together, bear the friendly rein ;
Yea, there is hope of peace too." Then we pray
To sacred Pallas, queen of clanging arms,
Who first with joy received us, and with heads
Before the altar veiled in Phrygian robe,
As Helenus had so straitly charged us, pay
To Argive Juno the full rites prescribed.
Then without stay, each solemn vow performed,
Shifting the sail yard horns, we quit the homes
Of Greek-born folk, and their suspected fields.
Next, known to Hercules, if true the tale,
Tarentum's gulf is sighted, while in front
Rises Lacinium's goddess, Caulon's heights,
Ship wrecking Scylaceum. Then, far off
Out of the deep comes looming into sight
Trinacrian Aetna, and a mighty moan
Of ocean hear we, and rocks buffeted
Afar, and broken sounds upon the beach :
The shoals leap up, and sand and surges mix.
Then Prince Anchises : " Doubtless this is that
Charybdis, these the crags and fearful rocks
That Helenus foretold. Rescue, my friends !
Rise on your oars together." Nought they fail
To do his bidding, and Palinurus first
To the waves leftward turns her groaning prow ;
Leftward the whole fleet strain with oar and breeze.
On the arched billow we mount up to heaven,
And once more, as the floods fall under us,
Sunk to the shades below. Thrice roared the rocks
Amid their craggy hollows, thrice we saw
The foam dashed up, and the stars raining spray.

Meanwhile, outwearied, wind and sun alike
Failed us, and, all unwitting of the track,
To the Cyclopes' shores we drift.
'There lies
A harbour sheltered from the wind's approach,
Spacious itself; but Aetna hard at hand
With hideous ruin thunders, and anon
Shoots a dark cloud to heaven of whirling smoke
Pitch-black, with glowing ashes, and aloft
Heaves balls of fire, and licks the stars, anon
Rocks and the uptorn entrails of the hill
Spews forth, and heaps the molten stones in air
Booming, and from his lowest depth upboils.
'Tis said the huge frame of Enceladus,
Half-burnt by lightning, 'neath this mountain mass
Lies buried, while giant Aetna, piled above,
Bursts into channels, and breathes forth the fire:
Oft as he shifts his side for weariness,
Trinacria's whole bulk with the rumbling quakes,
And curtains heaven with smoke. Screened by the woods,
That night the monstrous portent we endure,
Yet cause of sound discern not: for no stars
Were burning, nor the vault was bright above
With constellations, but a dark pall hid
The heavens, and dead night held the moon in cloud.
'And now the next dawn in the utmost east
Was breaking, and Aurora had dispelled
Dank shadows from the sky, when suddenly
Out of the woods, by extreme hunger worn,
Stalks the strange figure of an unknown man,
In piteous plight, and stretching suppliant hands
Toward the shore. We turn to gaze on him.
Ghastly his squalor, with a beard grown wild,
A garb thorn-fastened: in all else a Greek,
And in his country's arms once sent to Troy.
He when our Dardan guise, our Trojan arms,
Far off he saw, a little at the sight
Hung back afeared, and stayed his steps, but soon
With tears and prayers ran headlong to the shore:

"Now, by the stars, and by the gods above,
Aye, and this light of heaven we breathe, take me,
Ye Teucrians, I conjure you; bear me hence
To whatso land ye will; it shall suffice.
One of the Danaan fleet am I, I know it,
Own I assailed your Ilian hearths with war:
Wherefore, so heinous if my crime's offence,
Fling me piecemeal into the waves, or drown
In the vast ocean. If I die, 'twill be
Joy to have died by human hands." So saying,
He clasped our knees, to our knees, writhing, clung.
We urge him say what, and from whence, he is,
Next, how by fortune banished, to confess.
My sire Anchises, with no long delay,
Himself extends his right hand to the youth,
And with the ready pledge assures him; he,
Fear banished, speaks at length: "An Ithacan
By birth am I, and comrade of ill-starred
Ulysses; Achaemenides my name;
Since poor my father Adamastus would
That fortune still were mine! I came to Troy.
Here in their haste these cruel doors to quit,
My friends forgot, and in the monstrous cave
Of Cyclops left me. 'Tis a house of gore
And bloody banquetings, huge, dim within;
Himself, uptowering, strikes the stars on high—
Ye gods, rid earth of such a plague!—by none
To be eyed lightly, or in speech addressed.
On wretches' flesh and their dark blood he feeds.
I myself saw of our own number twain,
In the cave's midst as he lay backward, clutched
By his huge hand, and dashed against the rock,
And the floor drenched and swimming with their
blood—
Saw when their limbs, all dripping with black gore,
He munched, the warm joints quivering 'twixt his
teeth;
But not, I trow, unpunished: nor such things
Ulysses brooked, nor was the Ithacan
In that sore strait forgetful of himself.

For when, with feasting gorged, and drowned in wine,
The monster dropped his lolling neck, and lay
Along the cave, disgorging as he slept
Man's blood, and morsels mixed with gory wine,
We, the lots drawn, and the great powers implored,
Surge round him in one flood on every side,
And with a whetted brand bore out his eye,
Monstrous, hid sole beneath the scowling brow,
Like Argive shield or lamp of Phoebus, glad
Thus to avenge at length our comrades' shades.
But fly, ye hapless, fly, rend rope from shore:
For such, so vast, as Polyphemus here
Penning in hollow cave his fleecy flocks,
Or wringing dry their udders, a hundred more
House them at large along this winding coast,
Fell Cyclops-crew, and roam the mountain-tops.
Thrice hath the moon now filled her horns with light,
While with the beasts, in the lone forest-lairs
They haunt, I drag my life on, from the rock
Peering the vast Cyclopes to behold,
Or trembling at their voices and their tread.
Berries and stony cornels from the boughs
And uptorn herb-roots yield me sorry fare.
All quarters scanning I at last beheld
This fleet of yours stand shoreward, and to this,
Prove what it might, consigned me: 'tis enough
To have escaped the monster-brood: do ye
Rather, by any death, cut short my days."
'Scarce had he spoke, when on the mountain-top
Himself, in mighty bulk among his flocks
Moving, and making for the well-known shore,
The shepherd Polyphemus we descry—
Monster fell, shapeless, vast, of eyesight reft.
Lopped by his hand a pine tree guides his steps
And steadies; his woolly sheep beside him stray,
Sole pleasure, these, and solace of his ill.
Soon as he touched the deep waves, reached the main,
He laves therewith the flow of gore from out
His eyeless socket, and gnashing with his teeth
Groans, and through ocean now at midmost wades;

Nor wetted yet the flood his towering sides.
Trembling we speed our flight afar, take up—
Meed well deserved—our suppliant, silently
Cut loose the rope, and bending forward sweep
With emulous oars the ocean. He perceived,
And turned his steps toward the sound: but when
No power is his to reach us with his hand,
Nor skill to match the Ionian waves in chase,
A boundless roar he raises, that the sea
And all its billows trembled, and, far in,
Affrighted was the land of Italy,
And Aetna bellowed through his winding caves.
Thereat the race of Cyclops, from the woods
And lofty mountains startled, to the port
Rushes, and thronges the shore. We see them stand,
Each with vain-lowering eye, that brotherhood
Of Aetna, and with heads upborne to heaven,
Grim conclave: as on some tall mountain-top
When skyey oaks, or cone-hung cypresses—
Jove's lofty forest, or Diana's grove—
Stand clustering: us keen terror headlong goads,
Whithersoever to slack out the sheets,
And spread our canvas to the following breeze.
But Helenus' late warning bids them not
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis hold their course—
On this or that side but a step from death:
Backward to steer the purpose holds; when lo!
The north wind from Pelorum's narrow home
Is launched upon us: I am wafted by
Pantagia's mouth of living rock, the bay
Of Megara, and low lying Thapsus. Such
The shores he showed, unthridding all the track
Of his past wanderings. Achaemenides,
Ill-starred Ulysses' comrade.

'An isle lies
Stretched full in front of the Sicanian bay,
Wave washed Plemmyrium, called by men of old
Ortygia. Hither, the tale runs, Alpheus,
River of Elis, worked his hidden way
Beneath the sea, now, issuing at thy mouth,

Blends, Arethusa, with Sicilian waves.
The mighty guardians of the spot, as bidden,
We worship ; then the o'er-fertile soil I pass
Of marshy-banked Helorus. Hence we skirt
Pachynum's lofty cliffs and jutting crags ;
Far off shows Camarina, fate-ordained
To be molested never, and Gela's fields,
And Gela, from its furious river named ;
Thence towering Acragas displays afar
Her mighty walls, once breeder of brave steeds :
Thee too I leave behind me, with sails spread,
Palmy Selinus, and I thrid the shoals
Of Lilybaeum, with blind rocks beset.
Anon the harbour and the joyless shore
Of Drepanum receives me. Here alas !
So many ocean-storms o'er-blown, I lose—
Lightener of every chance and every care—
My sire Anchises. Best of fathers, here
Thou leav'st me to my weariness, alas !
Snatched from those mighty perils all in vain.
Nor did the prophet Helenus, 'mid all
His fearful bodings, of this grief foretell,
Nor dire Celaeno. My last trouble this,
And this the goal of my long voyaging.
Departing hence, heaven drave me to your shores.'
Thus Prince Aeneas, 'mid the hush of all,
Alone rehearsed the destinies of heaven,
And taught them of his wanderings, then at length
Ceased, made an end of speaking, and was still.

BOOK IV

But stricken long since with anguish deep, the queen 1–26
Feeds at her veins the wounds, whose hidden fire
Consumes her. To her heart comes surging back
Full oft the manhood of the man, full oft
The lustre of his line: his looks, his words,
Cling rooted fast within her bosom's core,
And anguish to her frame calm sleep denies.
Now, with the torch of Phoebus, next day's dawn
Was traversing the world, and had from heaven
The dewy shade dispelled, when, ill at ease,
Thus, heart to heart, her sister she bespeaks:
'Anna, my sister, say what dreams are these
Perplex me and affright? what wondrous guest
Hath entered 'neath our portals? what a mien
He bears! what strength of breast and shoulder! I
Deem him — no idle fancy — sprung from gods:
Fear proves the base-born spirit. Ah me! what shocks
Of fate he sang, what draughts of battle drained!
Were not my heart's resolve set firm and fast,
With none to yoke in wedlock-bands, since he,
My first love, tricked me and betrayed by death —
Irked me not bridal torch and bridal bed
To this one weakness I perchance had stooped.
Anna, for I will own it, since the doom
Of my poor lord Sychaeus, and the hearth
Stained by a brother's blood-guilt, only he
Hath swayed my sense, my tottering heart o'erthrown.
Traces of that old flame I recognize:
But first I would that earth yawn deep for me
Or that the Sire Almighty with his bolt
May to the shades, pale shades of Erebus

And night abysmal, hurl me, before thee,
O Shame, I outrage, or thy laws relax.
He, who first joined me to himself, hath borne
My heart away with him ; his only be it
To hold and guard within the grave.' So saying,
Her bosom filled she with o'er-brimming tears.
'O dearer to thy sister than the light,'
Anna replies, 'wilt thou, till youth be done,
Still waste in lonely widowhood, nor e'er
The joy of children or love's guerdon know ?
Think'st this to dust and buried shades a care ?
Albeit I trow no suitors heretofore
Swayed thy sick heart,—no, nor in Libya's land,
Nor erst in Tyre—Iarbas thus was scorned,
And other lords to boot, whom Afric land
Rich in war's triumph rears—wilt brave no less
A love that likes thee ? dost not call to mind
Within whose borders thou art planted ? here
Gaetulian cities hem thee in, a race
In war untamable, and therewithal
Numidia's reinless riders, and the shoals
Of barbarous Syrtis : yonder lies a tract
Barren with drought, and the wide-raging sons
Of Barce. Wherefore tell of war's alarms
Rising from Tyre, and thine own brother's threats ?
With gods to guide, methinks, and Juno's aid,
This man sailed hither in his Ilian keels.
Think what a city, sister, here thou'lt see,
Aye, what a realm, arise, so husbanded !
With Teucria's arms beside her, to what pitch
Will soar the Punic glory ! only thou
Sue grace of heaven, and, expiation made,
Be lavish of good cheer, and interweave
Fresh pleas for tarriance, while on sea the storm
Still blusters, and Orion's watery star,
'Mid shattered barks, and skies implacable.'
So saying, she set the love-lit heart ablaze,
Made bold the wavering mind, and banished shame.
First they approach the shrines, and pardon seek
Amid the altars, duly-chosen ewes

To Ceres, lawgiver, and Phoebus slaying,
And sire Lyaeus—Juno before all,
Mistress of wedlock-bands. Dido herself
In peerless beauty, with her right hand grasps
A cup, and pours it full betwixt the horns
Of a white gleaming heifer, or moves on
Majestic, in the presence of the gods,
To the rich altars, and with sacrifice
Inaugurates the day, then, all agape,
Peering into the victims' cloven breasts,
Consults the quivering entrails. Ah! how blind
The eyes of seers! love-frenzied, what can vows
Or shrines avail her? Ever the flame eats
Her tender heartstrings, and the wound is there
Silent, yet quick within her bosom's core.
So, all on fire, unhappy Dido roams
Raging throughout the city, as some hind
Shaft stricken, at unawares 'mid Cretan groves,
Which from far off a shepherd, with his darts
Chasing, hath pierced, and left the winged barb
Not knowing; through Dicte's woody glades in flight
She scours, the death-reed sticking in her side.
Now through the city's midst she with her leads
Aeneas, displaying her Sidonian wealth
And town built ready: she essays to speak.
And in mid-utterance stops; now, as day falls,
Seeking the selfsame board, poor fool! she asks
Once more to hear the tale of Ilium's woe,
And hangs upon the speaker's lips once more.
Then, when the guests have parted, when in turn
The low moon hides her radiance, and the stars
Sinking invite to sleep, in the void hall
With lonely grief, on his abandoned couch
She casts her, and, though sundered each from each,
Hears him and sees, or to her bosom clasps
Ascanius, ravished by his father's look,
Her tyrant passion haply to beguile.
The half reared turrets rise not, the youth ply
No martial exercise, nor harbours build,
Nor bastions for defence in war; the works

Break off suspended, the high-threatening bulk
Of walls, and engines that uptower to heaven.
  Her when the well-loved spouse of Jove beheld
By such a plague possessed, and her good name
No bar to madness, thus to Venus then
Spake Saturn's daughter: 'Peerless is the praise,
Ample the booty ye bear off, I wot,
Thou and thy boy, a great and famous name—
One woman by two gods o'ermatched with guile!
Me, soothly, it escapes not that thou fear'st
These walls of ours, tall Carthage and her homes
Eyeing askance; but what shall be the end?
Or whereto serves this mighty conflict now?
Why rather work we not a lasting peace,
And plighted spousal-troth? that, thy whole heart
Desired, thou hast. Dido with love's ablaze,
And through her frame the tide of frenzy spreads.
Rule we as one then, and with equal powers,
This people; let her own a Phrygian lord,
And yield her Tyrians to thy hand as dower.'
  Perceiving that in guile of heart she spake,
To shift Rome's empire to the Libyan shore,
Venus in turn addressed her: 'Who so fond
As to reject such offers, or make choice
With thee to strive for mastery, so success
Wait on thy word's accomplishment? but I
Drift doubtful of the fates, if Jupiter
To Tyrian folk and travellers from Troy
Wills but one city, or would have them blent
Nation with nation, or firm league be joined.
Thou art his wife; for thee 'tis meet to probe
His heart with supplication; do thou lead,
I follow.' Then royal Juno took the word:
'Leave me that task; now, mark, I'll briefly show
How the main purpose may be compassèd.
Aeneas, unhappy Dido at his side,
Goes forth to hunt amid the forest, when
Titan to-morrow's dawn shall first display,
And with his beams lay bare the world; then I,
While huntsmen hurry, and hem the wood with snares,

Will a black storm of mingled hail and rain
Pour down, with thunder the whole welkin wake.
Far will their train be sundered, by thick gloom
Enveloped; Dido and the Trojan prince
To the same cave shall come. I will be there
To knit the twain, so stead me thy goodwill,
In wedlock sure and seal her for his own.
Such shall their spousal be.' To her request
She of Cythera nodded, nothing loth,
And laughed at revelation of the guile.
Meanwhile Aurora rising left the sea.
With dayspring from the gates a chosen band
Go forth; mesh-woven toils, nets, hunting-spears
Broad-tipped with iron, Massylian horsemen too,
Speed onward, and the dogs' keen-scented might.
The queen still loiters in her bower, the while
Her Punic lords beside the portal wait;
See, housed in gold and purple her steed stands,
And fiercely champs the foaming bit. At length,
Thronged with a mighty concourse, forth she comes,
Clad in Sidonian scarf with broidered hem —
Gold quiver, and locks up-knotted into gold,
Gold too the brooch that clasps her purple robe!
Here mid the Phrygian train Iulus rides
Exulting. Comelier than all else himself
Aeneas moves to meet them, joins the troop.
As when Apollo quits his winter-home,
Lycia, and Xanthus' floods, his mother's isle
Delos to visit, and renews the dance,
While round the altar in a motley throng
Shout with one voice Cretans and Dryopes,
And painted Agathyrsi; he himself
Walks over Cynthus' height, his flowing hair
Trimmed with a wreath's soft pressure, twined with gold;
Clatter the shafts about his shoulders: so,
Nor tardier-limbed than he, Aeneas strode;
Such beauty from his peerless face outshone.
Now to the heights and pathless coverts come,
Mark, how the wild goats from the crag-top scared
Run down the ridges! yonder see the stags

Scour through the open in close-huddling herds,
Dust in their wake, and leave the hills behind.
But in the glen's heart young Ascanius
Joys in his fiery steed, now these, now those
Out-galloping, and, 'mid the timorous game,
Prays heaven a foaming boar his vows may bless,
Or tawny lion from the height come down.
Meanwhile with mutterings loud a mighty broil
Begins in heaven: rain follows, mixed with hail.
The Tyrian train and Trojan youth pell-mell,
With Venus' grandson, the Dardanian boy,
Dismayed, seek various shelter through the fields;
Streams from the hillside race. The Trojan prince
And Dido to the self-same cavern come.
Earth first, and bridal Juno, gave the sign;
Flashed at the nuptials fire and conscious air,
And shouted from their topmost peak the nymphs.
First day of death was that, first cause of ill;
Swayed nor by outward show, nor rumour's tongue,
Dido of secret passion dreams no more:
Marriage she calls it—name to mask her fall.
Anon flies fame through Libya's mighty towns,
Fame, whom no other evil can outrun;
Motion her might, strength gains she as she goes.
Small first through fear, soon mounts she up to heaven,
Plants foot on earth, and hides her head in cloud.
Her once, provoked to wrath against the gods,
Earth bare, the latest of her brood, they say,
Sister to Coeus and Enceladus,
Swift-footed, fleet-winged, monster dreadful, vast,
Who, for each plume her body bears, beneath
Hath watchful eyes as many, strange to tell,
As many tongues, as many sounding mouths,
Pricks ears as many: by night 'twixt earth and heaven
She cleaves the darkness, hissing as she flies,
Nor ever droops her eyelids in sweet sleep:
By day she sits perched like a sentinel,
Or on high roof-top, or on lofty tower,
And scares great cities, prone to grip as fast
False tales and baseless, as bear tidings true.

She now with manifold discourse had joy
Folks' ears to fill, now fable and now fact
Rehearsing: that Aeneas has arrived,
Sprung from the blood of Troy, with whom for lord
Fair Dido deigns to wed: now, each with each,
They lap the livelong winter in soft ease,
Heedless of empire, by base love enthralled.
Such tidings the foul goddess far and wide
Scatters from mouth to mouth: then straightway bends
Her course to king Iarbas, and inflames
His heart with rumour, and heaps high his wrath.
He, sprung from Ammon and his ravished bride
A Garymantian nymph, to Jove had reared
Through his broad realms a hundred mighty fanes,
A hundred altars, and had hallowed there
Fire, the gods' sleepless sentry, to keep watch
For ever, a floor fat with blood of beasts,
And portal with gay blossoms garlanded.
He, soul-distraught, fired with the bitter tale,
Is said, before the altars, and amidst
The majesties of heaven, to have implored
Jove fervently with suppliant hands upturned
'Almighty Jove, to whom the Moorish race
On broidered couches feasting pour as now
The offering of the wine god, seest thou this?
Or is't for naught we dread thee, Sire, when thou
Hurlest thy thunderbolts, and do blind fires
Affright our spirit in the clouds, and brew
But empty rumblings? lo! a woman here,
Who wandering in our realm gat leave for gold
To found a paltry city, to whom we gave
Coastland to till, and laws of tenure: she
Hath our alliance spurned, and ta'en instead
Aeneas to lord, and partner of her throne.
And now that Paris, with his emasculate train,
Chin and oiled hair with Lydian headgear propped,
Enjoys the spoil: we to thy fanes, aye thine,
Bring gifts forsooth, and nurse an empty tale.'
As thus he prayed and clasped the altar, lo!
Him the Almighty heard, and turned his eyes

Towards the queen's palace, and the lovers there
Of nobler fame forgetful. Thereupon
He thus addresses Mercury, and withal
On such an errand sends him: 'Hie thee forth,
Invoke the Zephyrs, son, glide on the wing,
And to the Dardan chief who loiters now
In Tyrian Carthage, and regards no whit
His fate-assignèd city, speak, bear safe
Through the swift winds my word. Not such the man
His beauteous mother to our hopes foretold,
Twice therefore rescued from the hosts of Greece,
But one to rule o'er Italy, a land
Teeming with empires, turbulent with war,
Hand on the race from Teucer's blood derived,
And to law's bidding make the whole world bow.
If by such high renown he be not fired,
Nor for his own fame brace him to the toil,
Yet to Ascanius can his sire begrudge
Rome's ramparts? what designs he? with what aim
Lags amid folk unfriendly, nor regards
Ausonia's race and the Lavinian fields?
Let him aboard! this is the sum in brief;
Hereof be thou my herald.'

He had said:
Anon the other made ready to obey
His mighty sire's behest, and first he binds
About his feet the golden anklets, which
Wing-wafted bear him high o'er land and sea
Swift as the hurrying breeze, then grasps his wand,
Wherewith from Orcus the pale ghosts he bids,
Others to gloomy Tartarus sends below,
Gives or bereaves of slumber, and unseals
The eyes in death: on this relying, he drives
The winds along, and skims the weltering clouds.
Now 'mid his flight the crest and towering sides
He sees of stubborn Atlas, who bears heaven
Upon his peak, Atlas whose pine-clad head
Girt round about for ever with dark clouds,
By wind and rain is buffeted; shed snow
Mantles his shoulders, while from his hoar chin

Streams tumble, and an ice-beard bristles stiff.
Here, poised on level pinions, stayed him first
The god Cyllenian, to the waves from hence
Plunged with his whole frame headlong, like a bird
Which round the shores, round the fish-haunted rocks,
Flies low beside the sea-marge: thus he flew
Twixt earth and heaven o'er Libya's sandy shore,
And clove the winds, leaving his mother's sire,
Cyllene's nursling. Soon as his winged feet
Had gained the huts, Aeneas he discerns
Building new homes, and founding towers, and lo!
A sword he wore, with yellow jasper starred,
And from his shoulders hung a cloak that burned
With Tyrian purple, wealthy Dido's gift.
Wrought by her hand, and tissued with fine gold.
Forthwith he thus assails him; 'Art thou now
Of lofty Carthage the foundations laying,
And rearing a fair city, wife-enthralled?
Ah! lost to thine own kingdom and its cares!
From bright Olympus lo! the lord of heaven,
Who with his deity sways earth and sky,
Sends down, and through the swift breeze bids me bear
This message: 'What design'st thou? with what aim
Wastest in Libya's land the idle hours?
If by such high renown thou be not stirred,
Nor for thine own fame brace thee to the toil,
Yet of Ascanius springing into man,
Thine heir Iulus, and his hopes, have heed,
To whom are owed the realm of Italy,
The land of Rome.' So saying, Cyllene's god
Passed, while yet speaking, from the eyes of men,
And into thin air vanished out of sight.
But at the vision stunned and speechless stood
Aeneas: his hair with horror rose, the voice
Stuck in his throat: he burns to get him gone,
And quit the pleasant land, dazed by so dread
A warning, and the sovereign voice of heaven.
What can he do? Ah! with what words approach
The impassioned queen? what opening prelude try?
Hither and thither his swift mind he parts,

Speeds it all ways, and sweeps the round of thought,
Till, wavering long this counsel pleased him best.
Mnestheus, Sergestus, and Serestus bold
He summons all silently to trim the fleet,
Gather the crews on shore, and muster arms,
And of his altered purpose hide the cause.
Meanwhile, since gracious Dido knows not, nor
Looks for so strong a passion to be snapped,
He will try access, and what hour for speech
Most tender, and what fashion fits the need.
Right swiftly one and all his sovereign word
With joy obey, and do his bidding.
But
The queen—for who can lover's heart beguile ?—
Divined it, caught at once the coming change,
Fearful where all was safety. Fame again,
Fiendish as ever, in her maddened ear
Cries that the fleet is rigging, ripe for sea.
Bankrupt at heart she rages, and on fire
Through all the city, like some Maenad, storms,
Roused by the shaken emblems, when with shout
Of Bacchus the triennial orgies goad,
And loud Cithaeron summons her by night.
Then she took up the word, and thus bespake
Aeneas : 'False heart, didst even think to hide
So foul a wrong, and from my land depart
In silence ? Can our love, and hand once joined
In hand, not hold thee, nor the cruel death
In store for Dido ? Nay, beneath the sky
Of winter even dost thou fit out thy fleet,
And 'mid the north wind's blustering haste to go,
O heartless, over-sea ? Why, wert thou not
Bound for strange fields and unknown homes, and
were
Troy, as of old, still standing, would'st thou steer
Even for Troy across yon billowy deep ?
Is it from me thou fliest ? by these tears,
By thy right hand, since naught beside, alas !
Myself have left me, by our love's embrace,
And marriage-rites begun, if ever I

Did thee fair service, or if aught I am
Was dear to thee, pity a falling house,
And, if prayers yet have place, I thee conjure,
Cast the thought from thee. For thy sake the tribes
Of Libya hate me, and the nomad chiefs,
And Tyrians turn to foes: for thy sake, too,
Quenched is my honour and good name of old,
By which alone I had access to heaven.
To whom dost thou abandon me to die,
O guest, since even to this has shrunk the name
Of husband? Wherefore do I linger on?
Is't that Pygmalion, my brother, may
Pull down the while my battlements, or me
Gaetulian Iarbas make his thrall?
If only, if before thy flight, my arms
Had clasped a child of thine, if in my hall
Some tiny-limbed Aeneas played, to bring
Thee back at least in feature, I had then
Not seemed so wholly captive and forlorn.'
She had said: the other by command of Jove
Kept his eyes fixed, and struggling deep at heart
To smother down the anguish, thus at length
Returns brief answer: 'Naught that thou canst plead
Of all thy countless benefits, O queen,
Shall e'er by me be gainsaid, nor shall I
Tire of Elissa's memory, while of self
Still mindful, while the life-breath guides my limbs.
Brief be my words to meet the need: I ne'er
Took thought — suppose it not — to veil my flight
In secrecy, nor e'er before thee held
The bridegroom's torch, or to such compact came.
Had fate vouchsafed me at mine own free will
Life's course to shape, and, as my own heart prompts,
Make truce with trouble, my first fond care had been
Troy's city, and the dear ashes of my friends:
Priam's tall roof were standing, and this hand
Had, for her vanquished children, from the dust
Requickened Pergamus. But Apollo now,
The lord of Grynium, to great Italy,
To Italy the Lycian oracles,

Bid me repair: this is my love, and this
My country. If, Phoenician as thou art,
The towers of Carthage and a Libyan town
Hold thine eyes gazing, wherefore grudge, I ask,
To Teucrian settlers an Ausonian home?
We too may quest for outland kingdoms: me,
Oft as the night with dewy shade enfolds
The world, oft as the starry fires arise,
My sire Anchises' spirit warns in sleep,
And with its troubled look affrights, me too
The thought of young Ascanius, and the wrong
To that dear head, from whom my fault withholds
Hesperia's empire and predestined fields.
Now too the interpreter of heaven, by Jove
Himself sent down—thy head and mine I call
To witness—through the flying air has brought
A mandate: I myself beheld the god
Entering the city in clear light of day,
And with these ears drank in his accents. Cease
With thy complaints to fire thy soul and mine;
Not self-impelled steer I for Italy.'
On him, thus speaking, she was all the while
Glaring askance, and rolling to and fro
Her eyes, surveying with their silent looks
The whole man through, then thus blazed out in words:
'No goddess was thy mother, nor Dardanus,
False man, the founder of thy line, but thee
Jaggèd with hard rocks, Caucasus begat,
And to thy lips Hyrcanian tigresses
Their udders set, since why the truth disguise?
For what worse ills restrain me? Did he moan
Over my weeping? did he bend his eyes,
Pay toll of tears, show pity for his love?
What first, what next to say? Now, now no more
Juno, great queen, nor the Saturnian Sire
Looks on these things with equal eyes. Nowhere
Can faith be trusted. Cast upon my shore
A beggar, I welcomed him, and, mad the while,
Set on my throne to share it; his lost fleet,
His crews, from death I rescued. Ah! the fires

Of frenzy toss me! Now Apollo too
Soothsayer, now the Lycian oracles,
Yea, the god's mouthpiece, sent by Jove himself,
Now through the breezes his grim bidding bears.
Such doubtless is the task of gods above,
Such care disturbs their rest. I keep thee not,
Nor would rebut thy words; go, with the winds
Chase Italy, seek realms beyond the wave.
I hope indeed that on the mid-sea rocks,
If aught the good powers can, thy lips will drain
The cup of suffering, and oft cry aloud
On Dido's name: with murky firebrands I
Will follow thee, though far, and, when cold death
Has severed soul and limbs, in every place
My shade shall haunt thee. O graceless, thou shalt rue it,
And I shall hear thereof, yea, for the tale
Will reach me, even among the nether dead.'
So saying, her speech broke off; she, sick at heart,
Flies from the light, and, turning from his glance,
Flings forth and leaves him with fear-palsied tongue,
Though words throng thick for utterance. Her the slaves
Uplift, and to a marble chamber bear,
And lay her fainting limbs upon the bed.
But good Aeneas, though he yearns to assuage
And soothe the sufferer, with his words ward off
Her sorrow, deeply groaning and with heart
That tottered 'neath the bulk of love, nathless
Obeys heaven's bidding, to his fleet repairs.
Then fall the Teucrians to the work, and all
Along the shore drag down their lofty ships:
The pitched keel floats, and leafy oars they bring,
And timber from the woods unwrought, for flight
So eager; you may mark them on the move,
At every outlet hurrying from the town!
As when ants plunder a huge heap of corn,
Of winter ware, and house it in their store;
Moves a black column o'er the plain, the spoil
In narrow path along the grass convoying;
Some set their shoulders to the ponderous grains,
And push them, some drive up the rearward ranks,

Chiding delay ; the whole track seethes with toil.
At such a sight what feelings then were thine,
Dido, or what groans uttered'st, to behold
From lofty tower the wide beach boil with men,
And the whole sea beneath thy gazing eyes
Maddened with their loud shouting ? Tyrant love,
To what dost thou not drive the hearts of men ?
To tears once more must she betake her now,
Once more with prayer assail him, and bow down
Her pride, a suppliant at the throne of love,
Lest she die vainly, leaving aught untried.
' Anna, this hurrying over the whole shore
Thou seest ; from all sides they are met ; the sail
Now courts the breeze, the seamen in their joy
Have crowned the sterns with flowers. If strength was mine
Such grief to anticipate, I shall no less
Have strength to bear it, sister. This one boon,
Anna, nathless perform for wretched me.
For thee alone yon traitor made his friend,
To thee would e'en his secret moods confide ;
Thou only knewest the tender ways and hours
Of access to the man : go, sister mine,
And suppliant-wise entreat our haughty foe :
I never with the Danaan host conspired
At Aulis to cut off the race of Troy,
Nor sent a fleet to Pergamus, nor uptore
His sire Anchises' buried dust or shade,
That to those obdurate ears he should debar
My words from entrance. Whither hastes he so ?
This last boon let him grant his hapless love,
And wait for a kind voyage and carrying winds.
For our old marriage-bond, by him betrayed,
I ask no more, no, nor that he should lack
Fair Latium, or resign his realm ; I seek
An empty hour of time, respite and room
For madness to have play, till fortune tame
And school me unto grief. 'Tis the last grace
I ask—pity thy sister ; grant but this,
In death I will requite it o'er and o'er.'

Such was her prayer, and such the tearful tale,
Her dolorous sister bears and bears again.
But by no tearful tale will he be swayed,
Nor any words heed, to be bent thereby ;
Fate hinders, heaven shuts fast his willing ears.
Even as a sturdy and time-timbered oak,
Which Alpine north winds with their fitful blasts
Strive emulous to o'ertopple : loud it creaks,
The stem rocks, and the leaves strew deep the ground ;
Itself clings to the crag, and, howso' far
The summit soars toward the airs of heaven,
So deep strikes root into the vaults of hell.
E'en thus, with ceaseless, ever-shifting cries
The hero's heart is buffeted ; he feels
The deep grief through his mighty bosom thrill ;
The mind stands firm, and tears are showered in vain.

Then ill-starred Dido by her fate dismayed
Cries upon death : it irks her to behold
The arch of heaven. The more to goad her on
Her purpose to fulfil, and quit the light,
She saw—fearful to tell !—while offering gifts
Upon the incense-kindled altars—saw
The sacred juice darken, the outpoured wine
To loathsome gore transmuted : but to none,
Not even her sister, spake she of the sight.
Moreover in the palace was a shrine
Of marble to her former lord, which she
With wondrous honour tended, wreathed about
With snow-white fleeces and with festal boughs.
Hence fell upon her ears accents and words
As of her husband calling her, when night
Held the world darkling, and the owl alone
On roof top uttered with funereal note,
Moan upon moan, her long-drawn wailing cry ;
And many a presage of the seers of old
With omen dire affrights her. Then in sleep
Aeneas himself all fiercely goads her on
To frenzy ; and ever being left alone
She seems, and evermore companionless

Pacing a weary journey, while she seeks
Her Tyrians in a land untenanted :
As maddened Pentheus sees the Furies' troop,
A double sun, a twofold Thebes appear,
Or, on the stage, as Agamemnon's child,
Orestes, hunted, flies his mother armed
With firebrands and black serpents—at the door,
Vassals of vengeance, the grim sisters sit.
So when, by grief o'erpowered, she had conceived
The frenzy, and resolved to die, alone
She weighs with her own heart the hour, the means,
And her sad sister thus bespeaks, with face
That masks her purpose, and hope-brightened brow :
' Child of my sire, I have found out a way—
Give thou thy sister joy—to win him back,
Or loose me from his love. Near ocean's bound
And sunset is the far-off Aethiop land,
Where mightiest Atlas on his shoulder turns
The pole, with fiery stars bestudded : thence
Was shown me a priestess of Massylian race,
And temple-warder of the Hesperides,
Who erst with dainties to the dragon given
Kept safe the sacred boughs upon the tree,
Sprinkling moist honey and slumberous poppy-seed.
She with her spells takes on her to unbind
What hearts she will, on others launch shrewd pangs,
Stop rivers in their flow, turn back the stars :
She summons ghosts at midnight ; thou shalt see
Earth bellowing 'neath thy feet, and from the heights
Ash-trees descending. But I call the gods,
Thee, sister dear, and thy belovèd head,
To witness, that unwillingly I gird
The magic arts upon me. Do thou rear
In the inner court, all secretly, a pyre
To heaven, and let the hero's arms, which he,
Godless, left hanging in the chamber, all
His empty raiment, and the bridal bed,
That was my bane—let these be piled above :
To wipe out every record of the wretch,
Such is my pleasure, and thus the priestess bids.'

So spake she, and was silent ; pallor then
O'er-spreads her features. Anna none the less
Thinks not her sister by these novel rites
Weaves but a cloak for death, nor can her heart
Conceive such frenzy, nor aught worse she fears
Than when Sychaeus died : so sets about
Her errand.

But the queen, when now the pyre
Rose huge to heaven amid her hall's recess,
Of pine and cloven ilex, hangs the place
With garlands, and festoons with funeral boughs.
High over all upon the couch she lays
His empty raiment, and the sword he left,
Aye, and his image, knowing what should come.
Altars stand round, and with dishevelled hair
The priestess thunders forth three hundred gods,
Erebus, Chaos, and triple Hecate —
Three-visaged maid Diana. Water too
She had sprinkled, from Avernus' fountain feigned ;
And downy herbs with brazen sickles shorn
By moonlight, milky with black bane, are sought,
Sought too a love-charm torn from brow of colt,
Newborn, ere dam could snatch it. She herself
With salt cake and pure hands, the altar nigh,
One foot unsandalled, and with garb ungirt,
Calls on the gods, and stars that wot of doom,
Or ere she die ; aye, and if any powers
Righteous and unforgetful have in charge
Lovers ill-mated, unto these she prays.

'Twas night, and weary limbs o'er all the earth
Quaffed quiet slumber ; forest and wild waves
Had sunk to rest ; when stars with gliding orbs
Wheel midway, and when all the field is still,
Cattle, and painted birds, that haunt the breadth
Of limpid lakes, or the rough bosky wold —
Beneath night's silence laid to sleep, their cares
Awhile were lulled, their hearts forgot to ache.
Not so the spirit-vexed Phoenician queen,
Nor ever does she sink dissolved in sleep,
Nor draw the night into her heart or eyes :

Her pangs redouble, and raging love once more
Surges and swells with the high tide of wrath.
Thus then begins she, thus with her own heart
Revolves: 'Lo! what have I to do? once more
Make trial of former suitors to my scorn?
Beg on my knees with nomad lords to mate,
Whose proffered nuptials I have spurned so oft?
Well, shall I follow, therefore, Ilium's fleet,
The Teucrians' utmost bidding? Because they
Are fain of my past succour, and the grace
Of former kindness in their hearts lives on?
Nay, if I would, who'll suffer me, or take
The hated woman to their haughty ships?
Ah! lost one, know'st not, nor perceivest yet
The perjured race of false Laomedon?
What then? in lonely flight shall I attend
The triumph of their seamen? or, girt round
With Tyrians and the host of all my friends,
Rush forth, and these, from their Sidonian town
Whom hardly I uptore, drive back to sea,
And bid spread canvas to the gale? Nay, die
As thou deserv'st; end sorrow with the sword.
Thou, sister, vanquished by my tears, thou first
Didst load my frantic spirit with these ills,
And thrust me on the foe. Why could I not,
Like a wild creature, free from wedlock, live
Blameless, and meddle not with woes like these?
Broken is my honour, and ill-kept the faith
Vowed to the ashes of Sychaeus!' Such
Bitter complaints kept bursting from her heart.
On the high stern Aeneas, fixed to go,
His gear in order trim, now slumbering lay,
When the god's phantom with the self-same face
Returning, brake upon his sleep, and thus
Seemed to admonish him once more, in all
Like unto Mercury, both voice and hue,
And yellow locks, and youthful grace of limb:
'O goddess-born, at such a time canst thou
Sleep on? what perils compass thee about
Perceiv'st not, madman, nor canst hear the breath

Of favouring Zephyrs? In her bosom she
Craft and dire crime revolving, fixed on death,
Lashes to storm the fitful tides of wrath.
Why fliest not headlong hence, while headlong flight
Is in thy power? Anon the main thou'lt see
Crowded with craft, and with fierce brands aglow,
Anon the shore one fiery blaze, if dawn
Still find thee on these shores a loiterer. Up!
Break off delay! a shifting, changeful thing
Was woman ever.' So he spake, and passed
Into the blackness of the night.

Forthwith
Aeneas, by the sudden phantom scared,
Upleaps from slumber, and plies hard his crew:
'Wake in hot haste, my friends, and man the thwarts;
Trim the sails quickly! sent from heaven on high,
A god, see! once again comes goading me
To speed our flight, and cut the twisted ropes.
Haul, holy among gods, we follow thee,
Whoe'er thou art, and once again obey
Thy bidding gladly. O be near with grace
To aid, and bring propitious stars in heaven.'
He spake, and from the scabbard plucked his sword
Flashing and cut the cable with bare blade.
All, in one moment, the same ardour seized;
They hale, they hurry; deserted stands the shore,
The deep lies hid beneath their galleys; see!
Straining they churn the foam, and sweep the blue.
Now with new ray young Dawn was sprinkling earth,
Leaving Tithonus' saffron couch. The queen,
When first from her high tower she saw the light
Whiten, and all the ships with sails arow
Stand out to sea, and shore and harbour void,
With ne'er an oarsman, thrice and four times o'er
Smote with her hand the lovely breast, and rent
The yellow locks: 'O Jupiter,' she cries,
'Shall he then go, my kingdom put to scorn,
This stranger? will they not bring arms apace,
Pursue from all the city, and some tear loose
The ships from dock? away with speed, fetch fire,

Deal weapons out, ply oars !—what do I say ?
Where am I ? or what madness warps my wit ?
Unhappy Dido ! do thine impious deeds
Now touch thee home ? it had been seemlier then
When thou wast offering him thy sceptre. Lo !
His hand and word of honour, who, they say,
Carries his country's home-gods where he goes,
And bowed the shoulder to his age-worn sire !
Ah ! might I not have seized and rent his limbs,
Cast them piecemeal upon the wave, cut down
His friends—his own Ascanius—and served up
The son for banquet at his father's board ?
But doubtful would have proved the chance of war ;
Be it so : whom had I to fear, death-doomed ?
I to their camp should have borne firebrands, filled
Their decks with flame, and, child and sire and race
Wiped out together, myself have crowned the pile.
O Sun, that with thy torch encompassest
All earthly deeds, and Juno, messenger
And witness of my woes, and Hecate,
Name in the city crossways yelled by night,
And dread avenging sisterhood, and gods
Of dying Elissa, heed ye this, and turn
Your power to ills that earn it, and give ear
Unto my prayers. If that accursèd life
Must reach the harbour, and float safe to shore,
If thus Jove's doom require, here stand the goal,
Yet by the sword of a brave race beset,
Outcast from home, and from Iulus' arms
Torn, let him sue for succour, and behold
His friends slain miserably, and when to terms
Of wrongful peace he yields him, let him not
His kingdom or the pleasant light enjoy,
But in the bare mid-plain, before his hour,
Fall and unburied lie. For this I pray,
And this last utterance with my life-blood pour.
And ye, O Tyrians, the whole stock and race
Dog with your hate for ever ; to my dust
This boon bequeath ye. Let there be no love,
No league between the nations. O arise,

Unknown avenger, from my tomb, to chase
With fire and sword the Dardan settlers, now,
Hereafter, whensoe'er the strength is given.
Betwixt them, shore with shore, billow with wave,
And host with host, I call down enmity;
Be they themselves, and their sons' sons at war!'
So saying, on every side she turned her thought,
Seeking how soonest to break off the life
She loathed, then briefly unto Barce spake,
Nurse of Sychaeus, for the grave's black dust
In the old country held her own: 'Dear nurse,
Fetch me my sister hither, bid her haste
With water from the stream her limbs to lave,
And beasts, and expiating rites prescribed
Bring with her, and so come; and thou thyself
With a pure fillet veil thy brows. My mind
Is bent this sacrifice to Stygian Jove,
Which duly I have ordered and begun,
To consummate, and put an end to grief,
And give to flame the Dardan's funeral pyre.'
She spake: the other with an old wife's zeal
Hurried her footstep. But, in trembling haste
And fierce with her wild purpose, Dido now,
Rolling a bloodshot eye, her quivering cheeks
Flecked with bright spots, and blanched with coming death,
Bursts through to the inner court, and madly mounts
The death pyre, and unsheathes the Dardan's sword—
Boon never asked for such a need as this.
Here, when the Trojan garments she beheld,
And the familiar bed, a little while
Pausing for tears and thought, she cast herself
Upon the couch, and spake her latest words:
'Relics most dear, while fate and heaven allowed,
Take this my spirit, and loose me from these woes.
My life is lived: the course by fortune given
I have fulfilled, and now the shade of me
Passes majestic to the world below.
I have built a noble city, mine own walls
Beheld, avenged my husband, and therewith

Wreaked on my brother the reward of hate ;
Happy, ah ! all too happy, if only—if
The Dardan keels had never touched our shore ! '
She spake, and burying in the couch her face :
' I shall die unavenged, but let me die,'
She said : ' thus, thus with joy I take the road
To darkness. Let the cruel Dardan's eyes
Drink in the conflagration from the deep,
And my death-tokens haunt him on his way.'
She had said ; and, in the midst of words like these
Her folk beheld her sunk upon the sword,
And the blade reeking, and blood-dabbled hands.
Shrieks to the roof-top rise. Fame revels high
Through the stunned city. With laments and groans
And women's wail the palace rings, the sky
Resounds with their loud mourning. Even as if
With in-poured foes, all Carthage or old Tyre
Fell headlong, while the flames roll fiercely on
O'er towers of men and temples of the gods.
Half-dead to hear, and scared at breathless speed
With nail-torn features and fist-smitten breast,
Darts through the midst her sister, and calls loud
The dying one by name, ' Was it then this,
Child of my sire ?—would'st thou put fraud on me ?—
This that yon pyre, these flames and altars meant ?
What shall I weep for first, left desolate !
Dying, didst spurn to have thy sister near ?
Thou should'st have bid me share thy doom, the same
Sword-pang, the self-same hour had found us both.
Nay, did I rear it with these hands, and call
Loud on our father's gods, ah ! cruel, to be
Far off, and thou laid here ? Thou hast destroyed,
Sister, thyself and me, the folk and sires
Of Sidon, and thy city. Let me lave
Her wounds with water, the last hovering breath
Catch haply on my lips.' As thus she spake,
The lofty steps surmounted, she had clasped
Her dying sister to her bosom's warmth
With groans, the dark blood stanching with her robe.
She, fain to lift her heavy eyes, sinks back

Swooning; the sword grides fixed within her breast.
Thrice, struggling, she uprose on elbow propped,
And thrice rolled backward on the couch, and sought
Light in the vault of heaven, with wandering eyes,
And, finding, groaned. Almighty Juno then,
Pitying her long pain, and hard-fought-for death,
Sent Iris from Olympus down to loose
Her struggling spirit and writhen limbs; for since
Neither by fate, nor as the wage of sin,
She dying lay, but woe-struck, ere her hour,
And fired with sudden frenzy, Proserpine
Not yet had reft her of the yellow lock,
Nor to the Stygian Oreus doomed her head.
So Iris, on her saffron wings through heaven,
Glides dewy down, trailing a thousand tints,
That shift against the sun, and, o'er her head
Standing: 'This offering unto Dis I bear,
As bidden, and from thy body set thee free.'
So spake she, and with right hand sheared the lock:
At once the warmth ebbed wholly, and therewith
Her life into the breezes sped away.

BOOK V

Meanwhile Aeneas upon the mid sea-way 1–26
Held steadfast with his fleet, and cut through waves
That scowled beneath the north wind, glancing oft
Back to the city-walls, now all aglow
With poor Elissa's funeral-flames. What cause
Has lit so fierce a fire, is hid from sight;
But outraged love's fierce anguish, and the thought
Of what a frantic woman can, lead on
The Teucrians' hearts to presages of woe.
Soon as their galleys gained the open deep,
And now no longer land appeared, but lo!
Ocean on all sides, and on all sides heaven,
There stood a dark-blue storm-cloud o'er his head,
Laden with night and tempest, and the wave
Shuddered beneath the gloom. From the high poop
The very helmsman, Palinurus, cries:
'Alas! why have such clouds encircled heaven?
What next, O Father Neptune?' Having said,
Straightway he bids them trim the rigging taut,
And bend to their stout oars, and to the wind
Slants sail, and speaks: 'High-souled Aeneas, even
Though Jupiter should pledge me on his word,
No hope were in me to fetch Italy
In such a sky. The winds veer round, and roar
Athwart, upgathering from the murky west,
And all the air is thickening into cloud.
Make head against it, or strive hard enow
We cannot. Since fortune betters us, be ours
To follow, and at her bidding shape our way.
Nor far thy brother Eryx' friendly shores
And ports Sicanian deem I, if the stars,
Erst noted, with due memory I retrace.'
Then answered good Aeneas: 'For my part I

Have long since seen the winds will have it so,
And that all vainly thou withstand'st them: turn
The vessels' course. Could there be any land
To me more welcome, or where gladlier I
Would beach the weary ships, than that which holds
My Dardan friend, Acestes, and laps round
In its embrace my sire Anchises' dust?'
This said, they make for harbour; and the gales,
Now favouring, stretch the canvas; swiftly rides
Their fleet upon the flood; and glad of heart
At length they steer into the well-known shore.
But from a high far hill-top, marvelling
At their arrival, and the friendly barks,
Acestes speeds to meet them, bristling o'er
With javelins and a Libyan she-bear's fell.
Him to the river-god Crimisus erst
A Trojan mother bare: nor heedless now
Of his old lineage, their return he greets,
Gives them glad welcome of his rustic wealth,
And soothes their weariness with friendly cheer.
When the next day-beam in the utmost east
Had put the stars to rout, from the whole shore
Aeneas calls a gathering of his friends,
And from a mounded hillock speaks: 'Great sons
Of Dardanus, from heaven's high race derived,
A year's course, with its months accomplished, now
Is rounding to a close, since we in earth
My divine father's bones and relics hid,
And mourning altars consecrated. Now,
Or I misdeem, the day is here, which I
Shall ever hold — for so ye gods have willed —
Sacred to grief and honour without end.
This, were I passing 'mid Gaetulian shoals
An outcast, aye, or ta'en at unawares
In Argive waters, or Mycenae's town,
Still had I quit my yearly vows, and pomp
Of solemn ordinance, and with their gifts
Heaped high the altars. Now, beyond all hope,
Not undesigned nor all unwilled of heaven,
I take it, by my sire's own dust and bones

We stand, safe-wafted to the friendly port.
Up, then, and all glad homage let us pay!
Sue we for winds, and may he grant that I
May build a city, and offer year by year
These rites in temples hallowed to his name!
Two head of steers Acestes, sprung from Troy,
Gives every ship by tale: bid to the feast
The hearth-gods, not your sires' alone, but those
Our host Acestes worships. Furthermore,
If the ninth dawn bring kindly day to men,
And with her beams disclose the world, I then
Will contests for the Phrygian folk ordain:
First of the swift fleet; then—whoe'er excels
In speed of foot, or, dauntless in his strength,
Steps forth, a champion in the javelin-bout,
And light-winged arrows, or with raw-hide gloves
Bold to do battle—let them all appear,
And look for palms to be the victor's prize.
Now hush ye, all: with garlands bind the brow.'
Thus spake he, and about his temples twined
His mother's myrtle. So does Helymus,
So, ripe of age, Acestes, so the lad
Ascanius, and the rest thereafter. He
Strode from the council to the tomb, thronged round
With many thousands, 'midst a mighty train.
Here, meet libation, on the ground he pours
Two goblets of pure wine, of fresh milk two,
Two of the blood of victims; and he flings
Bright flowers, and cries: 'Hail, sacred sire, once more!
Hail, dust of him once rescued, but in vain,
And shade and spirit of my father! not
With thee was it vouchsafed to seek the bounds
And destined fields of Italy, nor yet
Ausonian Tiber, whatsoe'er it be.'
He spake, and ceased, when from the shrine's recess
A slippery serpent trailed seven monstrous coils,
Plied seven times, fold on fold, and quietly
Twined round the tomb, and o'er the altars slid,
Whose back with dark blue spots was pied, his scales
Lit with the gleam of dappled gold; as when

The cloud-bow flings a thousand shifting tints
In the sun's eye. Aeneas at the sight
Stood wonder-struck: at last, with lengthy train
Gliding among the bowls and polished cups,
It tasted of the viands, and once more,
All harmless, sought the shelter of the tomb,
Leaving the altars it had lipped. Hereat
He to his father all the more renews
The interrupted rites, doubtful the while
Or genius of the spot to deem it, or
His sire's attendant spirit: two young sheep
He duly slaughters, and as many swine,
As many black-backed heifers, and poured forth
The wine-bowl, and on great Anchises' shade
Called, and the ghost let loose from Acheron.
His friends withal, as each had substance, bring
Glad gifts, and heap the altars, and slay steers.
Others in turn set cauldrons on, and, stretched
Along the greensward, lay live coals beneath
The spits, and roast the flesh.

The expected day
Was come, the ninth dawn in a cloudless sky,
Drawn by the steeds of Phaethon: report
And great Acestes' name the neighbouring folk
Had summoned; in blithe groups they thronged the shore
To see the children of Aeneas, some too
Prepared to join the contest. Full in sight,
And midmost of the ring, are first disposed
The prizes, sacred tripods, and green wreaths,
And palms to crown the victors, arms, and robes
With purple dyed, and talent-weights of gold
And silver: and from a hillock in the midst
The trumpet's note proclaims the sports begun.
For the first contest, matched with heavy oars,
Enter four vessels picked from all the fleet.
Mnestheus with keen crew drives swift Pristis on—
Mnestheus of Italy to be, from whom
Takes name the race of Memmius: Gyas next
The huge Chimaera's mighty bulk, in mass

A city, which the Dardan youth propel
With triple sweep, a threefold tier of oars
Rising together: on the Centaur's might
Sergestus, whence the Sergian house is named,
Cloanthus upon dark blue Scylla rides,
From whom thy race, Cluentius of Rome.
Far seaward fronts the foaming shores a rock
Oft drowned and beaten by the billowy swell,
What time the wild north-westers hide the stars;
In calm it sleeps, reared on still waves, a plain,
And standing-ground to sunny seagulls dear.
Here a green ilex-goal Aeneas, as Prince,
Sets up for signal, that the crews might know
Whence to return and their long circuit bend.
Then lots they cast for places; and the chiefs
Themselves upon the poop shine forth afar,
Glorious in gold and purple; for the rest,
The crews are crowned with wreaths of poplar-spray,
And steeped in oil their naked shoulders shine.
They man the thwarts, arms stretched to oars, full stretch
Await the signal: drains each bounding heart
Quick-knocking fear, and the wild thirst for praise.
Then, when the shrill trump sounded, in a trice
All from their bounds leapt forward; a sea-shout
Strikes heaven; the floods foam, churned with indrawn arms.
Abreast they cleave the furrows; the whole main yawns
Convulsed with oars and triple-pointed beaks.
Not in such heady race the two-horsed cars,
Poured from the bounds, grip course and go, nor shake
Their billowy reins above such scouring teams
The drivers, hanging forward to the lash.
Then with applause of men, shouts, favouring cheers,
The whole grove rings: the pent shore rolls along,
And the hills, smitten, buffet back, the din.
Outspeeds the rest, and skims the forward wave,
'Mid crowd and tumult, Gyas: follows him
Cloanthus, lustier-oared, but the pine's weight
Retards him: next, and at like interval,

Pristis and Centaur strive for foremost place.
Now Pristis has it, and now the Centaur huge
Outstrips and overhauls her; and now both
Ride, beak and beak, together, and with long keel
Cleave the salt billows: by this they neared the rock,
And had the goal in grasp, when Gyas, now first,
And of the half-course victor, loudly hails
Menoetes, his ship's pilot: 'Whither away
So far to starboard? hither steer, hug shore;
Let the oar graze the larboard cliff, and leave
The deep for others!' He said; Menoetes still,
Fearing blind rocks, steers off toward open sea:
'Whither away so wide? Make for the rocks,
Menoetes!' Gyas shouts and calls again;
And, glancing back, Cloanthus he beholds,
Now hard astern, holding the nearer course.
'Twixt Gyas' vessel and the roaring rocks
He to the left skims inward, suddenly
Passes his leader, leaves the goal behind,
And gains the safe smooth water. Then indeed
Grief in the young man's frame blazed fierce and high,
Nor did his cheeks lack tears, and heedless both
Of his own honour and his comrades' lives,
Laggard Menoetes sheer from the high poop
Into the sea he flings: himself instead
The tiller takes, pilot and captain too,
Cheers on his men, and shoreward turns the helm.
But from the sea-floor scarce at length cast up,
Menoetes, heavy now with age, and soaked
In his wet garments, to the cliff-top climbed,
And on the dry rock sat. The Teucrian folk
Laughed at him falling, swimming, and laugh now
To see the salt waves from his chest disgorged.
Here the two last, Sergestus, Mnestheus, feel
Glad hope within them kindle to outstrip
The lagging Gyas. Sergestus gains the lead
And nears the crag, yet overlaps he not
A whole keel's length, but part alone, and part
The jealous Pristis presses with her beak.
Then, through his vessel striding, 'midst the crew,

Mnestheus exhorts them: 'Rise to the oar, now, now,
Comrades of Hector, whom in Troy's last hour
I chose to be my fellows; now put forth
That strength, that spirit, which erst ye showed amidst
Gaetulian quicksands, on the Ionian Sea,
And Malea's chasing waves. No more seek I,
Mnestheus, the foremost place, nor strive to win;
Yet oh!—but let them conquer, to whom thou,
Neptune, hast granted it. Count we it shame
Last to arrive! thus far, my countrymen,
Prevail ye, and ward off disgrace!' They bend
Forward, and strive their utmost: the brass poop
Quivers beneath their mighty strokes: the floor
Runs from beneath them: then thick panting shakes
Limbs and dry lips: the sweat flows out in streams.
A mere chance brought them the much-wished-for place;
For while Sergestus, mad at heart, drives close
In toward the rocks, and draws to dangerous ground,
Hapless, upon projecting reefs he stuck.
The cliffs were jarred; on a sharp crag the oars
Smote with a crash, and the prow struck and hung.
Up leap the crew loud-shouting, fast aground,
Bring iron-shod boat-hooks and sharp-pointed poles,
And from the billows pluck their broken oars.
Mnestheus exults, and, keener by success,
Scuds with swift oar-sweep, and a prayer to the winds,
Down the slope seas, and scours the open main.
As, from her cave roused suddenly, a dove,
Whose home and sweet brood lie in the crannied rock,
Flies fieldward borne, with clamorous pinion-clap
Scared from her cell; soon, gliding in calm air,
She skims the sky-way swift on moveless wing:
So Mnestheus, Pristis so, of her own will
Cleaves the last water, so mere speed of way
Carries her flying. And first he leaves behind
Sergestus, struggling on the lofty rock,
And in the shoals, calling in vain for aid,
And learning to make way with broken oars.
Then Gyas and his Chimaera vast of bulk
He overtakes: she yields, of helmsman reft.

And now, and close upon the goal, remains
Alone Cloanthus: him he makes for, him,
Striving with utmost strength, pursues. Ah! then
The shouts redouble; all goad him to the chase
With eager cheers: heaven echoes to their din.
These deem it shame, except they hold their own—
The glory they have won—would barter life
Itself for fame: those thrive upon success;
They can because they think they can; and so
Perchance even now they would have ta'en the prize,
Prow matched with prow, had not Cloanthus stretched
Clasped hands across the deep, and poured forth prayers,
Calling the gods to hear his vows. 'Ye gods
That sway the main, over whose waves I run,
Gladly before your altars on this shore,
I, vow-beholden, will a white bull set,
Into the salt flood fling his entrails far,
And pour clear-flowing wine.' He spake, and him
Under the deep waves all the Nereid-band
Heard, and the choir of Phorcus, and with them
The maiden Panopea; and himself
The sire Portunus with his mighty hand
Pushed him upon his way. To shore she flies
Swifter than south wind or a winged shaft,
And now lies sheltered in the haven's depth.
Then, duly summoning all, Anchises' son
Proclaims Cloanthus victor by loud voice
Of herald, and with green bay leaf binds his brow;
And to the crews three bullocks of their choice
He gives, and wine, and a great talent-weight
Of silver, to bear off, and to the chiefs
Themselves adds special honours: for the first
A gold-wrought scarf, twice round whose borders ran
Broad Melibœan purple, in winding wave,
Therein embroidered is the royal boy
On leafy Ida, as he tires the stag—
With javelin and the chase, keen, like to one
Panting, whom Jove's swift armour-bearer snatched
Aloft from Ida with crook'd talons: see!
His aged guardians stretch vain hands on high,

And the hounds' baying goes fiercely up to heaven.
But to the hero who gat second place
In prowess, a corslet linked with polished hooks
Of gold twilled triple, which his own victor hand
Had from Demoleos on swift Simois' bank
Torn beneath lofty Troy, he gives to bear,
A glory and defence in battle. It
Scarce could the carls Phegeus and Sagaris,
Shoulder to shoulder, heave with all its folds;
But clad in it of yore Demoleos drave
Full speed the flying Trojans. The third prize
He makes twin brazen cauldrons, and cups wrought
Of cunning silver, rough with tracery-work.
And now, thus dowered, and glorying in their gifts,
Brow-bound with purple fillets, all went forth,
When, from the cruel rock with much ado
'Scaped hardly, oars lost, crippled of one tier,
'Mid laughter urging his inglorious bark,
Sergestus came. As oft at unawares
A serpent, caught upon the heaped highway,
Which or a brazen wheel hath crossed aslant,
Or heavy-smiting traveller left half dead
And mangled with a stone, now trying to flee
Twists his long body into coils, in vain,
Part still defiant, and, with fiery eyes,
Rearing aloft the hissing throat; but part
Maimed by the wound retards him, as he wreaths
Joint upon joint, self-knotted and convolved:
So oared, the ship came slowly labouring on,
Yet she spreads sail, and, full sail, enters port.
Aeneas with promised boon Sergestus dowers,
Glad for ship saved and rescued crew: to him
Is given a slave, skilled in Minerva's craft,
The Cretan Pholoë, twin boys at her breast.
  Then good Aeneas, the race dispatched, moves on
Into a grassy plain, by sloping hills
Girdled with forest; and amidst the vale
There was an amphitheatre, whereto
The prince with many thousands strode, and sat
On a high mound, the centre of the throng.

Here in fleet foot-race whoso list to strive
He lures with prizes, sets the guerdon forth.
Teucrians, Sicanians, mixed, from all sides flock:
See! foremost Nisus and Euryalus!
Euryalus famed for beauty and fresh youth,
Nisus for the fair love he bore the boy.
Next followed, reared from Priam's noble stem,
Princely Diores: after him, together,
Salius and Patron, Acarnanian one,
One of Arcadia's blood, a Tegean born.
Then two Trinacrian comers, Helymus
And Panopes, to forest-life inured,
Comrades of old Acestes; many more
To boot, whom rumour doth in darkness hide.
Then in their midst Aeneas spake: 'My words
Take now to heart, and lend me cheerful heed.
None of all here will I let giftless go.
Two Gnosian javelins bright with burnished steel,
And an axe silver-chased, I bid them bear;
Be this one meed to all. The foremost three
Shall receive prizes, and their heads be bound
With pale green olive. Let the first to win,
As victor, have a horse with trappings proud;
The next an Amazonian quiver, filled
With Thracian arrows, which a broad gold belt
Circles, a smooth-gemmed buckle clasps; the third
Depart contented with this Argive helm.'
This said, they take their stand, and suddenly,
The signal heard, catch at the course, and leave
The barriers, like a cloud poured forth, their eyes
Fixed on the finish. First draws ahead, darts far
Beyond all rivals Nisus, swifter he
Than wind or wings of lightning; next to him,
But next at a long distance, on his track
Comes Salius; then, some space between them left,
The third, Euryalus; Euryalus
Has Helymus behind him, close on whom
Flies, see! Diores, heel now grazing heel,
And shoulders jostling; and, were more space left,
He would slip past him, and leave doubt behind.

And now, the course nigh finished, with breath spent,
They neared the goal, when Nisus by ill luck
Slips in some blood chance-spilt upon the ground
From slaughtered steers, that soaked the greensward.
Here
Just flushed with triumph, he could not keep his feet,
Tripped by the ground they trod on, but fell prone
Right in the foul dung and slain victims' gore.
Yet of Euryalus, yet of his heart's love
Not he forgetful! for in Salius' path
He cast him, rising through the slush, who, rolled
Over and over, on the thick soil lay.
Forth darts Euryalus, and the first place holds,
Winner by his friend's gift, and speeds him on
'Mid favouring shouts and tumult. Next to him
Comes following Helymus, and, now third prize,
Diores. But here Salius with loud shouts
Fills the whole concourse of the mighty ring
With gazing sires in front, reclaims the prize
Snatched from his hand by craft. Euryalus
Is strong in favour, and the grace of tears,
And worth, seen comelier in a lovely form.
Backs him Diores too with loud appeal,
Who, to a prize succeeding, has for naught
Gained the last guerdon, if the foremost place
Be given to Salius. Then Prince Aeneas:
'Your gifts remain assured you, boys, and none
Changes the order of the prize: let me
Pity my friend's unmerited mishap.'
So saying, he gives to Salius the vast fell
Of a Gaetulian lion, with rough hair
Heavy, and claws of gold. Then Nisus: 'If
Such be defeat's reward, and those that fell
Win pity of thee, what worthy recompense
Hast left for Nisus? The first crown was mine
By merit and exploit, had not the luck,
That frowned on Salius, frowned alike on me.'
And with the word he shows his face and limbs
Smeared with wet filth. At him the gracious sire
Laughed, and a shield bade bring, the workmanship

Of Didymaon, by the Danai once
From Neptune's sacred portal torn. With this
He dowers the noble youth, a princely prize.
Then, the race ended, and the gifts dispensed,
'Come now,' he cries, 'and if in any breast
Be courage and prompt heart, let him approach,
Bind on the gloves, and lift his arms.' So saying,
He names a twofold guerdon for the fray,
A steer for the winner, garlanded with gold,
Sword and proud helm, the vanquished to appease.
No pause: at once in all his giant strength
Uplifts him Dares, and stands forth to view
'Mid murmurs of the crowd, he who alone
Would match with Paris, and at the tomb wherein
Lies mightiest Hector conquering Butes smote—
Who with his vast bulk bore him to the field,
Of the Bebrycian house of Amycus
And stretched him dying upon the tawny sand.
Such was this Dares, who lifts high his head
First for the fray, displays his shoulders broad,
Launches his arms out, and spars right and left,
Lashing the air with buffets. Him to match
They seek another; but out of all that throng
No one durst face the champion, don the gloves.
So, deeming all men from the prize withdrew,
Promptly he plants him at Aeneas' feet,
Tarrying no more, then by the left horn grasps
The bull, and speaks: 'O goddess-born, if none
Durst risk the fight, what end to waiting, say?
How long behits it I stand loitering here?
Bid me lead off the prize.' The Dardans all,
Shouting with one voice, bade the promised boon
Be rendered to their champion. Hereupon
Acestes with stern words Entellus chides,
As he sat next him on the grassy couch:
'Entellus, once most valiant, but in vain,
Wilt thou such gifts see tamely borne away,
And strike no blow? Where now, we ask, that god,
Thy master, Eryx, idly vaunted? Where
The fame that filled Trinacria, and those spoils

Still hanging from thy roof-tree ?' He replied :
'It is not that the love of fame is sped,
Nor fear hath cast out honour ; but indeed
Chilled is my blood and dulled by sluggish eld,
And all my body's strength numbed and outworn.
If, which erst was, wherein yon braggart still
Boldly exults, if now that youth were mine,
I had not stayed for prize or noble steer
To lure me forward, nor heed I the gifts.'
So saying, twin gauntlets of vast weights he hurls
Into the midst, wherewith keen Eryx wont
Advance his hand to battle, and bind his arms
With the tough hide. Astonied were all hearts ;
So vast the seven huge ox-hides that lay stiff
With in-sewed lead and iron. More than all,
Dares himself stands dazed, and far recoils :
This way and that high-souled Anchises' son
Poises and turns the thongs' enormous folds.
Then the old man with deep-drawn accents spake :
'What then if one had seen the gloves and arms
Of Hercules himself, and the grim fight
Upon this very strand ? Those weapons once
Thy brother Eryx wore : thou seest them yet
Blood-stained and brain-bespattered : he with these
Stood against great Alcides ; to these I
Myself was used, while sounder blood gave strength,
Ere snowy age had sprinkled both my brows.
But if the Trojan Dares shun these arms
Of ours, and good Aeneas be set thereon,
Backed by Acestes' sanction, fight we fair.
I waive the hides of Eryx, calm thy dread,
And do thou doff the Trojan gloves.' So saying,
He from his shoulder flings the twofold robe,
Bares his huge limb-joints, mighty bones and thews,
And stands gigantic in the arena's midst.
Then equal gloves the sire, Anchises' son,
Brought, and with like arms bound the hands of both.
Straining on tip-toe, each at once took stand,
And raised his arms undaunted high toward heaven.
Their towering heads far from the blow withdrawn,

Fist with fist mingling, they provoke the fray.
One nimbler-footed, and relying on youth,
One strong in bulk of body ; but his slow knees
Totter and quake, and all his mighty frame
Heaves with a painful panting. Many a blow
The champions idly bandy, each with each,
Many they rain on hollow flank, and make
Loud music on their chests ; round ear and brow
The quick fist plays, jaws crackle with hard blows.
Ponderous in the selfsame posture stands
Unmoved Entellus, with his body alone
And watchful eye shunning the strokes. The other—
As who with engines batters a tall town,
Or sits down armed before some mountain-hold—
Tries this approach and that, and, hovering round
Artful at every point, plies him in vain
With manifold assault. Entellus then,
With right hand threatening and uplifted high,
Rose to the blow : which the other with quick glance
Foresaw descending, and with nimble frame
Slipped out of reach and foiled it. All his strength
Entellus spent on air, and, self-impelled,
By his own heaviness heavily to the earth
Fell with prodigious weight ; so falls at times
On Erymanthus or on Ida's height
A hollow pine tree by the roots up-torn.
Teucrians, Trinacrians, by one impulse urged,
Leap from their seats ; a shout goes up to heaven ;
And first Acestes hastes, and pityingly
Lifts from the earth his age-mate and his friend.
But he, nor checked nor daunted by the fall,
Returns yet keenlier to the fray ; wrath goads
To violence : shame and conscious valour, too,
Kindle his strength ; and all on fire he drives
Dares at headlong speed the whole course through,
Raining his buffets now with right, now left :
No stop, no respite : thick as hail, when clouds
Fall rattling on the roof, so pelt the blows
He showers on Dares, and with either hand
Pounds him and spurs. Then Prince Aeneas brooke

Wrath go no further, nor Entellus yet
Rage on in bitterness of heart, but bade
The battle end, and rescued the spent strength
Of Dares, and thus speaks with soothing words:
'Unhappy man! what craze hath caught thy soul?
Dost not perceive that here is alien strength,
Gods turned against thee? yield to heaven!' He spake,
And with the word broke off the fight; but him
Dragging faint knees, his head to either side
Lolling, and spitting from his mouth thick gore
And teeth with blood commingled, his true friends
Lead to the ships: the helmet and the sword,
When summoned, they receive, the palm and bull
Leave to Entellus. Then the victor speaks,
Elate with pride, and glorying in the bull:
'O goddess-born, and you, ye Teucrians, mark
Both what was once my body's youthful might,
And Dares from what death your rescue saves.'
He spake, and fronting the steer's forehead full,
Which stood there, prize of battle, drew aback
His right hand, levelled the tough gloves, and straight
'Twixt either horn, up-towering to the blow,
Crushed the skull inward, and dashed out the brain;
On earth stretched lifeless, quivering, the bull falls.
Then with deep utterance spake he over it:
'This better life, for death of Dares due,
Eryx, I pay thee—with this triumph crowned,
The gauntlets and the boxer's art lay by.'
Forthwith Aeneas to the swift arrow-match
Invites who will, and sets the prizes forth;
Then from Serestus' ship with mighty hand
The mast uprears, and by a rope passed round
Suspends a fluttering dove from the tall top,
As target for their points. The men are met;
The thrown lot lies within a brazen helm,
And for first place outleaps, with favouring cheer,
The son of Hyrtacus, Hippocoön; next,
Late victor in the ship-race, Mnestheus comes,
Mnestheus now garlanded with olive green.
Eurytion was the third, brother to thee,

O most renowned Pandarus, who of old,
Bidden the treaty to confound, wert first
To hurl thy dart amid the Achaean ranks.
Last in the helmet's depth Acestes lay,
Still bold of hand the tasks of youth to try.
Then, each for self, with sinewy might they bend
Their curving bows, pluck shaft from quiver; and first
The bolt of the son of Hyrtacus through heaven
Cleaves the fleet breezes from the whizzing string,
Arrives, and sticks in the mast-tree fair and full.
Quivered the mast, the bird clapped wings in fear,
And all the region rang with loud applause.
Next took his stand keen Mnestheus, bow drawn home,
High-pointing, with one level of shaft and eye;
He, luckless, the bird's self with bolt to strike
Skilled not, but cut the noose and hempen cord,
Foot-bound whereby to the tall mast she hung:
Into the south winds and black clouds she flew.
Then, bow long since held ready, and bolt on string,
With a quick prayer to his brother to hear his vows,
Eurytion marked the dove, now triumphing
In the free sky, and, as she clapped her wings
Under a dark cloud, pierced her. Dead she fell,
And left her life among the stars of heaven,
Down-trailing with the arrow in her side.
Acestes, the prize lost, alone remained,
Yet upward aimed his bolt into the air,
Showing an old sire's skill and sounding bow.
Here on their eyes a sudden portent falls,
To prove of mighty presage; the event
Taught them its vastness in the after-time,
And awful seers their omen sang too late.
For, on its flight amid the floating clouds,
The reed took fire, and traced a path in flame,
And into thin air burnt itself away;
As oft, from heaven unfixed, shoot flying stars,
And trail their locks behind them. All, aghast,
Stood rooted, and implored the gods of heaven,
Trinacrian folk and Teucrian: nor did great
Aeneas spurn the omen, but his arms

Cast about glad Acestes, whom he loads
With mighty gifts, thus speaking: 'Take them, sire;
For by such tokens great Olympus' king
To thee no lot-drawn honour hath decreed.
From old Anchises' self this gift be thine,
A bowl embossed with figures, which of yore
Cisseus the Thracian as a noble gift
Gave to my sire Anchises, of his love
The record and the pledge to bear.' This said,
He wreathes his temples with green bay, and hails
First, before all, Acestes victor, nor
Did kind Eurytion grudge the rank preferred,
Albeit he only struck the bird from heaven.
Next for the prize comes in who cut the cord,
Last with fleet arrow he that pierced the pine.
But Prince Aeneas, ere the sports were sped,
Calls to his side Epytides, the squire
Who watched o'er young Iulus, and thus speaks
Into his faithful ear: 'Hie thee, and bid
Ascanius, if his boyish band he now
Have ready, and his manœuvring troop arrayed,
Lead forth the squadron in his grandsire's name,
And show himself in arms.' Such charge he gave,
And with his own voice bids the crowd withdraw,
Flooding the long course, and the field be cleared.
The boys ride in, before their fathers' eyes
Glittering on bridled horses in array,
By all Trinacria's chivalry and Troy's
Hailed with admiring murmurs as they go.
The locks of all a trim wreath duly binds,
Each bears two cornel spear-shafts tipped with steel,
Some polished quivers upon the shoulder; high
On breast, along the throat there runs a hoop
Pliant of twisted gold. The companies
Of horse are three; three chiefs ride to and fro,
And, following each, a band of twice six boys,
The troop trisected, with like leaders, shine.
One youthful squadron a child-Priam leads
To victory, and recalls his grandsire's name,
Thy glorious seed, Polites, soon to swell

The tribes of Italy ; a Thracian steed
Bears him, with white spots dappled, that displays
White-stepping pasterns, and white-towering brow.
The next is Atys, from whom trace their line
The Latin Atii ; the child Atys, loved
Of his boy-friend Iulus. Last appears,
In beauty before all, Iulus' self
On a Sidonian horse, fair Dido's gift,
Of her heart's love the record and the pledge.
The remnant ride Trinacrian steeds of old
Acestes. With a cheer the Dardan folk
Welcome the timid lads, and gaze with joy,
Tracing the features of their sires of old.
When the gay cavalcade had ridden the round
Of the whole concourse under their friends' eyes,
And all were ready, Epytides from far
Shouted the signal and cracked loud his whip.
They rushed apart symmetric, in three troops
With open ranks dividing, and once more
Wheel at the order, and charge point to point.
Then other onsets and retreats they try
In quarters opposite, and interweave
Circle with circle, each with each, and wake
The semblance of armed warfare, now expose
Their backs in flight, now point their levelled spears,
Now with peace plighted, as close comrades, ride.
As erst the labyrinth in lofty Crete
Had, as folk tell, a way with blind walls woven,
And a dark trap with thousand paths perplexed,
Whose maze unsearched and irretraceable
Might balk all clues for following, such the course
Wherein the Trojan boys their steps involve,
Weaving the sportive web of flight and fray :
As dolphins, swimming through the watery seas,
Carpathian cleave or Libyan, and make sport
Amid the waves. Such use of horsemanship,
Such games as these, Ascanius, as he girt
With walls his Alba Longa, first revived,
And trained the ancient Latins to the mode
Of his own boyhood with the youth of Troy ;

The Albans taught their sons ; from whom bequeathed
Majestic Rome received and kept alive
The ancestral rite : now, named from Troy, the lads
Are called the Trojan troop. Thus far were held
The games in honour of the sacred sire.
Here Fortune changing first revoked her faith.
Whilst they with various pastime to the tomb
Render due rites, Saturnian Juno now
Sends Iris from on high to Ilium's fleet,
And breathes fair winds to waft her, rife with schemes,
Still of her ancient smart insatiate. She,
Speeding along her myriad-tinted bow,
Shoots down the swift track, maid beheld of none.
She views the mighty throng, and scans the shore
And sees the harbour void, the fleet forsook.
But far withdrawn upon a lonely beach
The Trojan dames wept for Anchises' loss,
And, weeping, all together eyed the deep.
Ah, what vast floods, what weary length of sea
Was still before them, with one voice they cry.
They crave a city, the travail of the main
Sick of enduring. So into their midst,
Well versed in harm, she flings her, doffs the face
And garb of goddess, becomes Beroë,
The agèd wife of Tmarian Doryclus,
Who once had lineage, and a name, and sons ;
So 'mid the Dardan mothers makes her way.
'O hapless women, whom no Greek hand in war
Dragged 'neath your native walls to death,' she cries,
'O race ill-starred, for what destruction, say,
Doth fate reserve ye ? Since Troy's overthrow,
The seventh summer now wheels her course, the while,
Borne over seas and traversing all lands,
So many inhospitable rocks and climes,
We chase the still receding Italy
On the vast ocean, by its billows tossed.
Here are our brother Eryx' bounds, our host
Acestes : who forbids to cast up walls,
And give a city to our countrymen ?
O fatherland, and household gods in vain

Snatched from the foeman, shall no city bear
Troy's name for ever? Nowhere shall I see
A Simois or a Xanthus, Hector's streams?
Nay up, and help me burn the ill-omened ships!
For in my sleep the seer Cassandra's shade
Appeared, methought, and offered blazing brands.
"Here look for Troy; here is your home," quoth she.
The hour is ripe for action; prodigies
So mighty brook no tarriance. Lo ye, four
Altars to Neptune! and the god himself
Supplies the firebrand and the will.' So saying,
She, snatching first the deadly flame, upreared
Aloft her right hand, brandished with main strength,
And threw it. Brain-wildered were the Trojan dames,
And heart-astoned. Then, of many, one
In years their eldest, Pyrgo, royal nurse
Of all those sons of Priam, cries, 'See you not,
This is no Beroë, no Rhoetean wife
Of Doryclus, good mothers! Mark the signs
Of heavenly beauty, and the glowing eyes:
What breath about her! what a glance she hath!
What tone of voice, and stateliness of step!
Nay, I myself left Beroe only now,
Sick, chafing that she only in such rite
Should lack a part, nor to Anchises pay
The honours due to him.' So spake she. But
The matrons, wavering at the first, 'gan eye
The ships with looks malign, halting between
Infatuate passion for their present land
And realms that called them with the voice of fate.
But on poised wings the goddess borne through heaven
Cut, flying, a mighty bow beneath the clouds.
Then, by the portent crazed, and frenzy-spurred,
All from their hearths' recesses, with one shout,
Snatch fire; some strip the altars, and fling on
Leaf, brushwood, bough. With loose rein Vulcan riots
O'er thwarts and oars and sterns of painted pine.
To Anchises' barrow and the circus seats
Eumelus of the blazing fleet brings word.
Then glancing back they see the pitchy reek

Float in a cloud. And first Ascanius,
Then gaily leading his manœuvring troop,
Rode at full speed to the disordered camp,
Even as he was, nor can his breathless guards
Detain him. 'What new frenzy is this?' he cries,
'Or whither now, say whither are ye bound,
My wretched countrywomen? 'Tis no foe,
No hostile camp of Argives, that ye burn,
But your own hopes. See, it is I, your own
Ascanius!' and before his feet he flung
The empty helmet, wherewith armed but now
He woke in sport the counterfeit of war.
At once Aeneas, at once the Teucrian train
Speed to the spot. But scattering o'er the beach,
This way and that the affrighted women fly,
Make for the woods by stealth, and wheresoe'er
The rocks are caverned: now they loathe the deed
And daylight, know their own with altered eye,
And Juno's power is shaken from their soul.
But not for that the conflagration's blaze
Slacks its resistless fury: the tow glows
Beneath the wet wood, spewing forth slow smoke;
The creeping heat devours the keels, a plague
That sinks through all the vessels' bulk, nor strength
Of men, nor showers of water can avail.
Then good Aeneas from off his shoulders rent
The raiment, and besought the gods for aid,
With outstretched hands: 'Almighty Jupiter,
If all the Trojans, to a man, not yet
Thou hatest, if thy goodness of old time
Recks aught of human woes, grant that the flames
Now 'scape our fleet, O father, and pluck thou
The Teucrians' shrunken power from ruin. Else
Level thy thunderbolt, and what remains
Hurl down to death, if such be my desert,
And overwhelm us here with thy right hand.'
Scarce had he spoken, when with outpoured showers
A black storm rages, uncontrollable;
Earth trembles to the thunder, hill and plain;
From the whole welkin a wild water-flood

Comes rushing, pitch-black from the thickening south;
The ships are filled, and over; the half-burnt
Timbers are soaked; till all the heat is quenched,
And, four keels lost, all else escape the plague.
But Prince Aeneas, stunned by the shrewd chance,
Shifted and turned the mighty load of care
Within his breast, now this way, and now that,
Whether to settle in Sicilian fields,
Heedless of fate, or grasp Italia's shore.
Then aged Nautes, whom of all men most
Tritonian Pallas taught, and with much lore
Made famous—she it was declared to him
That which or heaven's high wrath portended or
Fate's course required—he thus bespake Aeneas
With comfortable words: 'O goddess-born,
Pull or repel they, follow we the fates;
Betide what will, fortune in every phase
Is conquered but by bearing. Here thou hast
Acestes of the Dardan stock divine:
Him take, a willing yoke-fellow, to share
Thy counsels; unto him deliver those
Who are left shipless, or have weary grown
Both of thy fortunes and the great emprise.
Men full of years, and mothers wearied out
With ocean, and whate'er of weak thou hast,
Fearful of danger, choose, and in this land
Give ramparts to the weary ones. Their town,
Grant thou the name, Acesta shall be called.'
Fired by such words from his friend's aged lips,
Now was his soul with care on care distraught.
And black night, chariot-lifted, held the sky,
When sudden lo! the likeness of his sire
Anchises seemed to glide from heaven, and speak
With such-like utterance: 'Son, than life to me
Dearer, while life was mine—son, sorely tasked
By Ilium's destinies, hither I come
At Jove's command, who from thy fleet drave off
The fire, and hath at length ta'en pity on thee
Out of high heaven. Obey the goodly rede
Now given by aged Nautes; men of choice,

The bravest hearts, lead on to Italy;
Hardy the race, and rude of life, which thou
In Latium must war down. First none the less
Approach the infernal halls of Dis, and through
Avernus' depth seek colloquy with me,
My son. For guilty Tartarus holds me not,
Nor the sad ghosts, but in Elysium
'Mid fair assemblies of the blest I dwell.
Thither with plenteous bloodshed of black kine
The Sibyl pure shall lead thee. Then shalt thou
Learn all thy kindred, and what walls are given.
And now farewell! dank night her midway course
Is wheeling, and the Orient's panting steeds
Breathe pitiless upon me.' He had said,
And passed, like vapour, into empty air.
'Ah! whither hurrying, whither whirled away?'
Exclaims Aeneas, 'whom fliest thou, or who
Bars thee from my embraces?' With that word
He wakes the embers and the slumbering fire,
And with pure meal and brimming censer pays
Honour to Troy's Lar and hoar Vesta's shrine.
Straight summons he his friends, Acestes first,
Of Jove's command and his dear sire's behest
Instructs them, and what purpose now stands fixed
Within his soul. None hinder the design,
Nor thwarts his word Acestes. They transfer
The matrons to their city, and set on shore
Who would, such souls as crave not high renown.
Themselves repair the thwarts, and shape afresh
The fire-gnawed ship-beams, and fit oars and ropes,
Few, but a pulse of manhood quick for war.
Aeneas meanwhile is marking with a plough
The city-boundaries, and assigning homes,
Bids here an Ilium, here a Troy to be.
Trojan Acestes, glorying in his realm,
Proclaims a court, and to the assembled sires
Gives laws. To Venus of Idalium then
Nigh to the stars, on Eryx' top, they found
A dwelling and Anchises' tomb endow
With priest and grove of widespread sanctity.

Now the whole race nine days have wassail held,
And to the altars is due honour done:
Calm winds have laid the ocean, and once more
Auster with quickening breath invites to sea.
Uprises hark! along the winding shore
A mighty wail: clasped in each other's arms
They linger out the hours of night and day.
Now e'en the matrons, e'en the men, who late
Shuddered at ocean's face, scarce brooked its name,
Fain would set forth, bear all the toil of flight.
Them kind Aeneas soothes with friendly words,
And, weeping, to Acestes' care consigns,
His kinsman. Then to Eryx he bids slay
Three heifers, and a ewe lamb to the storms,
And duly loose the moorings. He himself,
Bound with trim olive-leaves about his head,
Stands high upon the prow, and holds a bowl,
Into the salt waves flings the entrails far,
And pours clear flowing wine. Rising astern,
A breeze escorts them on their way. The crews
With emulous oar-strokes sweep the ocean plain.

Venus meanwhile, to cares a prey, thus pleads
With Neptune, and pours out her heart's complaint:
'Juno's fell wrath and heart insatiable
Constrain me, Neptune, stoop to every prayer.
No lapse of time, no goodness can assuage,
Nor Jove's command, nor fate itself, avail
To break and tame her. With outrageous hate
'Twas not enough from 'midst the Phrygian folk
To eat away their city, and drag them on
Through every retribution: what remains,
The very dust and bones of perished Troy,
She persecutes. Let her own heart resolve
The causes of such madness. Thou thyself
Art witness, on the Libyan waves but now
What sudden coil she raised — mixed all the seas
With heaven, upon the storms of Aeolus
Vainly relying, and dared it in thy realm.
See, too, Troy's matrons goading into crime,
Their ships she hath burnt foully, forcing them,

With minished fleet, upon an unknown shore
To leave their comrades. Those that yet remain—
Let them, I pray thee of thy goodness, spread
Safe sail across the billows; let them reach
Laurentian Tiber, lawful if my suit,
If there the walls by destiny assigned.'
Then Saturn's son, the lord of the deep sea,
Made answer: 'Cytherea, 'tis full meet
Thou trust this realm of mine, that gave thee birth;
And I have earned it: often have I quelled
Such wrath and fury both of sea and sky,
Nor less on land, Xanthus and Simois
Attest, hath thine Aeneas been my care.
What time Achilles, the disheartened hosts
Of Troy pursuing, dashed them on their walls,
And many thousands did to death, till groaned
The choked-up rivers, nor could Xanthus find
A passage, and roll out to sea, then I
Seeing Aeneas with brave Peleus' son
Ill-matched alike in strength and aid from heaven,
In a cloud's hollow caught him, though full fain
From their foundation to cast down the walls
Of perjured Troy, that mine own hands had built.
Now too within me the same purpose holds;
Away with fear! unscathed he shall arrive
The Avernian havens, goal of thy desire;
One only shall there be, thou'lt seek in vain
Upon the flood, one life for many given.'
So soothing with his words the goddess' heart
To gladness, the Sire yokes his steeds with gold,
Fastens to their wild mouths the foaming bit,
And, through his hands out-slackening all the reins,
Skims light the sea-top in his azure car.
Down sink the waves; the swelling water-floor
Beneath his thunderous wheel is levelled smooth;
The clouds fly routed through the vast of air.
Then to attend him came shapes manifold,
Monsters enormous, Glaucus' agèd choir,
Palaemon son of Ino, and the swift
Tritons, and Phorcus with his whole array;

Thetis upon the left, and Melite,
And maiden Panopea, and Nisaeë,
Spio, Thalia, and Cymodoce.
Then lo! through Prince Aeneas' tortured soul
Thrills the sweet solace of returning joy;
Quickly he bids each mast be reared, each sail
Stretched on the yardarms. All made taut the sheet
Together, with one accord, now left, now right,
Slackening the canvas; all together turn
And turn again the lofty sail-yard horns;
The winds they wait for, bear the fleet along.
First, before all, leading the dense array,
Was Palinurus, others after him
Bidden to shape their course. Now dewy night
Had well-nigh reached the mid-way goal of heaven;
In slumber calm the crews relaxed their limbs
Beneath the oars, on the hard benches stretched,
When Sleep slid lightly from the stars on high,
Parted the dusky air, and cleft the gloom,
Thee, Palinurus, seeking, and for thee
Fraught with a fatal dream, though innocent.
There on the high stern sat the god, and, like
To Phorbas, pours this utterance from his lips:
'O Palinurus, son of Iasus,
See, of its own will ocean wafts the fleet;
The gales breathe equably; the hour is given
To slumber. Bow the head, and steal from toil
The weary eyes. Myself awhile will take
Thy task upon me.' With scarce lifted look,
To him speaks Palinurus: 'Bid'st thou me
Mark not the sea's smooth face and tranquil waves?
Put faith in such a monster? Wherefore trust
Aeneas to the false breezes, tempt again
The oft rued treachery of a smiling sky?'
Such words he spake, and clutched and clung, nor aught
Let go the tiller, and held his upward eyes
Still fixed upon the stars; when lo! the god
O'er either temple shakes a bough besprent
With Lethe dew, and drugged with Stygian power,
That loosed his swimming eyes, reluctant. Scarce

Had the first stealth of unexpected sleep
Slackened his limbs, when, bending from above,
It hurled him headlong, half the stern torn off,
Rudder and all, into the weltering waves,
With many a cry to friends that could not aid.
But into empty air the vision's self
Soared on the wing. Nathless the fleet unscathed
Speeds on its journey, and rides undismayed
In Father Neptune's promise. And now it neared
The Siren-crags, found perilous of old,
Whitened with bones of many, while the rocks
With ceaseless surge were booming hoarse afar.
Soon as the Prince perceived his vessel drift
Aimless for lack of helmsman, he himself
Over the midnight wave, with many a groan,
Steered her, sore shaken by his friend's mischance:
'O all too trustful of the smiling face
Of sky and ocean, on an unknown shore,
And naked, Palinurus, thou wilt lie.'

BOOK VI

Weeping he spake, and gave his fleet the rein, 1–27
And to Euboean Cumae's shore at length
Glides smoothly in. They turn prows seaward; then
The anchors' tooth 'gan grip the vessels fast;
The round sterns rim the beach. Outleaps amain
The war-host on Hesperia's strand; some search
For seeds of fire hid deep in veins of flint;
Some scour the wild beasts' tangled forest-lairs,
Or point to new found streams. But good Aeneas
Makes for the hill-top, where aloft sits throned
Apollo, and a cavern vast, the far
Lone haunt of the dread Sibyl, into whom
The Delian bard his mighty mind and soul
Breathes, and unlocks the future. Even now
'Neath Trivia's grove and golden roof they come.
Daedalus, flying from Minos' realm, 'tis said,
Dared on swift wings to trust him to the sky,
Upon his uncouth journey floated forth
Toward the chill Bears, and stood light-poised at last
On the Chalcidian hill. Here first to earth
Restored, he dedicated to thy name,
Phoebus, the outrage of his wings, and built
A great temple. On the doors behold!
The murder of Androgeos; therewithal
The sons of Cecrops, bidden, alas! to pay
For yearly ransom, seven of their sons' lives:
The urn stands, and the lots are drawn. Uptowers
From Ocean, fronting it, the Gnossian land:
Here her fell love o'the bull, Pasiphae
Mated by cunning, and, that mongrel birth,
The Minotaur, a twy formed offspring, stands,
Record of monstrous passion; here was that
Laborious dwelling with the wandering maze,

Inextricable, but that Daedalus,
Pitying the princess' mighty passion, solved
Himself the riddle of its winding paths,
Guiding blind footsteps with a thread. Thou too
In such a work hadst borne a mighty part,
Had grief allowed, O Icarus. Thy fall
Twice had he sought in gold to fashion, twice
The father's hands dropped. Aye, and still their eyes
O'er all would have been ranging, had not now
Come from his quest Achates, and with him,
Priestess of Phoebus and of Trivia,
Deiphobe, Glaucus' child, who therewithal
Thus hails the king: 'Such shows a time like this
Demands not: better were it now to slay
Seven bullocks from the unbroken herd, and ewes
Picked duly of like number.' Having thus
Addressed Aeneas—nor were the heroes slack
To do her sacred bidding—the priestess now
Summons the Teucrians into the high fane.
The mighty face of the Euboean rock
Is scooped into a cavern, whither lead
A hundred wide ways, and a hundred gates;
Aye, and therefrom as many voices rush,
The answers of the Sibyl. They had gained
The threshold, when the maid exclaims: ''Tis time
To ask the oracles; lo! the god, the god!'
Before the doors thus speaking, suddenly
Nor countenance, nor hue, nor braided locks
Stayed in one fashion: but her bosom heaves,
Her heart swells wild with frenzy; and more vast
She seems, nor mortal rings her voice, when now
Touched by the nearer breath of deity.
'So slack to vows and prayers,' she cries, 'so slack,
Trojan Aeneas? for the mighty mouths
Of the awed temple will not ope till then.'
So spake she, and was mute. A shudder chill
Ran through the Teucrians' hardy frames, the while
Their king from his heart's deepest pours forth prayer.
'O Phoebus, who the heavy woes of Troy
Hast always pitied, who erst the Dardan shaft

And hand of Paris didst guide against the bulk
Of the son of Aeacus, at thy bidding I
Pierced all those seas that roam round mighty shores
The far-withdrawn Massylian tribes, and fields
That skirt their quicksands, till at length we grasp
The flying shores of Italy: thus far
Let Troy's ill fate have followed her. Ye too
May justly spare the race of Pergamus,
Gods all and goddesses, to whom Ilium
And the vast Dardan fame was an offence.
And thou most holy seer, who dost foreknow
The future, grant—I do but ask the realm
Owed to my destiny—that Teucria's sons
May rest in Latium with their wandering gods,
And storm-tossed Trojan deities. Then I
To Phoebus and to Trivia will uprear
A shrine of solid marble, and holy days
In name of Phoebus. And thee too awaits
In our new realm a mighty sanctuary.
For there thine oracles and mystic dooms,
Spoke to my people, will I set, and choose
Men, and ordain them thine, O gracious one.
Only to leaves commit not thou thy strains,
Lest they fly scattered, sport of whirling winds;
Chant them with thine own lips, I pray.' He made
An end of speaking. But the seer, not yet
Patient of Phoebus, in the cavern storms
Immeasurably, if haply from her breast
She may shake off the mighty god; but he
So much the rather plies her raving mouth,
Tames her wild heart, and moulds her to his might.
And now the temple's hundred monster-gates
Ope of themselves, and through the air convey
The answers of the Sibyl: 'O thou that hast
Outborne at length the sea's vast perils, know
Yet worse on shore await thee. True, the sons
Of Dardanus to Lavinium's realm shall come;
Of this care ease thy bosom; yet shall it not
Rejoice them of their coming. War, grim war,
And Tiber foaming high with blood, I see.

Simois and Xanthus and a Dorian camp
There shalt thou lack not ; yea, for Latium
Even now a new Achilles hath been found,
Himself too goddess-born. Nor anywhere
Shall Juno from the Teucrians hold her hand,
While, suppliant in thy need through Italy,
What race, what city, shalt thou leave unsued ?
Once more is cause of all the Teucrians' woe
An alien bride, once more a foreign bed.
Yield not to ills, but face them boldlier thou,
Even as thy fortune suffers thee. The first
Pathway to safety, little as thou deem'st,
Shall from a Grecian town appear.' In such
Words from the shrine doth Cumae's Sibyl chant
Her awful riddles, and echo through the cave,
In darkness shrouding truth ; so shakes the reins
Apollo in her raving mouth, and plies
Deep in her breast the goad. Soon as had ebbed
Her frenzy, and the frantic lips were still,
The hero speaks—Aeneas : ' No phase of toil
To me, O maid, strange or unlooked for comes.
All things have I forecast, and in my mind
Traversed ere seen. One boon I beg : since this
Is called the portal of the infernal king,
And the dark pool of Acheron's overflow,
Let me to my dear sire's own presence pass ;
Teach thou the way, and ope the sacred gates.
Him I through flames and thousand following darts
Rescued upon these shoulders, and bore safe
From midst the foemen : he, my wayfellow,
Endured with me all seas, all threats of sky
And ocean, weak of body, beyond the lot
And strength of age. Moreover he it was
Charged and implored me with this suppliant suit
Thy threshold to approach. Both son and sire
Pity, I pray thee, of thy grace ; for thou
Canst all things, nor for naught hath Hecate
Made thee the mistress of Avernian groves.
If Orpheus could recall his loved one's shade,
Armed but with Thracian harp and tuneful strings,

If Pollux, dying in turn, redeemed his brother,
Trod and retrod the way so oft—why speak
Of mighty Theseus, of Alcides why?
My lineage also is from Jove in heaven.'
So spake he praying, and clasped the altar; then
The seer brake silence: 'Sprung from blood of gods,
Trojan Anchises' son, easy the road
Down to Avernus: night and day the door
Of gloomy Dis stands open; but thy steps
Back to retrace, emerge to upper air,
This is the task, the labour this. Some few,
Favoured and loved of Jupiter, or borne
By their own glowing virtue to the sky,
Sons of the gods, attained it. All between
Is forest-clothed, and with black-gliding coil
Cocytus winds about it. But if thou
So yearn'st at heart, if such thy longing, twice
To stem the Stygian pool, twice view the gloom
Of Tartarus; and it please thee to give play
To a mad quest, hear what must first be done.
Hid in a tree's dark shade there lurks a bough,
Gold both in leaf and limber twig, and called
Sacred to nether Juno. All the grove
Hides it, by obscure valleys closed in gloom.
But none may probe the vaults of earth or ere
He pluck the gold tressed sapling from the tree.
This to be brought as her peculiar gift
Fair Proserpine ordained. The first torn off,
Fails not a second, gold no less, whose spray
Sprouts of the selfsame ore. So with thine eyes
Search deep, and, duly finding, with thy hand
Pluck it, for freely at a touch twill yield,
If thou art called of fate: not, otherwise,
By any force wilt thou prevail to win,
Or with hard steel to tear it. Furthermore
The breathless corse of one that was thy friend
Still lies—alas! thou know'st not—and with death
Taints the whole fleet, while on our threshold here
Thou hoverest, seeking counsel. Him first bear
To his own place, and hide in tomb, and bring

Black cattle in expiation, before all:
So shalt thou see at last the Stygian groves,
And realms unfooted by the quick.' She spake,
And with closed lips was silent.
But Aeneas
With downcast eyes and gloomy brow strides on,
Quitting the cave, alone with his own heart
Revolving hidden issues. At his side
Goes true Achates, with like load of care
Planting his footsteps. Many a thought they wove
In varying converse—of what lifeless friend
The priestess spake, what corse for burial. So
At length arrived, on the dry beach they see
Misenus, snatched by an untimely death,
Misenus, son of Aeolus, than whom
None more renowned with clarion's clang to rouse
Heroes, and fire the war-god with his blast.
Great Hector he had served, at Hector's side,
Famous alike for trumpet and for spear,
Would join the fray: whom when Achilles quelled
And robbed of life, he, bravest of the brave,
Had ta'en Aeneas the Dardan for his lord,
Following no meaner destiny. But then,
While with his hollow shell he thrills the main,
Madman, and challenges the gods to match
His music, Triton, if the tale be true,
Seized him, in jealousy, and under sea
Plunged in a moment amid foaming rocks.
So all around they clamoured with loud cries,
And, foremost, good Aeneas. Then with speed
The Sibyl's bidding they dispatch with tears,
A funeral-altar toiling to upbuild
Of heapèd boughs, and rear it to the sky.
Into an ancient forest forth they fare,
The wild beasts' lofty cover. Down go the pines,
Loud rings the ilex to the smiting axe,
And ash-trees and the splintering heart of oak
Are cleft with wedges: from the hills they roll
Huge mountain-ashes down. Aeneas, no less
Foremost amid such toil, cheers on his friends,

And girds him with like weapons. Then alone
With his sad heart he ponders, gazing o'er
The boundless forest, and thus prays aloud:
'If now that golden branch upon the tree
Might to our eyes in this vast grove appear!
Since all too truly spake the prophetess
Of thee, alas! Misenus.' Scarce had he
Uttered the word, when, as it happed, twin doves
Under his very eyes from heaven came flying,
And light on the green sod. The mighty chief,
His mother's birds discerning, prays with joy:
'Oh! be my guides, if any path there be,
And steer your airy course into the grove,
Where the rich bough o'ershades the fertile ground.
And our perplexity forsake not thou,
O goddess-mother.' So saying, he stops to mark
What signs they bring, their course bend whitherward.
They, feeding, still fly forward just so far
As the pursuer's eye might bear in sight.
Then, having gained Avernus' poisonous jaws,
Swiftly they mount, and, gliding through clear air,
Perch both, and settle upon the wished-for tree,
Flashed through whose boughs the gold's contrasting
gleam.
As mistletoe, when winter chills the woods,
Bursts into new leaf, sown on alien tree,
And, saffron-berried, clips the tapering trunk,
Such was the seeming of that leafy gold
On the dark ilex; so in the light breeze
Rustled the foil. Aeneas instantly
Seizes and rives it from its lingering hold
With hungry clutch, and bears it 'neath the roof
Of the prophetic Sibyl.

Nor less meanwhile
The Teucrians on the shore Misenus wept,
Paying the last dues to the thankless dust.
First, rich with pine-brands, of hewn timber vast,
A pyre they raise, with dark leaves wreathe the sides,
Plant funeral-cypresses in front, above
Deck it with gleaming arms. Some set to heat

Water, and cauldrons heaving on the flame,
And wash the death-cold body, and anoint,
And make loud moaning. Then the wept-for limbs
Upon the couch they lay, and over them
Cast purple robes, the well-known raiment: some,
Sad service, bowed them to the heavy bier,
And, eyes averted, their ancestral wont,
Applied the torch and held. The heaped gifts blaze—
Frankincense, viands, and bowls of streaming oil.
When sank the embers, and the flame was stilled,
The remnant of the thirsty dust they drench
With wine, and Corynaeus gathered up,
And in a brazen casket hid, the bones.
He with pure water, too, thrice paced the round
Of comrades, with the light dew sprinkling them
From bough of fruitful olive, and purified
The heroes, and spake out the latest words.
But good Aeneas, for tomb, a mighty mound
Heaps o'er the dead, and his own arms, both oar
And trumpet, 'neath a skyey mount, which now
From him is called Misenus, and preserves
From age to age his everlasting name.
  This done, with speed he girds him to fulfil
The Sibyl's bidding: a deep cave there was
With huge gape monstrous, jaggèd, and hemmed in
By the dark mere and forest's gloom, o'er which
Nothing that flies could wing a scathless way,
Such breath from the black jaws outpouring sped
Into the vault of heaven (from whence the Greeks
Have called the place Aornos). And here first
The priestess ranges four black-bodied bulls,
Pours wine upon their brows, and 'twixt the horns
Plucking as first-fruit throws the topmost tuft
Into the sacred flames, calling aloud
On Hecate, queen both in heaven and hell.
Others set knives beneath them, and in bowls
Catch the warm blood. Aeneas a black-fleeced lamb,
Unto the mother of the Eumenides
And her great sister, with his own sword strikes,
A barren heifer, O Proserpine, to thee,

Then to the Stygian king inaugurates
Altars by night, and casts upon the fire
Whole carcasses of bulls, pouring fat oil
Upon the blazing entrails. But behold!
Hard upon dawn and sunrise, 'neath their feet
The ground 'gan rumble, and a-quaking fell
The forest-ridges, and through the gloom there seemed
Dogs howling, as the goddess drew anigh.
'Hence, hence, unhallowed ones!' the priestess shrieks;
'From the whole grove avaunt! and thou, Aeneas,
Set forth upon the road, pluck sword from sheath;
Now need'st thou all thy courage and a stout heart.'
Thus far she spake, and like a fury plunged
Into the cave's mouth: he, no falterer, keeps
Pace with the steps of his advancing guide.
Gods of the spirit-realm, and voiceless shades,
And Chaos and Phlegethon, vast tracts of night
And silence, grant me, what mine ear hath heard
To utter, and, with your fiat, to unfold
Things whelmed in darkness and the under-world.
On strode they blindly through the gloom, beneath
The solitary night, through the void halls
And ghostly realms of Dis: as men may walk
The wood-way 'neath a coy moon's grudging light,
When Jupiter with shade hath curtained heaven,
And black night of her colour robs the world.
Fronting the portal, even in Orcus' jaws,
Grief and avenging Cares have made their bed:
And pale Diseases house, and dolorous Eld,
And Fear and Famine, counsellor of crime,
And loathly Want, shapes terrible to view,
And Death and Travail, and, Death's own brother, Sleep,
And the soul's guilty joys, and murderous War
Full on the threshold, and the iron cells
Of the Eumenides, and mad Discord, who
With blood-stained fillet wreaths her snaky locks.
Spreads in the midst her boughs and aged arms
An elm, huge, shadowy, where vain dreams, 'tis said,
Are wont to roost them, under every leaf
Close-clinging: and many a monster-form beside

Of various beasts—Centaurs against the door
Are stalled, and twy-formed Scyllas, and Briareus,
He of the hundred hands, and Lerna's brute
Horribly hissing, Chimaera armed with flames,
Gorgons and Harpies, and the shadowy shape
Three-bodied. Here, in a tremor of sudden fear,
Grasped at his sword Aeneas, and with bare edge
Opposed their coming, and, but for warning word
From his wise comrade that they were but thin
Unbodied lives, 'neath hollow shows of form
Flitting, upon them he would rush, and cleave
Shadows in twain with ineffectual sword.
Hence runs a road to the Tartarean waves
Of Acheron leading, where his eddying gulf,
Seething with mud and a wild whirlpool, boils,
Into Cocytus belching all his sand.
These floods and waters a grim ferryman
Guards, of fell squalor, Charon, on whose chin
Lies a thick grizzle, all untrimmed ; his eyes
Are orbs of staring fire, and by a knot
Hangs from his shoulders a soiled garb. Himself
Plies with a pole his craft, and tends the sails,
Freighting with dead the dusky barge ; now old,
But with the age of godhead hale and green.
Toward him the whole crowd rushing floods the bank ;
Matrons and men, and great heroic frames
Done with life's service, boys, unwedded girls,
Youths placed on pyre before their father's eyes :
Countless as forest-leaves that fluttering fall
In the first chill of autumn, or as birds
Flock countless shoreward from the weltering deep,
When the chill year, now chasing over-sea,
Drives them to sunny lands. There stood they praying
Each to be first o'erferried, and stretched forth
Their hands with yearning for the further shore.
But the sour boatman takes now these, now those,
And others from the strand thrusts far aloof.
Aeneas, sore startled by the tumult, cries :
'Say, maid, what means this thronging to the stream
What seek the spirits ? or by what law quit these

The brink, skim those the leaden oar-swept tide?'
Briefly to him the aged priestess spake:
'Anchises' son, sure offspring of the gods,
Cocytus' deep pools and the Stygian marsh
Here thou discernest, by whose power the gods
Fear to swear falsely; helpless, tombless all
This crowd, which thou behold'st; yon ferryman
Is Charon; those that cross have found a grave.
But o'er the dread banks and hoarse-sounding flood
Waft them he may not, till their bones have rest.
A hundred years about these shores they flit
And wander, then at length, their ban removed,
The longed-for pools revisit.' Anchises' son
Halted, and stayed his steps, revolving much,
And pitying from his heart their cruel fate.
There [illegible] wotful forms, and lacking death's last due—
Leucaspis and Orontes he espies,
Chief of the Lycian fleet, whom both, from Troy
Borne over squally seas, the South o'erwhelmed,
Winding in watery shroud both craft and crew.
Lo! there the helmsman Palinurus went,
Who late, star-gazing on their Libyan voyage,
Pitched from the stern had fallen amid the sea:
Whom, when at length the sorrowing face he knew
Through the thick gloom, he first addressed: 'What god,
O Palinurus, snatched thee from our sight,
And in mid ocean plunged thee? Tell me who:
For, ne'er till then found faithless, in this one
Presage Apollo fooled my mind, who sang
That scathless over sea thou shouldst arrive
Ausonia's bounds. Is this his promised word?'
But he: 'Nor Phoebus' tripod failed thee aught,
My chief, Anchises' son, nor any god
Plunged me in ocean: for behold! while I
Clave to the tiller, as my charge was, and steered,
Hurled headlong, I tore off, with mighty force,
And dragged it with me. By the rough waves I swear
No terror seized me for myself so much
As for thy ship, lest now, of tackle shorn,

Dashed from beneath her master, she should fail
Amid such mounting billows. Three wintry nights
Over the boundless ocean-plains the South
With fury drave me: scarce, the fourth dawn, high
On a wave's crest I sighted Italy.
By inches I swam shoreward; safety now
Was in my grasp; had not the savage folk,
As heavy with soaked weed my fingers' clutch
Caught at the ruggèd mountain-heads, with sword
Assailed and for a prize misdeemed me. Now
The wave holds, and winds toss me on the beach.
But by the pleasant light and air of heaven,
And by thy sire, I pray thee, by thy hopes.
In young Iulus, pluck me from these ills,
O thou unconquered! Either, for thou canst,
Cast earth on me, reseeking Velia's port,
Or, if there be a way, if any way
Thy goddess-mother show thee—for not all
Unwarranted of heaven, methinks, wouldst thou
Stem these vast waters, and the Stygian mere—
Grant to my tears thy hand, and bear me o'er
The billows with thee, that at least in death
I may find quiet resting.' Thus he spake,
And thus the prophetess began: 'From whence,
O Palinurus, sprang this wild desire?
Shalt thou unburied view the Stygian waves,
And the stern river of the Eumenides,
Or tread the bank unbidden? Cease to hope
That heaven's fixed doom can be unbent by prayer:
But, thy hard lot to solace, hear and heed:
For lo! the border townsfolk far and near,
Goaded by heavenly portents, shall appease
Thy dust, and build a tomb, and to the tomb
Pay yearly offerings; and the place shall bear
The name of Palinurus evermore.'
These words allayed his pain, and drove the grief
Awhile from his sad bosom; and he takes
Joy in the land that is to bear his name.
So they pursue the path, and near the stream.
But at that point, when from the Stygian wave

The boatman saw them through the silent wood
Moving, and striding toward the bank, he thus
Accosts them, and upbraids withal: 'Whoe'er
Thou art, that to our river comest in arms,
Stand, and say why thou comest, and check thy step.
This is the place of shades, Sleep, slumberous Night;
The quick on Stygian barge I may not bear.
Nor was it to my joy that erst I took
And sped Alcides on the watery way,
Nor Theseus and Peirithous, albeit
Both god-begotten and of unconquered strength.
He the Tartarean warder sought to enchain
Before the king's own throne, and cowering dragged;
These from the bride-chamber of Dis essayed
His queen to ravish.' Whereunto replied
Briefly the priestess of Amphrysus: 'Here
Is no such trickery: cease to storm: these arms
Mean not offence: let the huge gatekeeper
With ceaseless baying scare the bloodless ghosts;
Guard Proserpine her uncle's doors from stain:
Lo! here, renowned for goodness as for arms,
Trojan Aeneas to the nether shades
Of Erebus descends, to seek his sire.
If thee such goodness moves not to behold,
At least this bough'—the bough which lay within
Her robe disclosing—'canst thou not ignore.'
Then ebbed the swelling tide of his heart's wrath,
Nor further spake he. At the awful gift
Wondering, the doom-wand, hid from sight so long,
He turns the dark-blue barge, and nears the shore.
Then other spirits, which on the long thwarts sat,
Thrust forth, he clears the benches, and on board
Takes vast Aeneas; groaned beneath his weight
The seamy craft, and through its chinks let in
The marsh wave freely. Safe across the stream
Both prince and priestess he unships at last
On grey green sedges and unsightly mire!

These are the realms huge Cerberus makes ring
With his three-throated baying—a monstrous bulk
Stretched in the cave's mouth fronting them. To him,

Seeing his neck now bristling with its snakes,
A bait the priestess throws, with honey drugged
And medicated meal. His triple maw
With ravenous hunger opening, from her hand
He caught it, and, his monster-length relaxed,
Lies prone, spread huge o'er all the cavern-floor.
The warder sunk in sleep, Aeneas takes
The entrance, and quits swift the water's rim,
Renavigable never.

Forthwith are heard
Voices of mighty wailing, and the cry
Of infant souls upon the threshold's brink,
Whom, dowerless of sweet life, torn from the breast,
A dark day quelled and plunged in bitter death.
Next them were those by false charge doomed to die:
Not that their places without lot or judge
Are dealt them: Minos, as inquisitor,
Handles the urn, the silent council calls,
And learns the story of their lives and crimes.
And next have place the unhappy souls, who wrought
Their own end, guiltless, and flung life away,
Loathing the sunlight. Ah! how fain were these
Now in the upper air to bide both want
And hardship! Fate forbids: the unlovely swamp
Binds with its sullen wave, while pens them fast
Styx, with her ninefold barrier poured between.
Not far from hence, on every side outstretched,
Are shown the Mourning Fields: such name they bear
Here, whom fell love with cruel wasting gnawed
Close walks conceal, and myrtle-groves embower:
Their pangs even death removes not. There he sees
Phaedra, and Procris, Eriphyle sad,
Showing the wounds her ruthless son had dealt,
Evadne, and Pasiphaë, and with these
Laodamia, and once man, now maid,
Caeneus, by fate to his old shape restored.
And, among these, Phoenician Dido roamed,
Fresh from her wound, within the mighty grove:
Whom when the Trojan hero stood anigh,
And knew, though dim through darkness—as a man

Sees when the month is young, or thinks he sees,
The moon through clouds arising—the tears fell,
And with sweet words of love he greeted her:
'Unhappy Dido, was the tale then true,
Brought to mine ears, that thou wert quenched in death,
And with the sword hadst sought the end of all?
Alas! was I thy doomsman? By the stars
I swear, and by the gods above, and by
Whate'er is sacred in the under-world,
Right loth, O queen, was I to quit thy shore.
But heaven's decrees, which now to walk the shades,
Tracts rough with squalor, and abysmal night,
Compel, then drave me with their high behests:
Nor could I think that I should bring thee dole
So deep by my departure: stay thy step:
Withdraw not from my gaze: whom fliest thou?—this
Of all my greetings doomed to be the last!'
Aeneas with such words 'mid welling tears
Her fiery soul, fierce-glancing, sought to soothe.
She held her looks aloof, eyes fixed on earth,
And at his proffered speech changed face no more
Than hard flint stood she, or Marpesian rock.
At length she whirled away, and frowning sought
The green gloom, where Sychaeus her first lord
Echoes her grief, and gives her love for love.
Nathless Aeneas, stunned by her sad fate,
Follows with pitying tears her steps afar.

From hence he girds him to the appointed path.
And now the utmost fields they gain, where those
War famous dwell apart. Here Tydeus, here
Parthenopaeus meets him, famed in arms,
And the pale spectre of Adrastus: here,
Much wept by those on earth, and fallen in war,
The Dardan chiefs, whom all in long array
He groaned beholding—Glaucus, Medon, there,
Thersilochus, Antenor's children three,
And Polyphetes, Ceres' priest, and, yet
Grasping the car, Idaeus, yet his arms.
Thronging, the souls press round him, right and left
Nor does one look suffice them: still they love

To linger, pace beside him, and inquire
His cause of coming. But the Danaan lords,
And Agamemnon's cohorts, when they spied
The hero's armour gleaming through the shade,
Quake with vast fear: some, turning, fled, as erst
They sought the ships; some lift a meagre voice:
The would-be war-cry mocks their gaping mouths.
Aye, and the son of Priam here he saw,
Deiphobus—sore mangled all his frame,
Face and both hands rent cruelly, his ears
From the maimed temples shorn, and nostrils lopped
With shameful butchery. Nay, scarce knew he him,
Cowering and cloaking his rough chastisement,
Then in the oft-heard accents hailed him first:
'Deiphobus, thou warrior dread, and sprung
From Teucer's lofty line, who listed, say,
To wreak such cruel vengeance, or who thus
Had power upon thee? To mine ears it came
On that last night of all, that, wearied out
With endless slaughter of Pelasgians, thou
Hadst on an heap of mingled carnage fallen.
Then I myself on the Rhoetean shore
Upreared an empty tomb, and with loud voice
Thrice called upon thy spirit: thy name and arms
Still mark the spot: thee, friend, I could not see,
Nor lay, ere parting, in our native earth.'
Whereto the son of Priam: 'In naught hast thou
Failed me, O friend, but to Deiphobus
And to the dead man's shade hast quitted all.
But fate and the pernicious guilt of that
Laconian woman plunged me in this woe:
These tokens are by her bequeathed. For how
That latest night in treacherous joys we spent
Thou knowest, must even remember all too well.
When o'er the lofty citadel of Troy
Leapt at a bound the doom-fraught horse, and bare
Armed soldiery within its labouring womb,
She feigned a solemn dance, and, leading round
The Phrygian dames with Bacchic revelling-cries,
Held in their midst herself a mighty torch,

And called the Danai from the fortress-height.
Then I with trouble spent, weighed down with sleep,
Was holden of our ill-starred bridal bower,
Lying with deep sweet slumber overwhelmed,
Deep as the calm of death. My peerless wife
Meanwhile all arms from out the palace moves—
The true sword first from 'neath my pillow filched—
Calls Menelaus in, throws wide the door,
Hoping forsooth that to her lover this
Would prove a mighty boon, and so be quenched
The fame of old offences. Why delay?
They burst into my chamber: joins their crew,
Prompter of crimes, the son of Aeolus.
Ye gods, like measure to the Greeks repay,
If with pure lips revenge I claim. But come,
Tell me in turn what chance brings hither thee,
A living man: by ocean-wanderings led,
Or at the best of heaven? What fortune, say,
Spurs thee to seek the sad, unsunned abodes,
Regions of Chaos?' In this interchange
Of talk, Aurora in her rosy car
Had crossed the mid pole on her path through heaven;
And haply all the allotted time they thus
Had wasted, but the Sibyl at his side
Spake a brief warning word: 'Night comes apace
Aeneas, and we with weeping wear the hours.
Thus is the spot where splits the road in twain:
The right leads to the giant walls of Dis,
Our way to Elysium: but the left wreaks doom
On sinners, and to guilty Tartarus sends.'
Deiphobus made answer: 'Be not wroth,
Great priestess; I will hence, fill up the tale,
To darkness get me back. Our glory, go,
Go, entertain a happier fate.' Thus far
He spake, and, speaking, turned his steps away.
Aeneas looks swiftly back, and 'neath a rock
Sees leftward a wide fort, with triple wall
Girded: and round it a fierce torrent goes
Of billowy fire, Tartarean Phlegethon,
Who hurls the rocks in thunder: full in front

A vast gate, columns of solid adamant!
So that no might of man, nay, not the hosts
Of heaven avail to shatter it in war.
An iron tower stands skyward, where enthroned,
Girt with a gory robe, Tisiphone
Guards sleeplessly the threshold, night and day.
Hence groans are heard, and sound of cruel stripes
And clank of iron, and trailing chains. Aeneas
Stopped, and stood rooted, by the din dismayed.
'What shapes of crime are here, O maiden, say;
With what pains visited? What cry so swells
To heaven?' Then thus the prophetess began:
'Famed Teucrian leader, no pure foot may tread
The accursèd floor: but Hecate herself,
What time she set me o'er the Avernian groves,
Taught me the punishments of heaven, and led
Through all its precincts. Here—an iron reign—
Rules Gnosian Rhadamanthus, of dark crimes
Both punisher and judge, from guilty lips
Extorting whatso' any upon earth,
Exulting in the empty cheat, hath left
Of sins inexpiate till the hour of death.
Straightway Tisiphone, armed with vengeful scourge,
Swinges and spurns the guilty, in her left
Brandishing snakes, and summoning the ranks
Of her fell sisters; then the awful gates
Open at last upon harsh-grinding hinge.
Seest thou what warder sits before the door?
What grim shape guards the threshold? But within,
Monster of fifty throats black-yawning, keeps
Ward a yet fiercer Hydra. Therewithal
Lo! Tartarus' self, that opes sheer down, and strikes
Into the nether darkness, twice so far
As to Olympus' skyey top and heaven
The eye scans upward. Here that ancient brood
Of earth, the Titan children, where the bolt
Felled them, lie wallowing in the deep abyss.
Here too beheld I, bodies of vast bulk,
The twin sons of Aloëus, who essayed
With rude hands to tear ope the mighty heaven,

And hurl Jove downward from his throne on high.
Aye, and I saw Salmoneus suffering still
The cruel doom that fell while aping yet
Jove's fire and thunders of Olympus: he,
Drawn by four horses, and with waving torch,
Through the Greek tribes and 'midst of Elis town
In triumph rode and claimed the rank of gods,
Madman! the clouds' incomparable bolt
With brass to mock and tramp of hoofèd steeds!
But through thick clouds the Sire Omnipotent
Let loose a shaft—no brand or smoky glare
Of pine-torch he—that with its mighty wind
Down drave him headlong: there too Tityos,
Nursling of Earth, all-mother, might be seen,
Whose bulk o'er nine whole acres stretched, the while
A crook-beak'd monstrous vulture, gnawing still
The imperishable liver and entrails rife
With anguish, digs for dainties, housing deep
Within his bosom, and no respite gives
To the requickened fibres. Why tell o'er
The Lapithae, Ixion, Peirithous,
On whom a black crag, ever like to slip,
Frowns and seems falling? the high festal couch
Shines golden propped; the feast before their eyes
Is spread with royal splendour; hard at hand
The eldest of the Furies, couched, forbids
Their fingers touch the board, and up she starts
With torch high-lifted and loud-thundering mouth.
Those who their brethren loathed while life endured,
Or smote a parent, or for client knit
The mesh of fraud, or over treasures found
Brooded alone, nor meted to their kin
The mightiest number these—or who were slain
For loves adulterous, or to rebel arms
Clave, and feared not with masters to break faith,
Prisoned, await their doom. Seek not to learn
What doom, what phase or fate, hath whelmed them.
Some
Roll a vast stone, or racked on wheel spokes hang;
Sits hapless Theseus and for ay will sit;

And Phlegyas, wretchedest of men, warns all,
And with loud voice bears witness through the shades;
"Be taught, learn justice, and spurn not the gods."
One sold for gain his country, on her neck
Planted a mighty tyrant, for a bribe
Made laws and unmade; one his daughter's bed
Assailed, banned nuptials; all some monstrous guilt
Have dared, and of their daring reaped the joy.
Not though a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths
Were mine, a voice of iron, would these avail
To sum in gross and single all the crimes,
No, nor their penalties rehearse by name.'
So Phoebus' agèd priestess, and anon
'Up! seize the path, fulfil the attempted task,
Speed we our steps,' she cried; 'I see the walls
Reared by the Cyclops' forges, and the gate,
With arch confronting, where they bid us lay
The appointed tribute.' She had said, and through
Dim ways they, striding side by side, snatch up
The intervening space, and near the doors.
Aeneas then takes the entrance, on his limbs
Sprinkles fresh water, and makes fast the bough
Full in the gateway. This at last performed,
The goddess' dues accomplished, they arrived
The happy region and green pleasaunces
Of the blest woodlands, the abode of joy.
An ampler ether with purpureal light
Clothes here the plain; another sun than ours,
And other stars they know. Some ply their limbs
Upon the grassy wrestling-ground, and strive
In sport, and grapple on the tawny sand;
Some, footing, beat the dance, and chant the lay.
Here too the Thracian priest, with trailing robe,
Makes eloquent the seven divided notes
To match their measures, and, with fingers now,
And now with comb of ivory, strikes them. Here
Are Teucer's ancient stock, a glorious line,
The high-souled heroes born in happier years,
Ilus, Assaracus, and Dardanus,
Founder of Troy. He marvels to behold

Their arms and ghostly chariots from afar.
The spears stand fixed in earth; their steeds, unyoked,
Roam grazing o'er the plain. What pride had each,
Alive, in arms and chariot, or what pains
To pasture his sleek steeds, the same no less
Attends them still, now hid beneath the earth.
Lo! some he sees to right hand and to left
Feasting along the greensward, or in choir
Chanting a joyous paean, 'mid a grove
Of perfumed bay, whence risen Eridanus
Rolls wide through forests of the upper world.
Here is the band of those who suffered wounds,
Fighting for country; or, while life remained,
Were priests and pure, or holy bards that spake
Things worthy Phoebus, or who sweetened life
With new-found arts, earning by service wrought
Of some to be remembered — these are all
With snow-white fillet bound about the brow.
Whom, pouring round, the Sibyl thus addressed,
Musaeus before all, for midmost he
Of that vast multitude their upward gaze
O'ertops with towering shoulders: 'Happy shades,
And thou, of bards the best, what region, say,
What haunt, now holds Anchises? for his sake
Have we come hither, and crossed the mighty floods
Of Erebus.' To her the hero thus
Brief answer made: 'No fixed abode is here;
In shadowy groves we dwell, and make our home
The slope of banks, or freshet-quickened mead;
But, tends your heart's wish thither, mount this ridge:
Soon will I set you on an easy track.'
He spake and strode before, and from above
Shows them the shining levels; then they quit
The mountain-summits.

Prince Anchises now
Deep in a green dell lay with busy thought
The souls there pent surveying, thence to pass
Up to the light of heaven, and, as it chanced,
Was telling o'er the tale of all his kin,
The well loved offspring of his seed to be,

Their fates, their fortunes, characters, and deeds.
But when advancing towards him o'er the sward
He saw Aeneas, both eager palms he stretched,
And his cheeks ran with tears, and from his lips
This utterance fell: 'And art thou come at last,
And has the love long looked for by thy sire
Conquered the toilsome road? May I behold
Thy face, my son, and hear the well-known voice
And answer? So indeed with pondering heart
I deemed that it would be, counting the days;
Nor did my longing cheat me. O'er what lands,
What vast seas, art thou borne to my embrace,
Tossed by what perils, O my son! What fears
Had I lest Libya's realm should prove thy bane!'
But he: 'It was thy mournful shade, my sire,
Aye thine, so oft appearing, drave me toward
These portals. Our ships ride the Tuscan main.
Give, father, give me thy right hand to clasp,
Nor from my arms withdraw thee.' Thus he spake,
Bathing his face, the while, with floods of tears.
Thrice, as he stood, his arms he sought to cast
About his neck; and thrice the baffled hands
Closed upon nothing, and a form that fled,
Like to light breezes, one with wingèd sleep.
Meanwhile Aeneas within the vale's recess
Spies a sequestered grove, wood-whispering brakes,
And therewith Lethe river, that flows by
The dwellings of repose. Here, round about,
Nations and peoples without number flew;
Even as in cloudless summer, when the bees
Settling on meadow-flowers, now this, now that,
Stream o'er the milk-white lilies, all the plain
Hums with their buzzing. At the sudden sight
Aeneas starts, and witless asks the cause,
And what those floods afar, and who be they
That throng the banks in multitude so vast.
Then Prince Anchises: 'Souls, to whom are owed
By fate new bodies; they by Lethe's stream
Drink heedless draughts of long forgetfulness.
These to tell o'er and show thee face to face

Long have I yearned, and count my seed to be,
That thou the rather may'st my joy partake
In Italy new found.' 'And must we deem,
Some spirits, father, heavenward mount from hence,
And to their sluggish bodies back return?
Holds them so fond a longing for the light,
Unhappy souls?' 'I will even tell thee, son,'
Replies Anchises, 'nor prolong thy doubt,'
And all in order point by point reveals.
'Know first that heaven, the earth, the watery plains,
The moon's bright orb, and Titan's starry sphere—
These doth a spirit nly feed; a mind,
Its limbs pervading, stirs the whole mass through,
And with the vast frame mingles. Hence arise
Mankind, and beastkind, winged life, and what
The sea bears monstrous 'neath his marble floor.
Of fiery vigour, heavenly source, those germs,
Save as impaired by flesh corruptible,
Dulled with frames earthy, and limbs prone to death.
Hence they desire, and fear, and grieve, and joy,
Nor light of heaven can they discern, shut fast
In the blind darkness of their prison-house.
Nay, nor when life with its last beam departs,
Doth every ill, or all the body's plagues,
At once hapless, leave them wholly; many a blot
Must, long ingrained there, clog in wondrous wise.
Therefore, by sorrow schooled, of their old ills
They pay the punishment: some hang exposed
To the void winds; some have the dye of guilt
Purged in vast whirlpool, or burnt out with fire.
Each has own weird we suffer—and then are sent
To range Elysium, and, some few, possess
Those happy fields—suffer, till lapse of time,
Now run full circle, shall eradicate
Each inbred blemish, and leave naught behind
But sense aethereal and pure spirit-fire.
These, having whirled a thousand years away,
Are in a vast throng summoned all by God
To Lethe's stream, that, memory lost, they may
Heaven's vault revisit, and a wish beget

Into the body to return once more.'
Anchises ceased, and drawing thence his son
And eke the Sibyl into the mid press
And murmuring throng, takes stand upon a mound
Whence in long line he might peruse them all,
Full face, and learn their features, as they came.
'Come now, the Dardan offspring, and their fame
Hereafter following, from Italian stock
What seed awaits thee, spirits of renown,
Heirs of our name, I will unfold in words,
Thy fortunes teach thee. Yonder, whom thou seest,
A youth, and leaning on a headless spear,
Nearest to light hath drawn a place; he first
From the mixed strain of Italy shall rise
Into the air of heaven, an Alban name,
Silvius, thy youngest offspring, whom, late-born,
Child of old age, thy wife Lavinia
Shall in the forest rear to be a king
And sire of kings, from whom our race shall rule
In Alba Longa. Procas next to him,
Glory of Trojan race, and Capys too,
And Numitor, and, second of thy name,
Silvius Aeneas, excellent alike
In goodness and in arms, if ever he
Come to his Alban kingdom. Lo! what men!
What might, see, in their bearing! and their brows
With civic oak o'ershadowed! These for thee
Nomentum, Gabii, and Fidenae's town,
These towered Collatium on the hills shall rear,
Pometia, and the fort of Inuus,
Bola, and Cora. Those shall then be names,
Now nameless lands. Aye, and the son of Mars
Shall join him to his grandsire—Romulus,
Reared by his mother Ilia from thy blood,
Assaracus. Seest how the twin plumes stand
Upon his crest, and how his sire even now
By his own token marks him for a god?
Lo! 'neath his auspices yon glorious Rome
Shall bound, my son, her empire with the world,
Her pride with heaven, and with encircling wall

Clasp to her single heart the sevenfold hills,
Blest in a breed of heroes: even as when
The Berecyntian mother in her car
Rides through the Phrygian cities, turret-crowned,
Glad in her brood of godhead, as she clasps
A hundred children's children, dwellers all
In heaven, and tenants of the heights above.
Both eyes turn hither now, this race behold,
Thine own, the Romans. Here is Caesar, here
The whole line of Iulus, that shall pass
One day beneath the mighty pole of heaven.
This, this the man so oft foretold to thee,
Caesar Augustus, a god's son, who shall
The golden age rebuild through Latian fields
Once ruled by Saturn, and push far his sway
O'er Garamantians and the tribes of Ind.
A land that lies beyond the stars, beyond
The year's path and the sun's, where, prop of heaven,
Atlas upon his shoulder turns the pole,
Studded with burning constellations. See!
Even now, against his coming, Caspian realms
At the gods' omens shudder: aye, and plains
Maeotic and the mouths of sevenfold Nile
Quake and are troubled. Not Alcides even
Traversed so much of earth, I trow, albeit
The brazen-footed hind he pierced, and stilled
The Erymanthian groves, and with his bow
Affrighted Lerna; nor who steers his car
With reins of vine leaf, Liber, as he guides
From Nysa's lofty crest his tiger-team.
And still by prowess to spread wide our power
Doubt we, and doth fear hinder us to tread
Ausonia's land? But who is he afar
With olive boughs conspicuous, in his hand
Vessels of sacrifice? I recognize
The locks and hoar beard of the Roman king,
Who shall the rising city base on law,
From lowly Cures and a land of need
Launched on a mighty empire. Next in turn
Comes Tullus, who shall break his country's peace,

And stir ease-sunken warriors to the fray,
And ranks disused to triumphs; and hard on him
Ancus, o'erboastful, and too much even now
Caught by the breath of the vain multitude.
Wouldst see the Tarquin kings too, the proud soul
Of Brutus the avenger, and the rods
Of power retrieved? He first, with consul's sway,
Shall the stern axes wield, and his own sons,
New strife upstirring, for fair freedom's sake,
Bid to their doom, unhappy one! Howe'er
Censured in after time, his country's love
And boundless thirst for honour shall prevail.
The Decii and the Drusi too behold
Far off, Torquatus cruel with his axe,
Camillus bringing home the standards. Those
Whom yonder glittering in like arms thou seest,
Of one heart now and while in darkness penned,
Let but their eyes attain the light, alas!
Each against each, what wars will they provoke,
What stricken fields and carnage! From the Alps'
Heaped barriers and Monoecus' citadel
The sire descending, while his daughter's lord
Confronts him with the armies of the East!
Make not a home within your hearts, my sons,
For strifes so cruel, nor the broad thews she bred
Bend at your country's bosom. And thou first
Forbear, who from Olympus dost derive;
Fling from thine hand the weapons, O my blood!
He yonder to the Capitol on high
Shall drive his victor chariot, triumphing
O'er Corinth, for Achaean slaughter famed.
He Argos and Mycenae shall uproot,
City of Agamemnon, and the heir
Of Aeacus himself, from war-renowned
Achilles sprung, his ancestors of Troy
Avenging and Minerva's outraged shrine.
Who thee, great Cato, would to silence leave,
Or thee, O Cossus? who the Gracchan clan,
Or the two Scipios, thunderbolts of war,
The bane of Libya, or Fabricius

Puissant in poverty, or, Serranus, thee,
Sowing amid the furrow? I am spent,
And whither whirl ye me, O Fabii?
Thou art that Maximus, our mightiest, who
Alone by loitering dost the State restore.
Others the breathing brass shall softlier mould,
I doubt not, draw the lineaments of life
From marble, at the bar plead better, trace
With rod the courses of the sky, or tell
The rise of stars: remember, Roman, thou,
To rule the nations as their master: these
Thine arts shall be, to engraft the law of peace,
Forbear the conquered, and war down the proud.'
So Prince Anchises in their wondering ears
Spake, and yet further: 'How Marcellus strides,
Look you, conspicuous with the splendid spoils,
Triumphant, and o'ertowering all men! he
Shall stay Rome's empire, when invasion's storm
Beats fiercely, ride the Carthaginian down,
Aye, and the rebel Gaul, and dedicate
To Sire Quirinus the thrice-taken spoils.'
And here Aeneas, for at his side he saw
A youth of peerless form in radiant arms
Pacing, but with unjoyful brow, and glance
Dejected: 'Who is he, my sire, who thus
Attends the hero as he steps? A son,
Or later offspring of his mighty race?
What buzzing crowds about them! his own mould
How mighty! but black night around his head
With harsh gloom hovers.' Prince Anchises then
With brimming tears began: 'Seek not, my son,
To know thy kin's vast sorrow; him to earth
Fate shall but show, nor grant a longer stay.
Too potent in your eyes, O gods, had seemed
The Roman stock, were such gifts given to keep.
What wail of heroes shall that field of Mars
Watt to his mighty city! what funeral train
Shalt thou behold, O Tiber, as thy stream
Flows by the new made tomb!' No boy e'er bred
Of Ilian race shall to such height of hope

Uplift his Latian sires, nor e'er the soil
Of Romulus so boast her of a son.
Mourn for his goodness, for his old-world faith,
His hand in war unconquered! Man to man,
None could have grappled him unscathed, on foot
Strode he against the foeman, or with spur
Goaded the red flanks of his foaming steed.
O boy, our sorrow, if any way thou couldst
Burst the harsh bonds that doom thee, thou shalt be
Marcellus. Bring me lilies with full hands,
The bright flowers let me strew, these gifts at least
Heap o'er his shade, and the vain tribute pay.'
So here and there, through the whole realm of mist,
In its broad fields they roam, surveying all.
And when Anchises had from end to end
Guided his son, and fired his soul with love
Of future fame, thereafter he makes known
What wars must next be waged, and teaches him
Of tribes Laurentian, and Latinus' town,
And how to shun or suffer every toil.
There are twin gates of Sleep, whereof the one
Of horn is rumoured, and real spirits thereby
Win easy outlet; and one finished fair
Of gleaming ivory, but false dreams are thence
Sent by the Manes to the world above.
There with these words Anchises, following forth
His son and eke the Sibyl, sees them pass
Out at the ivory gate: the hero speeds
Fleetward, returning to his friends, then steers
Straight for Caieta's port along the shore;
The prows drop anchor; the sterns press the beach.

BOOK VII

Thou too, Caieta, dying, a deathless fame, 1–27
Nurse of Aeneas, to our shores hast given ;
And still thy glory guards thy place of rest,
And the name marks, if such renown be aught,
Thy bones in great Hesperia. But, the rites
Of death paid duly, and a funeral mound
Reared, good Aeneas, now the deep was stilled,
Sails on his journey, and leaves port behind.
The gales breathe on into the night ; the moon
White-orbed their course denies not ; all the deep
Glitters beneath her quivering beam. From hence
Next skirted are the shores of Circe's land,
Where the rich daughter of the Sun makes ring
With ceaseless singing her unfooted groves,
And in proud hall burns odorous cedar wood
For light in darkness, with shrill-whirring comb
Crossing the subtle web. From hence are heard
The growls and wrath of lions, against their chains
Rebellious, roaring late into the night,
And bristly swine, and bears within their pens
Raging, and howling of huge wolfish forms,
Whom Circe, goddess fell, with drugs of power,
Stripped of man's likeness, had arrayed in hides
And features bestial. Which so monstrous change
Lest the good Trojans suffer, into port
Once wafted, or draw nigh the dreadful shore,
With favouring breezes Neptune filled their sails,
Sped flying, and bore them past the seething shoals.
Now 'gan the sea with ruddy beams to blush,
And in high heaven the dawn on roseate car
Shone saffron tinted, when down dropped the breeze,
And every breath of wind sank suddenly,

And on the slow smooth surface toil their oars.
Thereat Aeneas from out the deep descries
A mighty grove before him ; cleaving it,
Lo ! Tiber's pleasant stream in hurrying swirls,
And yellow with much sand, bursts forth to sea.
Around, above, were birds of various plume,
Haunters of bank and river-bed, that charmed
The air with song, and fluttered through the grove.
He bids the crew shift course, and shoreward steer,
And, blithe of heart, enters the shady stream.
Now aid me, Erato ; what kings had sway,
What exploits marked the time, how stood the weal
Of ancient Latium, when the outland host
First beached their galleys on Ausonia's shore,
I will unfold, and of the opening strife
Recall the prelude. Do thou teach thy bard,
Thou goddess. I will tell of grisly wars,
Tell of embattled hosts, kings to their death
By fury driven, and the Tyrrhenian ranks,
And all Hesperia gathered under arms.
A mightier roll of exploit opens up
Before me, and a mightier task I try.
O'er fields and cities lulled in lasting peace
Reigned King Latinus yet, now full of years ;
Son he to Faunus and Laurentum's nymph
Marica, saith the legend. Faunus' sire
Was Picus ; from thy loins, O Saturn, he
Claims lineage ; of his blood first founder thou.
Son and male heir the king had none, cut off
By doom of heaven in youth's first dawn. His home
And stately palace one sole daughter kept,
Now ripe for husband, of full age to wed.
From Latium's breadth, Ausonia's utmost bounds,
Came many a wooer ; before all who came,
Turnus the goodliest, mighty by descent
From sires and grandsires, whom as son to clasp
The royal consort yearned with keen desire :
But heaven with many a fearful sign forbad.
There was a laurel in the secluded depth
Midmost the palace-court, of sacred leaf,

And cherished many a year with awe, which King
Latinus, finding, as he laid, folk say,
The citadel's foundation, had himself
To Phoebus dedicated, and from thence
Gave to his settlers their Laurentian name.
Upon its topmost point a cloud of bees,
Wondrous to tell, with mighty buzzing borne
Across the clear air, settled, foot with foot
Linked fast together, and from the leafy bough
Hung there, a sudden swarm. Forthwith the seer:
'A foreign hero I descry,' quoth he,
'Hither approaching, and a host that seek
The selfsame quarter by the selfsame way,
And lord it in the topmost citadel.'
Moreover, while the altar with pure torch
She kindles, and beside her father stands,
The maid Lavinia in her flowing locks,
O horror! seemed to catch the flame, and all
Her head gear to let burn with crackling fire –
Ablaze her queenly tresses, and ablaze
The jewelled splendour of her coronal
Till, wrapped in a dun glare of smoky light,
She spread the fire-god all the palace through.
Fearful in sooth and wondrous to behold
That sight was rumoured: for herself, they sang,
Should be renowned in fortune and in fame;
But to her folk it boded mighty war.
Vexed by such portents, to the oracle
Of Faunus, his prophetic sire, the king
Betakes him, and consults the grove 'neath high
Albunea, that, of woods the mightiest,
Rings with her haunted well, and through the gloom
Breathes forth a deadly vapour. Hence the tribes
Of Italy and all the Oenotrian land
In doubt seek answers. Hither when the priest
His gifts hath borne, on fleeces of slain sheep
Stretched him 'neath hush of night, and sought repose,
Full many a phantom flitting he discerns
In wondrous wise, and divers voices hears,
Enjoys communion with the gods, and holds

Converse with Acheron in Avernus' depth.
Here King Latinus, too, then suing himself
For answers, with a hundred woolly sheep
Did sacrifice, and propped upon their hides
And outspread fells was lying, when suddenly
A voice gave utterance from the forest-depth:
'Seek not in Latin wedlock to unite
Thy daughter, O mine offspring, nor put faith
In bridal bowers made ready; sons from far
Approach, whose blood must bear our name to heaven,
And whose posterity, where the circling sun
Views either ocean, shall the whole world see
Move 'neath their feet obedient.' Such response
Of his sire Faunus, and such warning given
Beneath the hush of night, within his lips
Latinus locks not; but Fame flitting wide
Had through the Ausonian cities borne the tale,
When now the children of Laomedon
Made fast their galleys to the grassy bank.
Aeneas and his chief captains, with fair-faced
Iulus, stretch their limbs beneath the boughs
Of a tall tree, and set the banquet on,
And 'neath the viands along the sward lay cakes
Of sacrificial meal—great Jupiter
So bade them—and with country fruits pile high
The wheaten floor. All else, it chanced, consumed,
When, driven by lack of food, they turned to munch
The thin flour-fare, with hand and venturous teeth
Invade the circle of the fateful crust,
Nor from the out-pressed squares refrain them; 'Ha!
Eat we our tables too?' Iulus cries
Jesting, and adds no more. That utterance heard
First set a term to trouble; and at once
Catching it, as it left the lip, his sire
Checked him, astounded at the sign from heaven.
Then, 'Hail, O land, from destiny my due,
And ye, Troy's faithful hearth-gods,' he exclaimed,
'Here is our home, and this our country; yea,
My sire Anchises—I recall it now—
Bequeathed me these dark words of destiny:

"When wafted to an unknown shore, my son,
Hunger compels thee, as food fails, to eat
Thy tables, then remember, look to find
A home, way-wearied; thy first dwellings then
Found, and entrench them with a rampart." This,
This was that hunger that till last remained,
To mark destruction's utmost. Wherefore come,
Blithely explore we, with first ray of dawn,
What is this place, or what folk dwell therein,
And where the nation's city, in divers ways
Forth faring from the harbour. Now to Jove
Bowls of libation pour ye, and with prayers
Call on my sire Anchises, and set fresh
The wine-cup on the board.' So saying he binds
With leafy branch his temples, and adores
The Genius of the spot, and, first of gods,
Earth, and the nymphs and streams unknown as yet
Then Night too, and the rising Signs of Night,
And Ida's Jove invokes, and in due course
The Phrygian Mother, and his parents twain
In heaven and Erebus. Then from the height
The Almighty Sire thrice thundered clear, and shook
And from the sky with his own hand displayed
A cloud resplendent with bright shafts of gold.
Here through the Trojan ranks swift rumour spreads,
The day has come their destined walls to found.
Eagerly they renew the feast, and cheered
By the great sign from heaven, set on the bowls,
And crown the wine-cups. Soon as next day's dawn
Gan earth with light to sprinkle, scattering wide,
They explore the Nation's city, bounds, and coast;
These are the waters of Numicius' fount,
This Tiber stream; here the brave Latins dwell.
Then chose Anchises' son from every rank
A hundred envoys, bidding them repair
To the king's stately ramparts, all decked out
With boughs of Pallas, bear the hero gifts,
And for the Teucrians claim his clemency.
They tarry not, but at his bidding speed,
Borne with swift strides along. Himself marks out

The ramparts with low trench, prepares a site,
And the first dwelling camp-wise girds about
There on the shore, with battlements and mound.
And now the warriors, all their journey done,
Beheld the Latin towers and roofs arise,
And to the wall draw near. Before the town
Boys, see, and youths in manhood's opening bloom,
Ply horsemanship, and tame amid the dust
Their chariot-teams, or stretch the eager bow,
Or the tough javelin hurl with strength of arm,
Or challenge to the race and boxing bout;
When, spurring forward, lo! a messenger,
Who to the agèd monarch's ear brings word
Of mighty men in uncouth garb at hand.
Into the palace he bids summon them,
And midmost sits on his ancestral throne.
The stately pile, gigantic, reared aloft
On hundred columns in the city's top,
Once palace of Laurentian Picus, stood,
Awful with groves and olden sanctity.
Here 'twas auspicious that kings first receive
The sceptre, and uplift the rods of power.
This temple was their senate-house, and this
Their holy feast-hall: here the elders wont,
After ram slain, at the long boards to sit.
Aye, and the forms of their forefathers, ranged
A-row of ancient cedar, Italus,
Father Sabinus, planter of the vine,
In semblance holding still a curvèd hook,
And hoary-headed Saturn, and the shape
Of two-faced Janus, in the entry stood,
And other kings primaeval, and who else
Fighting for country had borne wounds in war.
And on the sacred doors great store of arms,
As captive chariots, curvèd axes, hung,
And helmet-crests, and massy bars of gates,
Javelins, and shields, and beaks from vessels torn.
Himself too, with Quirinal augur-staff,
And scanty toga girt, was seated there,
And in his left hand held the sacred shield,

Picus, of steeds the tamer, whom his bride
Circe, love-maddened, smote with golden rod,
With drugs transformed into a bird, and flecked
His wings with colours. Such the shrine wherein
Latinus, sitting on his father's seat,
Summoned the Teucrians to his presence-hall.
And hailed them, entered, with these words of peace:
'O sons of Dardanus — for not to us
Unknown your race and city, and we have heard
Of your sea faring hither — what seek ye? say
What cause, what need, hath borne your barks so far
O'er the blue billows to Ausonia's strand?
Whether track lost, or tempest-driven — such hap
As sailors suffer oft on the high sea —
Ye have passed between our river banks, and safe
In haven ride, shun not our welcoming.
And know the Latins are of Saturn's seed,
A race made righteous by no bond of law,
But of their own free will reframing them,
And by the fashion of their ancient god.
And I indeed, though dim with years the tale,
Still mind me of the Auruncan elders saying
How from these fields sprang Dardanus, from hence
To Phrygian Ida's cities won his way,
And Thracian Samos, now named Samothrace.
Hence from the Tuscan house of Corythus
Forth fared the hero: now upon a throne
In the gold palace of the starry sky
He sits, and swells the altar-roll of heaven.'
He spake, and Ilioneus took up the word:
'King, peerless son of Faunus, not wave-driven
Hath louring storm compelled us to your coast,
Nor star or shore from the right course beguiled:
Of purpose sail we all with willing hearts
To this your city, outcasts from a realm,
Erewhile the mightiest which the sun beheld
In his far journey from the ends of heaven.
From Jove our lineage springs; in Jove for sire
Exult the Dardan youth; our king himself
Is of Jove's lofty line, Aeneas of Troy,

Who to thy doors hath sent us. What wild storm,
Poured forth from fierce Mycenae, swept the plains
Of Ida, by what destinies impelled
Europe met Asia, and world clashed with world,
Even he hath heard whom earth's remotest bound
Withdraws by ocean's baffled rim, or whom
The zone of the sun's fury, that lies stretched
Midmost the four zones, severs from his kind.
Forth from that deluge over the wide waste
Of waters borne, we for our country's gods
Crave a scant home, a harmless gift of coast,
And air and water, free alike to all.
No blot upon your kingdom shall we be,
Nor light your fame be bruited, nor the grace
Of deed so noble perish ; nor shall e'er
Ausonia's sons repent them to have clasped
Troy to their bosom. By the fates I swear
Of lord Aeneas, and by the strong right hand,
Whether in troth or arms and battle tried :
Full many a race and nation—scorn us not
That we come proffering garlands in our hands
And prayers upon our lips—have wooed and willed
To knit us to themselves ; but heaven's decrees
With their high mandate drave us to seek out
No land but yours. From hence sprang Dardanus ;
Hither Apollo bids us back, and goads
Toward Tuscan Tiber and the sacred pools
Of fount Numicius with his high behests.
Some slender offerings of his former state
Beside he gives thee, from the flames of Troy
A remnant rescued. With this gold his sire
Anchises at the altar poured the wine :
This was the gear of Priam, when, as wont,
Unto the assembled nations he gave law—
Sceptre, to wit, and sacred diadem,
And robes, the handiwork of Ilian dames.'
As thus spake Ilioneus, Latinus held
His face set firmly in one downward stare,
And to the earth cleaves motionless, his eyes
Rolling intently. Nor doth broidered robe

Of purple, no, nor Priam's sceptre stir
The king so deeply, as in thought he broods
Upon his daughter's bridal troth and bower,
And ponders in heart's core the oracle
Of ancient Faunus. This then is the man,
That traveller from an outland home, and son
By fate predicted, summoned with like sway
To share his kingdom: he, whose race should prove
In valour peerless, destined by their might
To hold the universe in fee. At length
Joyful he cries: 'Heaven prosper our intent,
And its own presage! granted be thy suit,
O Trojan! nor spurn I the gifts. While reigns
Latinus, a rich land's fertility
Lack shall ye never, nor the wealth of Troy.
Let but Aeneas, if his heart so yearn
To us ward, if for hospitable ties
Impatient, and the name of fellowship,
Himself draw near, nor shrink before the gaze
Of friendly faces. Of my terms of peace
This shall be part, your prince's hand to press.
Ye now in turn this message bear from me
Back to your king. A maiden child have I,
Whom with a lord of our own race to wed
Nor oracles from out my father's shrine
Nor many a prodigy from heaven permits.
Sons from an outland country are to come
So chant they Latium's destiny whose blood
Must raise our name to heaven. That this is he
By fate demanded I both deem, and, if
My mind of truth aught presage, him adopt.'
So saying, the sire from out his whole array
Picks chosen steeds: three hundred stood there sleek
In lofty stalls: these bids he straight be led
Wing footed forth, for every Teucrian one,
With purple and with broidered housings decked;
Droop to their chests gold necklets; trapped with gold.
Red gold the bits between their champing teeth.;
But for Aeneas, for their absent king,
Car and twin coursers of celestial strain,

With nostrils snorting fire, sprung from the stock
Of those which subtle Circe to her sire
Raised, and by stealthy mating mixed the breed.
So dowered, so greeted by the king, Troy's sons,
Towering on steed, hie homeward and bring peace.
  But from Inachian Argos, as she came,
Lo! the fierce spouse of Jove her airy voyage
Was holding when, from heaven far off as lies
Sicilian Pachynus, she espied
Aeneas rejoicing, and the Dardan fleet.
Even now she sees them building homes, even now,
Their barks abandoned, trusting to the shore.
Stabbed with sharp agony she stopped, and then,
Shaking her head, this heart-wrung utterance poured:
'Ah! loathèd stock, ah! Phrygian destinies
At odds with ours! upon Sigeum's plain
Say could they perish, or, when captive ta'en,
Be captured? did the flames of Troy burn up
Her warriors? through armed hosts, through fire, they
    have found
An outlet. But my deity belike
At length lies spent; or, surfeited with hate,
I have turned me to my rest: nay, even when hurled
From home and country, o'er the billows I
Relentless spared not to pursue them still,
And bar the exiles' path on every main.
Upon the Teucrians have been spent the powers
Of sky and ocean. What did Syrtes, say,
Or Scylla, or Charybdis' weltering waste
Avail me? In the Tiber's wished-for bed
They shroud them, careless of the main and me.
Mars on the monstrous Lapithaean brood
Could ruin wreak; the Sire of gods himself
To Dian's wrath ol Calydon consigned—
For wha desert of sin so heinous doomed
Or Lapithae or Calydon? But I,
Jove's mighty consort who have deigned to leave
Nothing undared—ah! wretched, to all shifts
Have turned me—by Aeneas am subdued.
Well, if my deity lack might enow.

I'd spurn not to ask aid from whencesoe'er ;
If powerless to bend heaven, I'll stir up hell.
'Twill not be mine to bar him from the throne
Of Latium —be it so ; and Lavinia stands
Immutably his fate-appointed bride :
Yet stay the hour, heap hindrances on hopes
So mighty—this I may, and extirpate
Of either prince the people : at such cost
Of their own kin let son with sire unite !
O maid, with Trojan and Rutulian blood
Shalt thou be dowered, and for thy brideswoman
Bellona waits thee. Nor did Cisseus' child
Alone of women travail with a brand,
And bring forth nuptial fires ; nay, Venus too
Hath the like offspring—a new Paris borne,
A bale-torch to the towers of Troy re-risen.'

So saying, she dropped to earth, an awful form,
And from the dwelling of the sisters dread,
Even from the nether darkness, summons forth
Baneful Allecto, to whom dolorous wars,
Wraths, treacheries, and disastrous feuds, are dear.
Loathed even by Pluto, who begat her, loathed
By her own hellish sisters, is the pest ;
So many her changing shapes, so fierce her forms,
So thick she bristles with black-sprouting snakes.
Her Juno thus with goading words bespoke :
'Grant me this service, this thy proper task,
O Night-born maiden, lest mine honour fail,
Or fame fall shattered, and the sons of Troy
With marriage bonds be able to win o'er
Latinus, or Italia's bounds beset.
Thou canst arm brothers of one mind for strife,
With hate wreck houses, on the homes of men
Fling scourge and funeral-torch ; a thousand names
To thee belong, a thousand arts of ill.
Stir thy rife bosom, snap the cords of peace,
Sow battle's rancorous seed ; let all at once
Desire, demand, and clutch the tools of war.'

Forthwith Allecto, steeped in Gorgon-bane,
To Latium first repairs, and the proud halls

Of the Laurentian monarch, and besets
Amata's silent bower, who, as she mused
Upon the coming of the Teucrian lords,
And Turnus' bridal troth, was seething hot
With all a woman's grief, a woman's ire.
At her the goddess from her steely locks
A serpent hurls, and in her bosom plants
Hard by the heart; that, maddened with the pest,
She may the whole house in confusion whelm.
'Twixt robe and ivory bosom in it creeps,
Glides without touch, and maddens unaware,
Its vipery breath instilling: the great snake
Becomes the twisted gold about her throat,
Becomes the hanging head-band, wreathes her hair,
And o'er her body winds its slippery way.
Now, while the first contagion creeping in
With clammy poison penetrates her sense,
And wraps her bones in fire, ere yet the soul
Through all her bosom's depth had caught the flame,
Mildly she spoke, in mother's wonted wise,
Over her daughter shedding many a tear,
And at the Phrygian bridal: 'Is it then
To Teucrian exiles that Lavinia's hand,
Good father, must be given? Hast thou no touch
Of pity for thy daughter and thyself?
None for her mother, whom, with the first north wind,
Yon faithless rover will leave desolate,
Flying o'er ocean with his maiden-prey?
Was it not thus the Phrygian shepherd thrid
His way to Lacedaemon, and from thence
Bore Leda's Helen to the towns of Troy?
What of thy plighted word? Where now the love
Of old time for thy people, the right hand
So oft to Turnus, to thy kinsman, given?
If from a foreign race must needs be sought
A son for Latium, and that purpose hold,
And thy sire Faunus' word upon thee weigh,
Then I deem foreign every land self-ruled
That from our sway lies severed, and that thus
The gods declare it. Aye; for Turnus too,

If back to its first fount his line be traced,
From Inachus and sire Acrisius sprang,
And mid Mycenae.'

When, with words like these
Making vain trial, she sees Latonus still
Withstand her, and the serpent's raging bane
Deep in her very heart has sunk, and now
Pervades her wholly, then the unhappy queen,
Goaded by monstrous horrors, unrestrained
Storms like a thing possessed from end to end
Of the broad city. As at times a top
Sends 'neath the twisted whip-cord, which boys drive
In a great circle round some empty hall,
Intent upon their sport; it, lash-impelled,
Careers in curved courses; o'er it gape
The silly youthful throng, and still admire
The whirling box-wood; their blows lend it life:
She at no tardier speed is onward borne
Through midst of cities and impetuous tribes.
Nay, to the forest, under feigned spell
Of Bacchic power, essaying mightier crime,
Launched on a mightier madness, forth she flies,
And hides her daughter on the wooded heights,
To rob the Teucrians of their bride, and stay
The nuptial torches, wildly clamouring
'Evoe Bacchus!' shrieking 'Thou alone
Art worthy of the maid, in that she wields
For thee the pliant wand, thee celebrates
In dances, trims the sacred lock for thee.'
The rumour flies, and lo! the matrons all,
A sudden frenzy kindling in their breasts,
The self same passion at one moment drives
To seek new dwellings. They have left their homes,
Bare necks and tresses to the breeze; but some
With quivering shrieks fill heaven, and clad in skins
Bear wands of vine wood. Midmost, all aglow,
Herself uplifts a blazing pine, and chants
The marriage-song of Turnus and her child,
Rolling a blood-shot eye, and sudden shouts
Fiercely: 'Ho! Latian mothers, wheresoe'er,

Hearken ! If any kindness yet survive
For poor Amata in your loving hearts,
Pricks you compunction for a mother's right,
Loose from your locks the wreaths, take up with me
The revel.' So 'mid forest depths, amid
The wild beasts' lonely covert, far and wide
With Bacchic goad Allecto drives the queen.
When the first rage seemed whetted to her will,
Latinus' counsel to confusion turned,
And all his house, forthwith on murky wing
Floats the grim goddess to the city walls
Of the bold Rutule, which fair Danaë
For her Acrisian settlers, as folk tell,
Founded, borne shoreward by the furious South.
By men of old the place was Ardea called ;
And Ardea still her mighty name retains,
Though fallen in fortune. Here in his high halls
Turnus at murk midnight deep slumber drew.
Allecto doffs grim face and fury-form,
Shifts to an old wife's semblance, and ploughs up
Her baleful brow with wrinkles : hoary locks
She dons and fillet, then, twining therewithal
An olive-sprig, takes shape as Calybe,
The priestess old of Juno and her shrine,
And with these words confronts the warrior's sight :
' Turnus, wilt suffer to see all thy toils
Poured out in vain, the crown that is thine own
Signed o'er to Dardan settlers ? Lo ! the king
Denies thee bride alike and blood-bought dower ;
And for his throne is sought an outland heir.
Go now, face thankless perils, jeers for pay ;
Go, tread the Etruscan armies down, protect
With peace the Latins. Such the very words
Saturn's almighty daughter, self-revealed,
Bade utter in thine ear, when thou should'st be
Lapped in the hush of night. Uprouse thee then,
And blithely bid thy warriors arm and march
Forth from the gates to battle, and burn up
These that have moored them in our river fair,
The Phrygian captains and their painted keels.

The mighty power of heaven commands it. Yea,
Let King Latinus' self, an he demur
To yield thee bridal and his oath obey,
Now taste and prove the power of Turnus armed.'
Then, jeering at the prophetess, thus oped
The youth his lips in answer: 'Of a fleet
Arrived in Tiber's water-way the tale
Hath not escaped my hearing, as thou deem'st.
Fashion me no such terrors: not of us
Unmindful is queen Juno; but thyself
Old age, good mother, quelled with slow decay,
Of truth waxed barren, vexeth with vain cares,
And fools thee, prophetess, 'mid warring kings
With empty fear. Thy task it is to guard
God's images and altars; wars and peace
Leave men to manage, by whom wars are waged.'
Allecto at such words blazed out in wrath.
But in mid utterance a swift shudder seized
The warrior's limbs, his eyes grew stony-stiff;
So thick with myriad serpents hissed the fiend,
So vast her form expanded. Rolling then
Her fiery eyes, as he lay faltering there,
Searching what more to say, she spurned him back,
Reared from her locks twin serpents, cracked her whips,
And with wild utterance added: 'It is I,
Look you, whom, quelled with slow decay, old age,
Of truth waxed barren, fools 'mid warring kings
With empty fear! Turn thee and look on these.
From the dread Sisters' dwelling am I come,
And in my hand I carry wars and death.'
So saying, a torch she hurled at him, and fixed
The fire brand all a smoke with murky light
Deep in his breast. Vast terror brake his sleep,
And a sweat bursting forth bathed all his frame,
Body and bone. For arms he wildly shouts,
Ransacks for arms both couch and castle; then
Lust of the sword and frenzy of cruel war
Storm high within him, wrath to boot: as, when
With mighty roar a faggot fire is heaped
Under a seething cauldron's sides, up-dance

With heat the waters ; the pent flood within
Rages and reeks and surges high with foam ;
Nor can the wave now hold itself ; anon
Flies the dark vapour to the void. He then
Calls on his captains, outraging fair peace,
To march on King Latinus ; bids all arms
Be ready, to compass Italy and thrust
The foeman from the land : himself for both,
Teucrian and Latin too, would sole suffice.
When thus he had said, called heaven to hear his vows,
Rutule cheers Rutule eagerly to the fray :
One the rare charm of youth and beauty moves,
One his ancestral royalties, and one
His deed-renownèd hand.
While Turnus thus
With breath of valour fills each Rutule breast,
Allecto hies on Stygian wing to seek
The Teucrians, marking, with a new device,
The spot where fair Iulus on the bank
Snares the wild quarry, or on foot pursues.
Here flings upon his hounds the maid of hell
A sudden fury, and with the well-known scent
Infects their nostrils for the stag's hot chase—
First source of ill, which set the rustic heart
Afire for war. A stag of matchless mould
There was, and spreading antlers, from its dam
Stolen and nourished up by Tyrrheus' sons
And their sire Tyrrheus, of the royal herds
Ruler, and ranger of the wide domain.
Their sister Silvia with all tenderness
Had tamed it to obedience, and would deck
Its antlers and with pliant wreaths entwine,
Comb the wild thing, and in pure water lave.
Trained to her hand, and at the master's board
Familiar, it would wander in the woods,
And of itself again, how late soe'er,
Home to the well-known threshold wend its way.
Now wandering wide, Iulus' ravening hounds
Amid their hunt aroused it, as down stream
It chanced to float, or on the grassy bank

The heat allayed. Ascanius, too, himself
Fired with the love of peerless praise, bent bow
And levelled shaft, nor swerved his hand for lack
Of a god guiding; and with loud whirr, driven
Through belly and through flank, the bolt sped home.
But to the well known roof for shelter fled
The stricken beast, into the homestead crept
Moaning, and, blood-bedabbled, with loud plaint,
As supplicating aid, filled all the house.
First sister Silvia, smiting hand on arm,
Cries out for help, and summons the stout hinds.
They, for within the silent forest yet
Lurks the fell pest, ere looked for, are at hand,
One with fire-hardened stake for weapon, one
With heavily knotted club: what every hand
First groping found, wrath makes a tool of war.
Tyrrheus, just cleaving, as it chanced, an oak
With wedges' force split four-wise, gripped an axe,
And breathing out heree rage, cheers on the band.
But from her watch tower the grim goddess now,
Seizing the hour for mischief, to the stall's
High roof repairs, and from its summit winds
A pastoral peant of war, on wreathed horn
Straining the hellish note: from end to end
Shuddered the whole grove, and the forest-depths
Re-echoed: heard it Trivia's lake afar,
Heard it Nar's river, white with sulphurous wave,
And Velia's springs; and mothers at the sound
Trembled, and clasped their children to their breasts.
Then, hurrying at the call, the signal-blast
By the dread trumpet given, from every side
The dauntless husbandmen snatch arms and rush
Together: nor less the Trojan youth pour forth
And for Ascanius through the open gates.
The ranks are set: no more in rustic strife
Is plied the knotty club or fire-seared stake;
Nay, but with two edged steel they fight it out,
While the dark harvest bristles far and wide
With naked sword blades, and the flash of brass
Sun fretted darts its radiance to the clouds:

As, when a wave beneath the rising gale
'Gins whiten, the sea slowly heaves, and rears
Its billows higher, then from the lowest deep
Mounts in one mass to heaven. And hereupon
First of the foremost by a whizzing shaft
Young Almo is struck down, once eldest-born
Of Tyrrheus; for the wound within his throat
Lodged, and choked up the channel of moist speech
And the thin life with blood. Around him fell
Full many a warrior-form, and with them old
Galaesus, as for peace he interposed;
Erewhile of all men the most upright he,
And wealthiest in Ausonian soil. For him
Five bleating flocks, five herds, from pasture came,
And with a hundred ploughs he turned the sod.
While on a doubtful field so sways the fight,
The goddess, proved no weaker than her word,
Thus having dipt the war in blood and oped
With death the onset, quits Hesperia's land,
Wheels through the sky-way, and to Juno thus
Speaks in proud tone triumphant: 'At thy suit
See discord ripened into dolorous war!
Bid them knit friendship or strike treaty now!
I, who have sprinkled with Ausonian blood
The Teucrians, will add this beside—so be
Thy will assured to me—draw neighbouring towns
With rumours to the fray, and fire their hearts
With the mad war-god's lust, from far and near
To aid them. I will sow the land with arms.'
Juno replies: 'Enough of fears and plots;
Firm stand the grounds of quarrel; in armed fight
Man grapples man; the weapons chance supplied
Reek with fresh blood to-day. Such nuptial rite,
Such bridal let them hold—the peerless seed
Of Venus and great Latium's king. That thou
With freer foot should'st roam the air of heaven,
The mighty Sire, lord of Olympus' height,
Would suffer not; give place; what further toil
May hap, myself will cope with.' Such the words
Saturnia spake. But the other rears aloft

Her serpent-hissing pinions, quits the vault
Of heaven, and homeward to Cocytus hies.
There is a spot midmost of Italy
Beneath tall mountains, famous, and renowned
In many a land, Amsanctus-vale; 'tis hemmed
On this side and on that by wooded walls
Dark with dense foliage; and amidst it boils
And swirls among the rocks with broken roar
A torrent. Here is shown an awful cave,
Outlet of cruel Dis; and a vast chasm,
Where up bursts Acheron, opes its noisome jaws;
Thereinto plunged the Fury, loathèd power,
And lightened earth and heaven.

Nor less meanwhile
Sets Queen Saturnia to the work of war
Her consummating hand. From field to town
Rush the whole shepherd-rout, bear home their slain—
Young Almo, and Galaesus' mangled face—
Conjure the gods, and on Latinus call.
Turnus is there, 'mid fiercer death-kindled cries
Redoubling terror: 'Teucrians called to reign—
A Phrygian shoot engrafted—he himself
Spurned from the door!' Then they, whose matrons still,
Blinded by Bacchus, foot the pathless groves
In dance—for mighty is Amata's name—
Muster from all sides, and importune war.
Straight, one and all, in spite of signs, in spite
Of dooms from heaven, by some thwart power beguiled,
Clamour for cursed strife. With emulous zeal
Round King Latinus' palace-gates they swarm.
He like an unmoved ocean-cliff withstands—
An ocean-cliff, which, when a great crash falls,
And multitudinous billows bark around,
Holds steadfast by sheer bulk: in vain the crags
And foamy rocks roar round it; and the weed,
Dashed on its bases, is washed idly back.
But when no power to quell their blind resolve
Is given, and at fierce Juno's beck goes all,
Then, heaven and the void air invoking oft,

'Ah! broken,' cried the sire, 'by fate are we,
And driven before the tempest! Ye yourselves
Will with your impious blood atone for this,
Fond wretches! Thee, O Turnus, thee the crime
And its dread reckoning shall await; and thou
Wilt sue to heaven too late for prayers to aid.
My rest is won, and, hard on harbour's verge,
'Tis but a happy death I miss.' Therewith
He ceased to speak, within his palace doors
Immured him, and let go the reins of power.
There was a wonted rite in Latium's realm
Hesperian, holy held from age to age
By Alba's cities, as to-day by Rome,
Earth's mightiest, when they rouse the god of war
To battle, whether against Getic foes
Intent to launch amain the dolorous fray,
Or Arabs, or Hyrcanians, or to march
On India's sons, or track the morning-star,
And from the Parthian their lost standards claim.
There are twin gates of War—so named and known—
By holy fear and terror of fell Mars
Made venerable: a hundred brazen bolts
Constrain them, and the eternal strength of iron,
Nor Janus on the threshold slacks his guard.
Here, be the fathers' will on battle bent,
The Consul in Quirinal robe arrayed
And Gabine cincture, the harsh-griding valves
Himself unbars, himself invokes the fray,
Then all the war-host follow, and with one throat
The brazen clarions blare their hoarse assent.
Now too on this wise was Latinus bidden
War to proclaim against the sons of Troy,
Unclose the sullen portals. From their touch
The sire recoiled, turned from the loathèd task
Shrinking, and shrouded him in eyeless gloom.
Then, gliding from on high, the queen of heaven
With her own hand the lingering portals pushed,
And Saturn's daughter upon back-swung hinge
Asunder burst the iron-bound gates of war.
Ausonia, erst supine, immovable,

Anon takes fire. Some gird them o'er the plain
To march afoot ; some, mounted on tall steeds,
Storm through a cloud of dust ; all shout for arms.
Some furbish with rich lard the buckler smooth,
The javelin bright, or on the whetstone wear
Their axes to an edge : with joy they thrill
To advance the standard, hear the trumpet bray.
Five mighty cities set their anvils up
To fashion arms anew - Atina strong,
Proud Tibur, Ardea, and Crustumeri,
And turret-crowned Antemnae. For head-gear
Helmets they hollow, and for the boss of shields
Bend wicker plait ; some corslets beat from brass,
Smooth greaves from pliant silver. Even to this
The pride of share and hook, to this hath fallen
All passion for the plough : their fathers' swords
I' the furnace they re temper. And now sounds
The clarion, speeds the watchword for the war.
One in hot haste plucks helm from house-wall ; one
Couples his snorting coursers to the yoke,
In shield and hauberk triple-twilled with gold
Arrays him, and girds trusty sword on thigh.
Now, Muses, ope the gates of Helicon
And wake the song what kings were roused to war,
What hosts behind them following filled the plain ;
Bloomed with what heroes, with what armour burned,
Even then the nursing soil of Italy :
For being maids immortal, ye both mind
And can recount them : scarcely to our ears
Floats through the ages a thin breath of fame.
First to the field, despiser of the gods,
Speeds fierce Mezentius from the Tyrrhene coast,
And arms his ranks for battle ; hard by him
Lausus his son, than whom no goodlier [illegible],
Save Turnus of Laurentum. At his back
Lausus, steed tamer, beast destroyer, leads
His thousand from Agylla's town in vain ;
Worthy of happier service as a son,
And other than Mezentius for his sire.
Behind them on the grassy sward displays

His palm-crowned chariot and victorious steeds
A hero, sprung from Hercules the fair,
Fair Aventinus: on his shield he bears
A hundred serpents, his ancestral sign,
The snake-encircled Hydra. Him by stealth
The priestess Rhea on wood-clothed Aventine,
Woman with god commingling, bare to light,
When the Tirynthian victor, Geryon quelled,
Arrived the fields Laurentian, and there bathed
His kine Iberian in the Tuscan stream.
Javelins and cruel pikes they wield for war,
And with smooth-polished dart Sabellian fight.
Himself, swinging a lion's monstrous fell
Shaggy with fearful bristles, o'er his head
Flung with its flashing teeth, thus strode on foot
Into the palace, grisly-rough, the garb
Of Hercules about his shoulders clasped.
Then brethren twain from Tibur's hold, a folk
Called from their brother's name Tiburtus, come,
Catillus and keen Coras, Argive youths.
First of the foremost, on they press, where darts
Throng thickest: as when from some tall mountain-top
Descend two cloud-born Centaurs, Homole
Or snow-capped Othrys quitting with swift stride;
The mighty forest as they go gives place,
And with loud crash the thickets yield them way.
Nor lacked the founder of Praeneste's town,
King sprung from Vulcan 'mid the pasturing herds,
And by the fireside found, as every age
Hath deemed him—Caeculus. A rustic band
Spread wide attends him, those that dwell on steep
Praeneste's height, or Gabian Juno's fields,
Chill Anio, or the stream-dewed Hernic rocks;
Whom rich Anagnia nurtures, or whom thou,
Sire Amasenus. Arms they have not all,
Nor shield, nor sounding chariot. The more part
Sling bullets of blue lead. Some javelins twain
Brandish in hand, with tawny wolfskin cap
For head-gear: the left foot bare-soled they plant;
The other a raw bull's-hide sandal sheathes.

Messapus, the steed-tamer, Neptune's child,
Whom none with fire, nor yet with steel, may quell,
Tribes long inert and ranks to battle strange
Calls suddenly to arms, grasps sword once more.
These have Fescennine warriors in their host,
And Aequi of Falerium; these hold high
Soracte and Flavinian fields, the lake
And hill of Ciminus, and Capena's groves.
In measured time they march and chant their king:
As snow-white swans that, through the liquid clouds
From food returning, utter forth their full
Long-throated strains. The stream and Asia's fen
Afar ring smitten. Nor had one deemed them there
A mail-clad army blent in vast array,
But rather of hoarse birds an airy cloud,
That from the deep mid-ocean shoreward ply.
Lo! Clausus of old Sabine blood, who leads
A mighty host, himself a host in might!
From whom the Claudian tribe and clan to-day,
Since Rome was with the Sabine shared, spreads wide
Through Latium: and along with them the vast
Cohort of Amiternum and old world
Quirites, all Eretum's folk, and they
Of olive-rife Mutusca; men who throng
Nomentum's city and the Rosean plain
Hard by Velinus; who the rugged rocks
Of Tetrica, and mount Severus hold,
Casperia's town, and Foruli, and where flows
Himella's stream; who drink of Tiber's wave
And Fabaris, or whom chilly Nursia sends,
With Horta's squadrons and the Latian tribes,
And they whom Allia, evil-boding name,
Parts with dividing current: numberless
As billows that on Libya's sea-floor roll,
When fierce Orion sets in wintry wave,
Or thick as clustering corn-ears, that beneath
The young sun ripen, or on Hermus' plain,
Or Lycia's yellowing fields. Their bucklers clang,
And the earth quakes for terror as they tread.

Halaesus next, of Agamemnon's stock,
Foe to the name of Troy, yokes steed to car,
And whirls a thousand warlike tribes along
To fight for Turnus, men who till with hoe
The wine-blest Massic region, or sent forth
From their high hills by the Auruncan sires,
Or Sidicine low-dwellers hard at hand;
Comers from Cales, and who dwell beside
Volturnus' shoaly river, and with these
The rough Saticulan, and the Oscan band;
Smooth-polished clubs for missiles, 'tis their wont
With a tough thong to fit them; the left arm
A leathern target shields; curv'd swords they bear
For close encounter.

Nor must thou depart
Unhonoured of our song, O Oebalus,
Whom, as folk tell, the nymph Sebethis bare
To Telon, when now full of years he ruled
The Teleboic realm of Capreae.
But, with his sire's domain waxed ill-content,
Even then the son was curbing 'neath his sway
The wide Sarrastian peoples, and the plains
By Sarnus washed, folk that in Rufrae dwell
And Batulum and Celemna's furrowed fields,
And those on whom the battlements look down
Of apple-boughed Abella. These were wont
In Teuton wise long darts to hurl amain:
Peeled cork-tree bark for head-gear, their slight shields
Are glittering brass, and glittering brass their swords.
And thee too, Ufens, from her mountain-perch
Nersae sent forth to battle, fame-renowned,
And fortunate in war, whose Aequian folk
On their stiff clods are rugged beyond all,
And to hard hunting in the woods inured.
In arms they task the furrow, and evermore
Amass new plunder, and by rapine live.
Aye, and a priest of race Marruvian came,
His head with garland of rich olive dight,
By King Archippus sent, Umbro the brave,
Who on the viper's brood and water-snakes

Of baneful breath, with charm of voice and touch
Shed slumber, and assuaged their wrath, his craft
Their bites allaying. But stroke of Dardan spear
To heal he skilled not, nor his slumbrous charms
Availed against their wounds, nor herbs with care
Culled on the Marsian mountains. Wept for thee
Angitia's grove, for thee the glassy wave
Of Fucinus, the crystal pools for thee.

There Virbius to the war in beauty strode,
Son of Hippolytus, whom in flower of fame
His mother sent, Aricia; nursed he was
In groves Egerian round the humid shores,
Where Diana's rich and gracious altar stands.
Aye, for Hippolytus, so runs the tale,
By stepdame's treachery done to death, and torn
By his scared steeds, to glut a sire's revenge,
Returned to daylight and the air of heaven,
Called by the Healer's herbs and Diana's love.
Then, wroth that mortal should from shades of hell
Rise to the light of life, the Almighty Sire
With his own levin bolt to Stygian wave
Thrust down the finder of such craft and cure,
The Phoebus-born. But Trivia of her grace
In a dim dwelling hides Hippolytus,
To nymph Egeria and her grove consigned,
Alone, obscure, in woods of Italy
With altered name, as Virbius, to live on.
Whence too, from Trivia's shrine and hallowed groves
Horn-hoofed steeds are banished, for that they,
Frighted by ocean monsters, on the shore
Flung car and warrior. But the son no less
His fiery steeds along the level plain
Was driving, and rushed - untrained to war.

Himself too Turnus, of surpassing mould,
Amid the foremost moving, arms in hand,
By a whole head o'ertops them; his proud helm
Tressed with a triple plume, Chimaera bears,
Out-breathing from her jaws Aetnean fires,
The madder raging with more baleful flames
As deeplier the red field with carnage ran.

But his smooth shield Io with lifted horns
In gold emblazoned, now with hair o'ergrown,
Now turned to heifer, a stupendous sign,
And Argus, the maid's warder, and therewith,
His flood outpouring from a graven urn,
Sire Inachus. Behind the hero comes
A cloud of footmen, and o'er all the plain
The shielded ranks are thickening, Argive men ;
The Auruncan musters with the Rutule ranks ;
And old Sicani, the Sacranian host
And gay-shielded Labici ; who thy lawns,
O Tiber, and Numicius' sacred shore
Till, or with ploughshare tame the Rutule heights
And Circe's ridge ; over whose fields enthroned
Rules Jove of Anxur, and Feronia sits
Rejoicing in her greenwood ; where out-stretched
Lies the black marsh of Satura, and where
Along the valley-bottoms winds his way
Cold Ufens, till he plunges in the deep.
To crown them comes Camilla, Volscian-bred,
Heading her horse-troop, squadrons bright with brass,
A warrior-maid, her woman's hands unused
To loom or basket of Minerva's wool,
But strong to bide the battle, and on foot
Out-race the breezes : she might even have sped
Over the unlopped harvest-blades, nor bruised
The tender ears in running, or have skimmed
Mid-ocean, poised upon the billow's swell,
Nor in the surges dipped her flying feet.
At her, astonied, youths and maidens all
From house and field throng gazing, as she goes,
Agape with wonder at the royal pomp
Of purple draped about her shoulders smooth,
Her tresses intertwined with clasp of gold,
To mark the Lycian quiver that she bears,
And pastoral wand of myrtle tipped with steel.

BOOK VIII

When Turnus from his citadel flung out 1–25
The flag of war, and hoarse the clarions blared,
When his bold steeds he roused, and clashed his arms,
Straight every heart is stirred ; all Latium thrills,
Leagued in one wild uprising, and her sons
Rage madly. From all sides the warrior chiefs,
Messapus, Ufens, and Mezentius
The god-despiser, call their musters in,
And strip the wide fields of their husbandmen.
Then to the city of great Diomede,
To sue for succour, Venulus is sent
With tidings of a Teucrian host afoot
In Latium ; that Aeneas, to their shores
Fleet wafted, with his vanquished household-gods
Invades them, claims to be their destined king ;
That to the Dardan lord cleaves many a tribe,
And louder and more loud through Latium's breadth
His name is rumoured : what he builds on these
Beginnings, to what outcome of the fray,
Should fortune follow at his back, aspires —
Thus must to Diomede more plain appear
Than to King Turnus, or the Latin king.

So sets the tide through Latium. But the prince,
Laomedon's great son, beholding all,
Is rocked upon a mighty sea of cares ;
Hither and thither his swift mind he parts,
Speeds it all ways, and sweeps the round of thought :
As when from water in a brazen vat
A flickering beam, shot by the mirrored sun
Or bright moon's image, flits from side to side
O'er all things, and at last up-mounting strikes
The fretted ceiling of the roof on high.

'Twas night, and weary creatures, the world o'er,
Both bird and cattle-kind, deep slumber held;
When Prince Aeneas on the bank beneath
Heaven's chilly vault, and by the dolorous war
Heart-troubled, stretched him, and let sleep at last
Steal o'er his limbs. To him appeared the god
Of that fair spot, he of the pleasant stream,
Old Tiber, rising 'mid his poplar-leaves;
Veiled in a grey-green mantle of fine lawn,
With shadowy reeds about his locks, he thus
In words addressed him, and his grief allayed:
'O heaven-descended, thou who bring'st us back
Troy's city from the foeman, and preserv'st
Her towers for ever, on Laurentum's soil
And Latium's fields long-looked for, here for thee
Waits a sure dwelling—draw not back—and sure
Penates: nor be scared by threats of war:
All the gods' swelling anger has died out;
And now, lest these things to thine eyes appear
A dream's vain figment, thou shalt find anon,
Under the holm-oaks on the margin laid,
A mighty sow, with thirty head of swine
New-littered, white, stretched out along the ground,
White young about her udders; sign whereby
Ascanius in thrice ten returning years
Shall Alba found, of glorious name: I chant
No doubtful doom. Now, mark, the present need
How to dispatch and triumph o'er, in brief
Will I discover. Arcadians on this coast,
A race derived from Pallas, in the train
Of King Evander following, have a site
Chosen, and built a city on the hills,
From their sire Pallas Pallanteum called.
These with the Latins wage perpetual war;
These welcome to thy tents, and knit with bonds
Of friendship. I myself betwixt the banks
And straight up stream will lead thee, that thou may'st
The adverse current conquer, oar-impelled.
Up, goddess-born! and with first set of star
Do homage meet to Juno, and disarm

With suppliant vows her wrath, her threats; to me
Thou shalt pay conqueror's tribute. Lo! 'tis I,
Whom grazing here the banks with brimming flood,
And cleaving the rich cornland thou behold'st,
Blue Tiber, river best-beloved of heaven.
Here doth my watery mansion outlet find,
Life-source of lofty cities.' Having said,
Into his deep pool plunged the river-god,
Seeking the bottom. Night and slumber left
Aeneas: he rises, and the Orient beam
Marks of the sun in heaven, then from the flood
Takes duly in the hollow of his hands
Water, and holds it, and pours forth to heaven
Such words as these: 'O Nymphs, Laurentian Nymphs,
Whence rivers have their being, and thou too,
O Father Tiber, with thy hallowed flood,
Take to your care Aeneas and at length
From perils fend him. Whencesoe'er be fed
The pool that holds thee, pitier of our woes,
Where'er thou last thy glorious outgoing,
Ever with offering, evermore with gifts,
By me shalt thou be graced, the horned flood,
Lord of Hesperian waters. Only grant
Thy presence, and with nearer token seal
The heavenly utterance.' Thus he spake, and chose
From out his fleet twin biremes, fits their decks
With oarsmen, and equips with arms the crew.
But lo! a sudden portent strange to see!
White, of one colour with her milk white young,
Along the wood, on the green bank lay stretched
A sow conspicuous; which to thee, to thee,
O mightiest Juno, good Aeneas slays
In sacrifice, and at the altar sets
With all her offspring. Through that livelong night
Tiber his swelling stream assuaged, and so,
With refluent effort halting, hushed his tide,
That, like still pool or quiet mere, he spread
A watery plain, whereon the oar might lack
All labour. So with favouring shout they speed
Upon the voyage begun: the tarred pine slides

Along the surface: wonder holds the waves,
Wonder the unaccustomed grove, to see
The shields of warriors gleaming bright afar,
And the gay vessels gliding on the stream.
They with their rowing wear out night and day,
Pass the long bends, are roofed with divers trees,
And cleave green forests on the glassy flood.
The fiery sun to heaven's mid cope had climbed,
When walls and citadel afar they spy,
And scattered house-roofs, which Rome's power to-day
Has matched with heaven, then but the needy realm
Swayed by Evander. Shoreward speedily
They turn their prows, and to the town draw nigh.
It chanced that day the Arcadian monarch paid
Due honour to Amphitryon's mighty son
And the high gods, within a grove that faced
The city. His son Pallas, hard at hand,
With all the chiefs and simple senate, brought
Incense, and warm blood at the altar smoked.
Soon, as they saw the lofty ships glide in,
Through the dark grove, and rest on silent oars,
Scared at the sudden vision, all leap up
And quit the board. But Pallas, undismayed,
Forbids break off the banquet, grasps a spear,
Speeds toward them, and from a far hillock cries
'Warriors, what cause to try an unknown path
Constrains you? Whither fare ye? Of what race?
Sprung from what home? and bring ye peace or war?'
Then Prince Aeneas from the lofty stern
Speaks, in his hand a peaceful olive-branch
Out-stretching: 'These are Trojans whom ye see
Darts deadly but to Latins, who have spurned
And forced us into flight with wanton war.
We seek Evander: bear this message back,
And say the flower of Dardan chiefs are come
Craving an armed alliance.' At the sound
Of that great name Pallas stood thunderstruck:
'Whoe'er thou art, descend, and with my sire
Speak face to face, and enter the abode
Of hospitable hearth-gods.' So, with grasp

Of welcome, to the chief's right hand he clave :
Forth through the grove they fare, and quit the stream.
Then courteously Aeneas hails the king :
'Best of the sons of Greece, to whom I pray—
So wills it Fortune—and come proffering boughs
With fillet decked, I feared not for that thou
A Danaan leader art, Arcadian-born,
And from the twin Atridae's stem derived ;
But my own worth, high auguries from heaven,
And our ancestral kinship, and thy fame
Spread through the world, have knit me to thy side,
And led me fain along the path of fate.
Dardanus, father of our Ilian town
And founder, to the Teucrians came of old,
Sprung from Electra the Atlantid, so
Greek legend saith ; Electra was begot
Of mightiest Atlas, who up-shouldering bears
The orbs of heaven. Your sire is Mercury,
Whom Maia fair on chill Cyllene's top
Conceived and bore ; but Maia, if tales heard
Win credence, from the selfsame Atlas sprung,
Atlas, who holds aloft the starry heaven :
So branches from one blood the line of both.
On this relying, no embassage I planned,
No artful first approaches : me myself,
Yea mine own person, have I brought, and come
A suppliant to your doors. The selfsame race,
The Daunian, persecutes ourselves, as these,
With cruel warfare : if they drive us forth,
'Twere all as one, think they, beneath their yoke
To thrust Hesperia wholly, and possess
Both seas that wash her shores, above, below.
Take and return our friendship ; we have hearts
Valiant for war, high courage, and a youth
In action tried.' Aeneas ceased. The king
Long since the speaker's countenance and eyes
And his whole frame was scanning ; then he makes
Brief answer : 'Bravest of the sons of Troy,
Thus to receive, to recognize thee thus,
How fain am I ! How I recall the words,

The voice, the features of thy sire, the great
Anchises! for I mind how Priam once,
Son of Laomedon, when he came to view
The realm of Hesione his sister, bound
For Salamis, passed thence and visited
Arcadia's chill borders. In those days
The down of early manhood clothed my cheeks;
And I admired the Teucrian lords, admired
Laomedon's great son, but high o'er all
Anchises towered. With youthful zeal I burned
To accost the hero, and clasp hand to hand.
Approaching, eagerly his steps I led
To Pheneus' city. He, departing thence,
A glorious quiver gave me, Lycian shafts,
A gold-embroidered scarf, and bridles twain
All golden, which my Pallas owns to-day.
Therefore the hand ye seek is joined with yours
In treaty, and when first to-morrow's dawn
Shall earth revisit, I will send you hence,
Glad of our succour, and with stores supply.
Meanwhile, since hither as my friends ye come,
This yearly rite, which to defer were sin,
Keep with us, of your grace, and learn even now
To grow familiar at your comrade's board.'
So saying, the viands and wine-cup, erst removed,
He bids set on afresh, with his own hand
Ranges the heroes on a grassy couch,
To a heaped cushion of rough lion's fell
Welcomes Aeneas, as most honoured guest,
And entertains him on a maple throne.
Then those appointed, with the altar-priest,
In emulous service bring roast flesh of steers,
Pile upon baskets Ceres' hand-wrought boon,
And serve the wine-cup. There Aeneas feasts,
With him the Trojans, upon long bull's chine
And sacrificial morsels. When at length
Hunger was ousted, lust of food appeased,
Spake King Evander: 'These our solemn rites,
This wonted feast, this altar so divine,
No idle superstition, that knows not

The gods of old, hath ordered; as men saved
From deadly perils, O my Trojan guest,
These offerings pay we, and of right renew.
First look upon yon cliff-hung crag, and how
Huge blocks afar lie scattered, and void stands
The mountain-dwelling! Of down-tumbled rocks
How vast the havoc! Here was once a cave,
Deep yawning inward, where, terrific shape,
Half human Cacus dwelt, to the sun's rays
Impenetrable; and evermore the ground
Reeked with fresh blood, and to its tyrannous doors
Hung nailed men's faces, blanched with grim decay.
This monster's sire was Vulcan; his the flames
Dark issuing from his mouth, as on he strode
In bulk gigantic. To us also time
Brought in due course, at our desire, the aid
And advent of a god. For hard at hand
Alcides, mightiest of avengers, stood,
Now glorying in the slaughter and the spoils
Of triple Geryon, as this way he drove
His giant bulls, triumphant, while the kine
Filled vale and river-side. But Cacus now,
In a brute-frenzy, not to leave undared
Or unattempted aught of crime or guile,
Four bulls of peerless beauty stole from stall,
With heifers of surpassing mould to match.
These by the tail, no forward track to leave,
Into his cavern, with back-pointing steps,
He hauled, and hid them in the gloomy rock:
No footprint led the seeker to the cave.
Meanwhile, when his full herds Amphitryon's son
Would from their pasture shift, at point to go,
Bellowed the parting oxen; all the grove
O'erflows with their complaining, and the hills
Are clamorously forsaken. To that cry
One of the heifers from the cave's vast depth
Lowed in response, and from her prison foiled
The hope of Cacus. In Alcides' heart
Black vengeful wrath straight into fury blazed
Seizing his arms and heavily-knotted club,

Full speed he hies him up the skyey steep.
Then first our folk beheld Cacus afeard,
And trouble in his eyes: away he speeds
Swifter than Eurus, his feet winged with fear,
And seeks the cave: soon as, shut fast within,
He had burst the chains, and let the vast rock fall,
Which hung there by his father's art and iron—
Propped firm and barricaded thus the door,
Lo! he of Tiryns, in a frenzy of wrath,
Was close upon him, to this side and that
Turning his eyes, as each approach he scanned,
And gnashing with his teeth. Thrice he surveys,
Boiling with anger, Aventine's whole hill,
Thrice tries in vain the rocky portal, thrice
Sinks wearied in the valley. A sharp peak
Stood there, with rocky sides up-rising sheer
Above the cave's back, far as sight could soar,
Fit dwelling for foul birds to build in. This,
As headlong from the ridge it leftward leaned
Over the river, from the right he shook
Straining against it, and up-wrenched, and tore
Loose from its lowest roots, then suddenly
Launched forth; and, as he launched it, bellowed loud
The mighty welkin, and asunder leapt
The river banks, and the affrighted stream
Flowed backward. But the cave and ample hall
Of Cacus lay discovered, bare to view,
With its dark hollows yawning to their depth:
As the rent earth should open wide her mouth,
Unlock the infernal dwellings and disclose
The pale realm hated of the gods, whereby
The vasty gulf should from above be seen,
And the ghosts tremble, as floods in the light.
Him, then, quick-caught by the unlooked-for glare,
Pent in his rock-cage, uttering uncouth roars,
Alcides from above plies home with darts,
Calls every arm to aid him, and bombards
With boughs and mighty mill-stones. He the while,
Escape none else remaining, from his jaws
Vomits a vast smoke, marvellous to tell,

Wraps in pitch darkness the whole den, and blots
All eyesight out, up-rolling from the abyss
One stifling night of blackness blent with fire.
This brooked not fierce Alcides: through the flames
With headlong bound he cast him, where the smoke
Was billowing densest, and the mighty cave
Boiled with black vapour. Cacus here he seized,
Still belching forth vain fires amid the gloom,
Locked limbs about him, and strangled as he clave,
Till his eyes started and his throat lacked blood.
Straight are the doors burst, the black den laid bare,
The stolen cattle and the theft forsworn
Shown to the eye of heaven; and by its feet
The huge mis-shapen carcass is dragged forth.
Men's souls cannot be sated, as they gaze
Upon the terrible eyes, face, bristling breast
Of the man-monster, and his fire-quenched throat.
Hence sprang this high observance; and with joy
Have younger generations kept the day:
Potitius, the first founder, and the house
Pinarian, keeper of the sacred rites
Of Hercules, erected in the grove
This altar, which shall evermore be called
Mightiest, and mightiest evermore shall be.
Up, then, O warriors! such high deeds to grace
Garland your locks, hold forth the cup in hand,
Call on our common god, and with good will
Pour ye the wine.' He scarce had said, when lo
About his locks the twy-hued poplar's twine,
Shade dear to Hercules, festooned and hung,
And his right hand the sacred beaker clasped.
Then on the board right quickly one and all
Make glad libation, and the gods adore.

Evening meanwhile adown Olympus' slope
Draws nearer; and the priests, Potitius first,
Marched, as was wont, skin clad and carrying fire.
They spread the board afresh, new dainties bring
For the new feast, and heap the altars high
With laden trenchers. Then come forth to sing
The Salii round the altar-glow, brow-bound

With sprays of poplar ; here a band of youths,
Of elders there, commemorate in song
The fame and feats of Hercules ; how first
With grip of hand he strangled the twin snakes,
The monsters of his step-mother ; anon
Dashed peerless cities to the ground in war,
Troy and Oechalia : how hard toil on toil,
As King Eurystheus' vassal, he endured,
By cruel Juno's doom. 'Unconquerable,
Thou didst the cloud-begotten and twy-formed
Hylaeus slay and Pholus with thy might,
Thou too the Cretan monster, and the vast
Lion that dwelt beneath the Nemean rock.
Trembled at thee the Stygian lake, at thee
Hell's warder, couched above his mumbled bones
In the blood-boultered cave : no bodily shape
E'er daunted thee, no, not Typhöeus' self,
Up-towering armed ; nor round thee, shiftless caught,
Reared Lerna's worm its multitudinous head.
Hail, very child of Jove, to the high gods
An added glory ! with propitious foot
To us and thine own rites draw kindly nigh.'
Such themes in song they celebrate, and crown
All with the cave of Cacus, and himself
Out-panting blasts of fire. To their loud din
The whole grove echoes and the hills resound.
Then, sacrifice done duly, one and all
Turn city-ward. The king, o'ercrept with age,
Moved onward, keeping ever at his side
Aeneas and his son, with various talk
Lightening the way. Aeneas on all around
Casts quick admiring eyes ; spot after spot
Enthralls him ; and with rapture he inquires
And learns the legends of the men of old.
Then, founder of Rome's fortress on the height,
Spake King Evander : 'In these woodlands once
Dwelt native Fauns and Nymphs, a race of men
From tree-stocks sprung and stubborn hearts of oak,
Who had no rule, no art of life, nor knew
To yoke the steer, heap wealth, or husband it,

But fed on branches and rough hunting-fare.
Then from Olympus' height first Saturn came,
Flying the arms of Jove, from his lost realm
An exile. He the untutored race, broadcast
Among the mountain-tops, together brought,
And gave them laws, and chose for the land's name
Latium, since there safe-hidden he had lain.
Under his sceptre were the golden years
Men tell of, in such peace he ruled the folk;
Till a worse age and duller-hued crept in
Little by little, and wild rage of war,
And lust of having. Then the Ausonian host
And tribes Sicanian came; and many a time
The land of Saturn cast her name away;
Then kings arose, and with his monstrous bulk
Fierce Thybris, from whom we of Italy
Have since called Tiber's river, when Albula
Lost its true olden name. Myself, from home
Outcast and exile, to the utmost bounds
Of ocean questing, the resistless might
Of Fortune and inevitable Fate
Have planted, by my mother's dread behest,
The Nymph Carmentis, driven, and by the word
And warrant of Apollo's voice divine.'
He said, and passing thence the altar shows
And gate Carmental, name by Rome of yore
In honour of the Nymph Carmentis given,
That prophetess of sooth, who first foretold
The future greatness of the Aeneadae
And Pallanteum's glory. Next he shows
A vast grove which brave Romulus made serve
For sanctuary, and 'neath the chill rock's depth
Lupercal, by Parrhasian custom called
Of Pan Lycaean. And he shows the grove
Of sacred Argiletum, and invokes
The spot to witness, and recounts the death
Of his guest Argus. Hence he leads them on
To the Tarpeian Rock, the Capitol,
Once golden, now, but whilom bristling rough
With woodland thickets. Its dread awe made quake

Even then the fearful rustics ; aye, even then
They shuddered at the forest and the rock.
'This grove,' said he, ' this hill with leafy crown
Is a god's dwelling, but what god's, unknown.
Arcadia's folk believe they oft have seen
Jove's very hand the darkening aegis shake,
And summon up the storm-cloud. Here again
Two cities seest thou with dismantled walls,
Relics and records of the men of old :
One fort Sire Janus, and one Saturn, built—
This called Saturnia, that Janiculum.'
So parleying they drew nigh the roof where dwelt
Thrifty Evander, and saw cattle stray
Lowing within Rome's Forum and superb
Carinae. When to his abode they came,
' These doors,' said he, ' Alcides' conquering feet
Once entered ; him this palace hath contained.
Dare to spurn riches, O my guest, and shape
Thyself, too, worthy godship, and approach
All undisdainful of our humble hoard.'
He spake, and 'neath the roof-tree's narrow slope
Led great Aeneas, and set him on a couch
Of strewn leaves, and a Libyan she-bear's fell.
Night falls, and clasps the earth with dusky wings.
But Venus, mother-like, with no vain fear
Scared, and disturbed by the Laurentians' threats
And rude up-rising, thus to Vulcan speaks,
And in her golden nuptial bower begins,
Breathing the love-tones of immortal lips :
' While Argive kings were ravaging with war
Troy's doomèd towers, and ramparts soon to sink
In hostile flames, no succour I, nor arms
Craved of thine art or power ; nor, dearest lord,
Thee or thy travail would I tax for naught,
Deep though my debt to Priam's sons, and oft
Though my tears mourned Aeneas' sore distress.
Now, by Jove's sovereign word, his foot stands firm
Upon the Rutule shore : I therefore now
Come suing, and of the godhead I adore
Crave boon of arms, a mother for her son.

Thee Nereus' daughter, thee Tithonus' bride,
Could with their tears unbend. See what a league
Of nations, see what cities with closed gates
Now whet the sword, to uproot me and mine.'
The goddess ceased, and with the soft embrace
Of snowy arms about his body wound
Fondled him, as he faltered. Quick he caught
The wonted fire; the old heat pierced his heart,
Ran through his melting frame: as oftentimes
A fiery rift, burst by the thunder-clap,
Runs quivering down the cloud, with flash of light.
Thus saw his spouse, and at her guile rejoiced
In conscious beauty. Then thus spake the God
Enthralled by love immortal: 'Wherefore seek
Afar for pretexts? Whither then hath fled
Thy faith in me, my goddess? Nay, hadst thou
So yearned of yore, even then I had not sinned
To arm the Teucrians; nor the Almighty Sire,
Nor Fate forbad it, that for ten years yet
Troy towers should stand, and Priam's life endure.
And now, if war thou last in hand to wage,
If such thy purpose, lo! what pains soe'er
My craft can offer, what from ore of iron
Or molten electrum may be wrought, so far
As fire and air may stead thee—cease to pray,
Mistrustful of thy power.' So saying, he gave
The embrace she longed for: on her bosom sank,
And wooed calm slumber to o'er-glide his limbs.
Soon as the first repose had banished sleep,
Hard on the half-way course of driven night,
What time a woman, forced to eke out life
With distaff and Minerva's slender toil,
Stirs up the embers of her slumbering fire,
To labour adding night, and by the glare
Plies hard her handmaids o'er the tedious task,
That she may keep her husband's couch from stain
And rear her infant sons, not otherwise,
Nor than that hour more slothful, from soft bed
Rose to his anvil-work the lord of fire.
There is an isle hard by Sicania's coast

That rises, and Aeolian Lipare,
With smoking rocks precipitous, where beneath
Thunders a cave, and Aetna's vaults, scooped out
By Cyclopean forges ; the strong strokes
Of anvils to the ear bring echoing groans ;
Hisses the steel ore through its hollow depths,
And from its furnaces pants fire—the home
Of Vulcan, and Vulcania the land's name.
Then hither from heaven's height the lord of fire
Descends. In their vast cave the Cyclops-brood
Were forging iron, Brontes and Steropes,
And naked-limbed Pyracmon. By their hands
Shaped, and e'en now part-burnished, was a bolt
Such as the Sire from heaven's wide cope to earth
Hurls many a time ; part yet unfinished lay.
Three shafts of writhen shower, of watery cloud
Three, had they fused together, three of red
Flame and of wingèd south-wind, and were now
Mingling terrific flashes with the work,
And din, and dread, and wrath's pursuing fires.
Elsewhere a chariot and swift-flying wheels
For Mars were they dispatching, wherewithal
He rouseth men and cities, and eagerly
With serpent-scales of gold were burnishing
The terrible aegis, stormy Pallas' arm,
Snakes intertwined, and on the goddess' breast
The Gorgon's self, throat-severed, and with eyes
Rolling. 'Away with all!' he cried. 'Take hence,
Aetnean Cyclopes, your unfinished tasks,
And hither hark ye : armour must be made
For a bold warrior. Now is need of strength,
Now of deft hands, and all your master-skill :
Spurn loitering!' There he ceased : they swiftly all
Bent to the task, like share to each assigned.
Flows brass in torrents, and flows ore of gold ;
Melts in huge furnace the wound-working steel.
A mighty shield they shape, sole to withstand
All weapons of the Latins, welding it
Orb upon orb clenched sevenfold. Some, the while,
Working the windy bellows, in and out

Let the blasts drive; some dip i' the water-trough
The sputtering brass: groans with their anvils' weight
The cave-floor. They alternately in time
With giant strength uplift their arms, and turn
The massy metal with the forceps' grip.

While on Aeolian shores the Lemnian sire
Speeds on the work, Evander the kind dawn
And matin-songs of birds beneath the eaves
Rouse from his lowly dwelling. The old man
Rises, and with a tunic clothes his limbs,
And binds Tyrrhenian sandals round his feet;
Then, fast to side and shoulder buckling on
A Tegean sword, flings back the panther's hide
Low drooping on his left: and therewithal
Twain watch-dogs from the lofty threshold go
Before him, and their master's steps attend.
Toward the secluded chamber of his guest
Aeneas fared the hero, of their talk
Mindful, and his own promised boon. Nor less
Meanwhile Aeneas was astir betimes;
Beside him strode Achates, by the king
Pallas his son. Encountering they clasp hands,
Then, seated in the palace-midst, at length
Enjoy free converse. First the king began:
'O mightiest leader of the Teucrian host,
While living, ne'er will I confess the realm
And power of Troy defeated, — scant enow,
To match a name so famous, are our means
Of warfare and: on one side hems us in
The Tuscan river, on one the Rutule foe
Presses and thunders round our wall in arms;
But mighty tribes, a camp with kingdoms rich
With thee to knit I purpose — safety shown
By chance unlooked for. At the call of Fate
Hither thou wendest. Not far distant lies
A peopled city, reared of ancient stone,
Agylla, where the war-famed Lydian race
Once had their home upon the Etrurian heights
Full many a year it flourished, and then passed
'Neath the proud sceptre and fierce iron sway

Of king Mezentius. Why the tale repeat—
His impious butcheries and mad tiger-deeds?
Hoard them, ye gods, on his own head to fall,
And on his children's! Nay, he would even link
Dead corpses to the quick, hand locked to hand,
And mouth to mouth—grim torment—and so steeped
In the rank moisture of that vile embrace
By lingering death destroy them. But at length,
Sick of his frantic raging, his own folk
Hie them to arms, close king and palace round,
Cut down the guards, and at the roof fling fire.
He, 'mid the carnage, safe to Rutule soil
Flies, and finds shelter with the friendly host
Of Turnus. All Etruria hereupon
Hath risen in righteous fury, and reclaims
Her king for vengeance. Of these thousands I
Will make thee chief, Aeneas: for their ships
O'er all the shore throng clamouring, and bid march
To battle, whom their agèd seer restrains,
Thus chanting doom: "Maeonia's chosen hearts,
Prime flower and pith of a brave race of old,
Whom righteous anger hurls upon the foe,
Fired with just wrath against Mezentius, none
Italian-born so proud a race may tame;
Choose outland leaders." Then the Etruscan host,
By the gods' warning frighted, on yon plain
Reposed them. Tarchon to myself hath sent
Envoys, with crown and sceptre of the realm,
The signs of empire to my charge commits,
Bids join the camp, assume the Etruscan sway.
But me the numbing frost of time-worn eld,
And strength past exploit, grudge the high command.
My son I had urged, but that his mother's blood
Blent him a Sabine and half native here.
Thou who in years and lineage both alike
Of Fate art favoured, whom the heavens demand,
Go forth, most valiant leader of the sons
Of Troy and Italy. Aye, and with thee
Pallas, my comfort and life's hope, I'll send;
Thy scholar, let him learn to brook the field

And the stern work of war, thy deeds behold,
And thee from youth's first opening years admire.
Arcadian horse two hundred, our picked strength
Of manhood, I will give him, and the like
Pallas in his own name shall give to thee.'
Scarce had he said: Aeneas, Anchises' son,
And true Achates, with eyes earthward bent,
On many a peril mournfully 'gan muse,
When lo! the Cytherean from clear skies
Gave signal: for, unlooked for, out of heaven
Came quivering flash and thunder-peal, and all
Seemed sudden to reel round them, and anon
A Tyrrhene trumpet-clang through heaven to blare.
Upward they glance; again and yet again
Crashed the vast din; then, canopied in cloud
Amid a stormless region of clear air,
Lo! the red gleam and thunderous shock of arms.
Others stood heart-amazed, but in that sound
Troy's hero knew his heavenly mother's pledge.
Then, 'Seek not, O my host, seek not,' he cried,
'What fate the portent bodes; 'tis I am called
From heaven. This sign the goddess who me bare
Foretold, should war assail us, she would send,
And waited through the air from Vulcan bring
Armour to aid me. What vast carnage now
Hangs o'er the doomed Laurentines! What a price,
O Turnus, shalt thou pay me! 'Neath thy tide
How many shields, helms, bodies of the brave
Wilt roll, O father Tiber! Let them call
Their armies out, and snap the cords of peace!'
So saying, he got him from his lofty seat,
And first with fire to Hercules awakes
The slumbering altars, and with joy draws nigh
The lar of yesterday, and hearth-gods small.
Alike Evander and Troy's youth alike
Slay duly chosen victims. To the ships
Then fares the hero, and re-seeks the crews,
And of their number culls the flower of war
To follow him afield; the remnant left
Ride on the downward stream, and idly float

With favouring current, to return and tell
Ascanius of their fortunes and his sire.
To Teucria's sons for Tyrrhene borders bound
Chargers are given ; a steed of choice they lead
Forth for Aeneas, in tawny lion's skin
Housed wholly, that gleamed out with claws of gold.
Noised through the little town swift rumour flies
That to the palace of the Tyrrhene king
Horsemen are speeding. Mothers then for fear
Their vows redouble ; more close on peril treads
Panic, and larger looms the shape of war.
Then to his son's right hand, at point to go,
Fast clings Evander, and insatiate weeps.
' Ah ! would but Jupiter,' he cries, ' give back
The years departed, and the man I was
When close beneath Praeneste I mowed down
The foremost ranks, kindled the heapèd shields
Victorious, and to nether darkness hurled
With this right hand king Erulus ! to him,
Her son, Feronia at his birth had given—
Fearful to tell—a triple life to live,
Thrice to bear arms, thrice o'er to be in death
Down-stricken : yet him of all his lives that day
This right hand robbed, and stripped of arms to match.
Ne'er from thy dear embrace had I been torn,
As now, my son ; nor on this neighbour-head
With armèd insult had Mezentius dealt
Carnage so cruel, nor of so many sons
Bereaved my city. But O, ye powers above,
And Jupiter, prime potentate of heaven,
Pity, I you beseech, Arcadia's king,
And hear a father's prayer : " If your dread wills,
If Fate, keep whole my Pallas, if life be
Once more to see and meet him, then for life
I beg, all burdens can with patience bear.
But, if some dire mischance thou threatenest, now,
Now, Fortune, let me snap life's cruel thread,
While sorrow masks her meaning, while hope hangs
Uncertain of the future, while I hold
Thee, boy beloved, my late and lone delight,

Clasped thus, nor heavier tidings wound mine ear."'
Such final farewell words the sire outpoured,
Then swooned, and by his serfs was borne within.
Now had the horse troop through the open gates
Issued: Aeneas at their head with true
Achates came; then other lords of Troy.
Pallas himself midmost the column rode,
With scarf and unwrought arms conspicuous seen:
As when the dawn star, washed in ocean's wave,
Dearer to Venus than all stellar fires,
Uplifts in heaven his sacred head and melts
The darkness. Mothers on the ramparts stand
Trembling, and following with their eyes afar
The dust cloud, and the squadrons bright with brass.
They through the brushwood, where the journey's end
Lay nearest, move in arms: a shout goes up,
And in turned column, hark! the four-foot tramp
Of galloping horse hoofs shakes the crumbling plain.
There is a vast grove near cold Caere's stream,
Wide worshipped with an ancestral awe; a cirque
Of hollow hills enfolds it, with black pine
Crowning the forest. 'Twas dedicate, folk tell,
By grove and feast day, to Silvanus, god
Of herd and flock, by the Pelasgians old,
Who first within the Italian borders dwelt.
Not far from hence, camped in a sheltered spot,
Were Tarchon and the Etruscans; all their host
From the high hill top might be seen outspread
Along the tented fields. Hither repair
Aeneas and his chosen warrior train,
And for good limbs and horses find repose.
But Venus, the white goddess, gifts in hand,
Now through the clouds of heaven drew near, and when
Her son she spied in the lone vale afar,
By the cool stream sequestered, with such words
Hailing, she flashed her presence on his sight:
Lo! by my lord's skill perfected, I bring
The promised boon, that thou not shrink, my son,
Or crave Laurentum or keen Turnus self
To bid to battle. Cytherea spake,

And sought her son's embrace: the gleaming arms
Beneath a fronting oak she set. He, glad
Of the divine gift and deep honour done,
Gazes insatiate, and from point to point
Lets his eyes wander, and admires, and turns
'Twixt hand and arm the terrible-crested helm
Out-darting fires, and the death-dealing sword,
And stiff brass-tempered corslet, blood-red, huge,
As when a dark-blue cloud from the sun's rays
Takes fire, and gleams afar; then the smooth greaves—
Electrum and twice-smelted gold—the spear
And inexpressible fabric of the shield.
There had the fire-lord, skilled in prophet-lore,
Nor witless of the future, wrought the tale
Of Italy, the triumph-roll of Rome,
There all the kindred of the race to be,
Sprung from Ascanius, and the wars they waged,
One after one; thereon too he had wrought
The parent-wolf in the green cave of Mars
Lying outstretched; around her teats the twins
Hung playing, and to their mother set their lips
Undaunted; she, with shapely neck bent back,
Fondles by turns, and moulds them with her tongue.
Nor far from hence he had portrayed withal
Rome, and the Sabine maidens' lawless rape
In the thronged seats at the great Circus-games,
And a new war up-starting, as the sons
Of Romulus with agèd Tatius closed
And his stern Cures. Next, the strife allayed,
Lo! these two kings were standing armed before
Jove's altar, cup in hand, as each with each
They knit firm treaty o'er a slaughtered swine.
Hard by, the four-horse cars swift-driven had torn
Mettus in twain—thou should'st have kept thine oath,
O Alban!—through the brake the liar's limbs
Tullus is haling; the splashed thorns drip blood.
Here too Porsenna, bidding them take back
The banished Tarquin, with a mighty siege
Hemmed in the city, while Aeneas' sons
Rushed on the sword for freedom. You might see

Wrath's semblance, aye, and menace in his face,
That Cocles should so dare break down the bridge,
And Cloelia, with snapped fetters, swim the flood.
There on the top of the Tarpeian hold,
Manlius, before the temple standing guard,
Held the high Capitol, the royal roof
New-bristling with the thatch of Romulus.
And here, in gilded colonnades, the goose
Fluttered in silver, shrieking that the Gauls
Were at the gate! and lo! the Gauls were near
Among the brushwood, hard upon the height,
Shielded by darkness and night's cloudy boon.
Of gold their locks, and golden their attire;
They glitter in striped cloaks, their milk-white necks
Circled with gold; two Alpine javelins each
They brandish, and long bucklers guard their limbs.
And here the dancing Salii he had forged,
And bare Luperci, the wool-tufted caps,
And shields that fell from heaven: and through the streets
Chaste matrons the high pomp on cushioned cars
Were leading. Far from hence hereto he adds
The halls Tartarean, lofty doors of Dis,
And dooms of sin, and, on the sheer rock poised,
Thee, Catiline, by Fury-faces scared,
And in sequestered seats the good to them
Cato dispensing justice. Thereamidst
Rolled wide the semblance of the swelling main
Golden, but with hoar billows foamed the blue;
And dolphins of bright silver, circling round,
Swept ocean with their tails, and cleft the tide.
And fleets of brass i' the centre could be seen,
The battle-lines of Actium; you might mark
Leucate all a-glow with war's array,
And billows gleaming gold. Here to the strife
Caesar Augustus leading forth the host
Of Italy, with fathers and with folk,
The hearth gods and the mighty gods of heaven,
Stands on the lofty stern; from his bright brows
Shoot two fold fires, and his ancestral star

Dawns overhead. Elsewhere Agrippa towers,
Leading the line with winds and gods to aid ;
Bright gleam his temples—proud device of war—
Beaked with the naval crown. Antonius here
With host barbaric and with motley arms,
Triumphant from the peoples of the dawn
And the Red Sea, brings Aegypt in his train,
The Orient's strength, and utmost Bactria,
Followed, O shame ! by his Aegyptian bride.
Lo ! all rush on together ; the whole deep foams,
With in-drawn oars and triple beaks up-torn.
Seaward they press ; thou'dst deem the Cyclades
Up-rooted swam the main, or mountains tall
Crashed against mountains, with such monstrous weight
The warriors mass them on the tower-crowned poops.
Hurled from the hand are showers of flaming tow
And wing'd steel missiles : with new carnage blush
The fields of Neptune. In their midst the queen
With native timbrel cheers her ranks, nor sees
As yet the twin snakes threatening from the rear.
Barking Anubis and strange bodied gods
Of every kindred, against Neptune ranged
And Venus and Minerva, poise their darts.
Storms Mavors in the battle's midst, embossed
In iron, with the fell Furies from on high ;
And, in rent robe rejoicing, Discord stalks,
Bellona at her heels with blood-stained scourge.
Actian Apollo saw, and from above
His bow was bending : at whose terror all
Aegypt and Ind, with Arabs, every man,
And all the sons of Saba, turned and fled.
The queen herself to gales that heard her cry
Seemed spreading canvas, and now, now in act
To slip the loosened sheet. The lord of fire
Had fashioned her pale-faced with coming death
Amid the fray, borne on by wave and wind ;
And opposite, in all his mighty bulk
Mourns Nilus, and throws open fold on fold,
With wide-spread vesture welcoming the rout
To his blue lap and watery fastnesses.

But Caesar, here in triple triumph borne
Within Rome's ramparts, to Italia's gods
Was dedicating through the city's breadth
Three hundred mighty fanes, his deathless vow;
With gladness, games, and shouting the streets rang.
In all the fanes were matron-bands, in all
Were blazing altars: at each altar-foot
Slain bullocks strewed the ground. The hero's self,
On fire bright Phoebus' snowy threshold throned,
Tells o'er and hangs above those haughty gates,
The gifts of nations. In long pomp wind on
The vanquished peoples, manifold of speech,
As in the fashion of their garb and gear.
Here Mulciber the nomad race had formed,
And migrant Africans, the Leleges
And Carës, and Gelonian arrow-men;
There went Euphrates now with humbler wave,
And, utmost of mankind, the Morini,
The horned Rhine, and Dahae unsubdued,
And proud Araxes chafing to be bridged.
Such marvels sees the hero on Vulcan's shield,
His mother's gift, and glorying in the signs
Of things he knows not, high on shoulder heaves
The fame and fortunes of his sons to be.

BOOK IX

Now while elsewhere afar these things are done, 1–26
Saturnian Juno hath to Turnus bold
Sent Iris out of heaven. It chanced that then
Turnus amidst his sire Pilumnus' grove
Sat in the sacred dell; to whom, as thus,
The child of Thaumas spake with rosy lip:
'That which no god had dared at thy desire
To pledge thee, Turnus, lo! the circling hour
Hath brought unbidden. Town, fleet, and comrades left,
Aeneas hies him to Evander's seat
And sceptre of the Palatine; nay, more,
To the utmost towns of Corythus hath pierced,
And gathers in armed bands the rustic folk
Of Lydia. Palter not; now, now 's the time
To call for steeds and chariot; stop for naught,
But instant fall on their disordered camp.'
She spake, and, on poised pinions reared aloft,
Cut flying a mighty bow beneath the clouds.
The warrior knew her, and, both hands upraised,
With such-like words her flying form pursued:
'Who sped thee, Iris, ornament of heaven,
Adown the cloud-way earthward to my side?
From whence this sudden splendour of the sky?
I see the pole part midway, and the stars
Roving the vault. I follow the great sign,
Whoe'er thou art, my summoner to arms.'
So saying, he gat him to the stream, from off
Its eddying face drew water, to the gods
Breathed many a prayer, and burdened heaven with vows.
And now his war-host through the open plain
Moved onward in its might; no lack of steeds,
No lack of broidered raiment and of gold.

The vanward ranks Messapus sways, the rear
The warrior-sons of Tyrrheus; midmost rides
Turnus, their captain: as with seven still streams
Ganges in silence rising high, or Nile,
When his rich river ebbs from off the plain,
And now hath sunk within his bed. Anon
The Teucrians a black cloud of sudden dust
See gather, and darkness rise upon the plain.
First from a fronting mound Caïcus cries:
'What mass of pitchy gloom, my countrymen,
Rolls onward? Speed to arms, bring weapons, mount
The walls! The foeman is upon us, ho!'
With clamorous shouts the Teucrians through all gates
Plunge in, and fill the ramparts. For even thus
Aeneas, warrior peerless, ere he went
Had charged them, if that aught meanwhile should hap,
Nor venture to draw out the ranks of war,
Nor trust the plain, but keep the camp alone,
And sheltering bulwark of the walls. So now,
Though shame and anger point them to the field,
The gates they bar, his bidding do, and armed
Within their hollow towers await the foe.
Turnus, whose swift advance his tardier troop
Had distanced, with a score of chosen horse
Pricked him, stands, ere looked for, at the gate;
Borne on a Thracian steed of dappled white,
A gold helm guards him decked with ruddy plume.
'Friends, is there any will first upon the foe
With me?' he cries, 'now mark you:' and a spear
Whirling he casts, as prelude of the fray,
And towering high, careers along the plain.
His men catch up the challenge clamorously,
And with terrific war cries follow: much
They marvel at the Teucrians laggard hearts,
That a fair field they face not, nor abide
The battle shock like men, but lurk the camp.
Hither and thither stormily he rides
Scouring the ramparts, and, where way is none,
Questing for entrance. As a wolf, that lies
In wait for some full sheep-fold, at the doors

Stands howling, buffeted of wind and rain
At midnight ; safe beneath their mother's sides
The lambs bleat loudly ; he, with savage wrath
Insatiate, rages out of reach, spurred on
By the long-gathering frantic lust of food,
And droughty jaws unbloodied : even so
The Rutule's wrath takes fire, as on their walls
And camp he gazes : in his iron frame
Burns indignation—by what art essay
An entrance ? from behind their ramparts how
Drive forth the Teucrians, pour them on the plain ?
The fleet, which close beside the camp lay snug,
Hedged round with earth-works and the river-wave,
On this he falls, to his exulting mates
Cries out for fire, and grasps, himself on flame,
A blazing pine-torch. Then to work they fall,
Spurred on by Turnus' presence ; the whole troop
Arm them with murky brands : the hearths are stripped ;
The reeking torch sends up a pitchy glare,
And Vulcan wafts the sooty lees to heaven.
What god, O Muses, from the Teucrians turned
So vast a conflagration ? from their decks
Who dashed the fire ? It is an old-world faith,
But famed for ever. What time Aeneas first,
On Phrygian Ida fashioning his fleet,
To the high seas addressed him, in such wise
The Berecynthian mother of the gods
Spake to Almighty Jove : ' Grant, son, the boon
Which thy dear mother for Olympus quelled
Now craves of thee. A pine-forest had I
Beloved for many a year, a grove that crowned
The hill-top, whither offerings would be brought,
Dark with black pitch-trees and with maple-boles :
These, when a fleet he lacked, full fain I gave
Unto the Dardan youth : now anxious fear
Disquiets and torments me. Loose my dread,
And let a parent's prayers prevail, that these
Nor voyage may break, nor whirlwind overwhelm ;
So speed them from my mountains to have sprung.'

To whom her son, who wheels the starry worlds:
'Whither would'st bid the Fates? for these thy barks
What seek'st thou, Mother? Shall ships of mortal build
Win rights immortal, or Aeneas roam
Through changeful perils, unassailed by change?
What god may boast such plenitude of power?
Nay, but when, service o'er, they one day reach
Their bourne, Ausonia's haven, such as then
Have 'scaped the waves, and borne the Dardan chief
To shores Laurentian, these will I divest
Of mortal mould, and bid be goddesses
Of the great deep, as Doto, Nereus' child,
And Galatea, who breast the foaming sea.'
He spake, and by his Stygian brother's stream,
Banks that with pitch and a black whirlpool boil,
Nodded assent, and with the nod set all
Olympus quaking.

So the promised day
Had come, the Fates their destined hours fulfilled,
When Turnus' outrage the great Mother warned
To drive the fire brands from her sacred ships.
Here a strange light first flashed upon their eyes,
And from the Dawn a vast cloud seemed to speed
Athwart the sky, with Ida's choirs. Then fell
An awful utterance through the air, that filled
Both Trojan ranks and Rutule: 'Trouble not,
Ye Teucrians, to defend my ships, nor arm
Your hands with weapons; Turnus shall have power
To burn the seas up, ere yon sacred pines.
And go ye free, go, Ocean-goddesses;
The Mother bids you.' And the barks forthwith
Rend each her cable from the bank, dip beaks,
And dive like dolphins to the watery depth;
Then, one and all — stupendous prodigy —
As maiden forms emerge, and stem the main.

Astounded were the Rutules; terror fell
Even on Messapus and his plunging steeds;
Tiber himself, hoarse murmuring, stays his flood,
And from the deep recoils. But not for that
Quailed the bold heart of Turnus; nay, with words

He roused their spirit, and spared not even to chide:
'These portents threat the Trojans; aye, from them
Great Jove himself hath reft their wonted aid;
They bide not Rutule darts and fires. So then
The seas are trackless to the Teucrians, flight
Denied them, and one half the world cut off;
As for the mainland, in our grasp it lies;
So many thousands—tribes of Italy—
For battle stand. The bodeful dooms of heaven,
Howe'er the Phrygians vaunt them, fright not me:
Enough to Fate and Venus hath been given,
That Troy has touched Ausonia's fertile shore.
I too have counter-fates, to smite nor spare
The accursèd stock that balks me of my bride;
Not Atreus' sons alone that pang can pierce,
Nor but Mycenae's city rise in arms.
"But suffering once suffices"? Yes, had once
To sin sufficed them, hating from their hearts
Well nigh all woman-kind. And these to trust
Their screening rampart, by a hindering trench
Emboldened, a poor span 'twixt death and them!
Why, saw they not Troy-walls, by Neptune's hand
Up-builded, sink in flame? But which of you,
My chosen hearts, makes ready to hew down
The rampart at sword's point, and rush with me
Upon their fluttered camp? No need have I
Of arms from Vulcan, or a thousand keels,
To face the Teucrians. Let Etruria now
Band all her sons to aid them. They need fear
No darkness, no Palladium's coward theft,
Or sentries slaughtered on the fortress-height.
Nor will we shroud us in a horse's womb
Out of men's eyes. In the broad light of day
We are purposed to ring round their walls with fire.
I trow they shall not say they have to do
With Danaan and Pelasgic chivalry,
Whom Hector till the tenth year baffled. Now,
Day's better part o'erpast, for what remains,
Refresh you, warriors, heartened by success,
And deem, so doing, ye fit you for the fray.'

Meanwhile Messapus to blockade the gates
Hath charge with sentry-pickets, and surround
The works with watch-fires. Twice seven Rutule chiefs
Are chosen with soldiery to keep the walls;
Each has a hundred warriors in his train,
Gay with red helmet-plumes and glittering gold.
They speed apart, and shift the alternate watch,
Or, stretched on greensward, let the wine have way,
And tilt the brazen bowls. The fires burn bright;
The guard with games the sleepless night prolong.
  Thus spy the Trojans from the rampart's height,
As armed they man the summit; in trembling haste
They try the gates, yoke bridge and tower, bring darts.
Mnestheus and keen Serestus goad them on,
Whom Prince Aeneas, should mischance demand,
Set to control the host and guide the war.
Parting the peril, the whole band by turn,
Each at his post, keep watch along the walls.
  Nisus, keen warrior, held the gate, the son
Of Hyrtacus, whom in Aeneas' train
Ida the huntress sent; quick-handed he
With spear, and light winged arrows; beside him
Euryalus, than whom no comelier youth
Clave to Aeneas, or donned Trojan arms—
Whose smooth boy face showed faint the budding man.
These had one heart between them: side by side
They wont to rush on battle; and now too
Each with like charge was posted at the gate.
Quoth Nisus: 'Is't the gods thus fire our hearts,
Or maketh each his wild desire a god,
Euryalus? My heart is long since afret
On war to launch me, or some great essay,
With stagnant ease ill-satisfied. Thou seest
What confidence in fortune holds the foe:
Few gleam their lights and far; themselves lie prone,
In sleep and wine dissolved; all is hushed around.
Mark further what I muse of, in my mind
What purpose rises. 'Tis the cry of all,
Both folk and fathers, that we summon back
Aeneas, send messengers with tidings sure.

If what I ask they promise thee—myself
The deed's own fame suffices—'neath yon mound
Methinks my feet would guide me to the walls
And fort of Pallanteum.' Euryalus,
Thrilled and transfixed with mighty love of praise,
Thus at the word his glowing friend bespeaks :
' Nisus, dost shun to knit me to thy side
In high exploit ? Or should I let thee go
To face such perils singly ? 'Twas not thus
My sire Opheltes, to war's work inured,
'Mid Argive terrors and the woes of Troy
Trained me and reared ; nor at thy side have I
So borne me, since I followed to the field
High-souled Aeneas and his utmost fate.
Here, here 's a soul that scorns the sunlight, deems
That fame thou striv'st for cheaply bought with life.'
Then Nisus : ' No such fear of thee had I,
Nor just it were ; nay, so may mighty Jove,
Or whoso on these things bends favouring eye,
Restore me to thy side in triumph. But if—
As oft in such adventure thou behold'st—
Some chance or god should hurry me to harm,
I would that thou survive me. At thine age
It is more meet to live. O, be there one
To lay me, snatched or ransomed from the fray,
In earth, or, if some wonted hap forbid,
Pay funeral offerings to my absent dust,
And grace me with a tomb ! Nor let me bring
Such grief on that sad mother, who, alone
Of many mothers, dared follow thee, her boy,
And hath no heart for great Acestes' town.'
But he : ' Thou weavest empty pleas in vain,
Nor doth my purpose alter or give way.
Speed we betimes ! ' He spake, and roused the watch,
Who to their charge succeed, then quits his post,
And, step by step with Nisus, seeks the prince.

All creatures else on earth were easing care
With slumber, and their hearts forgot to ache.
The foremost Teucrian lords, their flower of war,
Were kingdom's weal debating—what to do,

Who to Aeneas should the tidings bear.
Leaning on their long spears, and shield on arm,
Midmost the camp in a clear space they stood.
Then Nisus and with him Euryalus
In eager haste crave audience: what they urged
Was weighty, and would recompense delay.
Iulus first to their impatient suit
Gave audience, and bade Nisus speak; then thus
The son of Hyrtacus: 'O sons of Troy,
Hearken with kindly heed, nor let the worth
Of what we offer by our years be weighed.
Dissolved in wine and sleep, the Rutuli
Keep silence: our own eyes have marked a spot
For stratagem left open, where yon gate
Lets in or out upon the seaward side.
Their line of fires is broken, and black smoke
Goes up to heaven. Let us but use the chance
To seek Aeneas and Pallanteum's fort.
Soon will ye see us here at hand with spoils.
After great slaughter done. Nor will the way
We go beguile us: down the valleys dim,
Assiduous in the chase, we have seen gleam
The city, and all the river-windings know.'
Alethes hereupon, with years o'erweighed
And ripe of wisdom, spake: 'Gods of our sires,
Whose power divine still watches over Troy,
Howbeit, ye think not a full end to make
Of all the Teucrians, in that ye vouchsafe
Our youth such valour and heart steadfastness.'
So saying, the shoulders and right hands of both
Embraced he, and bathed all his face with tears.
'What guerdon, heroes, of your glorious deeds
Can I deem worthy to be paid you? First
Heaven and your own hearts will the best bestow;
Then good Aeneas, what else remains anon
Will yield you, and Ascanius, whose fresh youth
Service so noble never can forget.'
'Nay!' breaks in Ascanius, 'whose sole hope
Of safety hangs upon my sire's return,
By the great hearth gods, Nisus, thee adjure,

The guardian spirit of Assaracus,
And hoary Vesta's shrine ; whate'er I have
Of faith or fortune in your laps I lay :
Bring back my sire, restore him to my sight :
He here again, grief is not. Goblets twain
Silver-wrought, rough with tracery, will I give,
Ta'en by my sire, what time he smote and quelled
Arisba, and twin tripods, and of gold
Two mighty talents, and a bowl of yore,
Sidonian Dido's gift. But if our lot
Be to take Italy, to win and wield
A conqueror's sceptre, and mete out the spoil—
Thou sawest the war-steed whereon Turnus rode
In arms, all golden—none but that, with shield
And ruddy plume, O Nisus, will I pluck
Forth from the lot, thine even from this day.
Matrons twice six beside of choicest form
My sire will give thee, and men-captives eke,
All with their armour, and of land, to boot,
What King Latinus hath for his domain.
But thee, thrice honoured youth, whose age my own
Doth in the race press closer, from this hour
To my whole heart I take, betide what may,
And clasp thee for my comrade. Without thee,
For mine own lot no glory shall be wooed ;
Come peace or war, to thee, both deed and word,
Be all my heart unbosomed.' Answered then
Euryalus : 'From such bold venture me
No time shall prove degenerate, let but Fate
Be kind, not cruel. But all gifts beyond,
One boon I beg : I have a mother sprung
From Priam's ancient race, whom Ilian land
Held not, poor soul, nor king Acestes' town
From faring forth with me. Her now I leave
Unwitting of this peril, whatsoe'er,
Aye, and ungreeted—Night and thy right hand
My witness be—for that I may not brook
A parent's weeping. But do thou, I pray,
Comfort her need and aid her loneliness.
Let me bear hence this hope of thee : hereby

Into all dangers I shall boldlier go.'
Touched to the heart, the Dardans wept, and fair
Iulus before all, whose soul was wrung
With likeness of the love he bore his sire.
Then thus he speaks: 'Assure thee of all done
That thy great exploit merits: for she shall be
As my own mother, lacking but the name
Creusa; nor slight honour waits the womb
That bore so nobly. Let what fortune may
Be the deed's sequel, by this head I vow,
As oft my sire was wont, whate'er to thee
I promise, prosperously returned, the same
Shall for thy mother and thy kin abide.'
Weeping he spake, and from his shoulder doffs
A gilded sword, which erst Lycaon of Crete
Wrought with rare skill, and fitted for the hand
With ivory sheath. A shaggy lion's hide
Mnestheus to Nisus gives; Aletes true
Makes interchange of helmets. Thus arrayed
Onward they move, whom all the band of chiefs,
Both young and old, escorting to the gates,
Follow with vows. And fair Iulus too,
Armed with man's thought and spirit beyond his years,
Full many a message to his sire bade bear.
But one and all the rude winds rend amain,
And to the clouds consign them unfulfilled.

Thence issuing forth, they cross the trench, and seek
Through shades of night the foeman's camp—yet first
To be the death of many. In drunken sleep
Stretched on the greensward scattered forms they see,
Cars tilted on the bench, 'twixt wheels and reins
Their masters, and with these one litter of arms
And wine. First spake the son of Hyrtacus:
'Now for a bold stroke! now, Euryalus,
The deed itself invites: here lies our way.
Watch thou, and keep wide outlook, lest some hand
Should from behind assail us: here will I
Deal havoc, and by a broad lane lead thee on.'
He spake, then checks his utterance, and lets drive
At haughty Rhamnes, who, it chanced, high-propped

On heapèd carpets, the full-chested breath
Of sleep was heaving—king himself, and seer,
Best-loved of kingly Turnus ; but no whit
His seer-craft might avail to ward off doom.
Three of his folk hard by, at random laid
Among their weapons, he takes unaware,
And the armour-bearer, aye, and charioteer,
Of Remus, close beside his horses caught,
And with the sword shears through their lolling necks ;
Then from their lord himself he lops the head,
And leaves the red trunk gurgling ; with black gore
Reek couch and greensward. Lamyrus withal,
Lamus, and young Serranus, who that night
Had played full long, and in his beauty's pride
Lay there limb-vanquished by the o'erpotent god—
Ah ! happier had he played a night-long bout,
Nor made an end till morn !—such havoc as when
An unfed lion, ravaging amid
Full sheep-folds—for mad famine goads him on—
Mangles and rends the mild flock mute with fear,
And roars with blood-stained mouth. Nor less meanwhile
The slaughter of Euryalus ; he too
Rages like fire, and, as they blocked his path,
Falls on a vast and nameless crowd, and slays
Fadus, Herbesus, Rhoetus, Abaris,
Or ere they knew it. Rhoetus awake saw all,
But crouched in fear behind a mighty bowl ;
Full in whose breast, as up he rose, the youth
At arm's length, to the hilt, his sword-blade plunged,
And steeped in death withdrew it. He pours forth
The red life, dying, and blood-mingled wine ;
The other on his dark errand hotly hies.
Now was he making for Messapus' train,
Where the last gleams of dying fire, and steeds
Tethered a-row, and grazing, he beheld,
When Nisus briefly—for he saw him borne
Beyond all bounds with lust of carnage—cried :
'Forbear we now ; the unfriendly dawn draws nigh.
We have drunk full deep of vengeance, through the foe

Hewed out a passage.' Many a trophy fair--
Men's arms of solid silver wrought, and bowls,
And sumptuous coverlets, they leave behind.
Euryalus the trappings tears away
And gold-bossed belt of Rhamnes, which of yore
Right wealthy Caedicus sent as a gift
To Remulus of Tibur, when from far
For friend he sought him: to his grandson's hand
Dying he left them, by the Rutule host
After his death in war and battle won.
These he tears off, and on his shoulders brave
Binds, but in vain, then dons Messapus' helm
Well-fitted, plume-adorned. So forth from camp
They pass, and make for safety.

But meanwhile
Horsemen, sent forward from the Latin town,
While halts the main host on the plain arrayed,
Came bringing answers for King Turnus' ear.
Three hundred, shield men all, by Volscens led.
Even now they approach the camp, and near the wall,
When at some distance they descry the twain
Rounding the path to leftward; and the helm
In glimmer of night betrayed Euryalus
Unheedful, and flashed back the opposing ray:
Nor seen for naught. Cries Volscens from his troop:
'Stand, warriors; wherefore thus afoot? and say
Who are ye that go armed, and whither fare?'
Naught urge they in reply, but speed amain
Into the woods, and trust them to the night.
The horsemen interpose, bar right and left
The well known crossways, and with sentinels
Fringe every outlet. The wood bristled wide
With brambles and dark ilex, every way
Choked with impenetrable thorns; the path
Through the dim forest tracks gleamed brokenly.
Euryalus by darkness of the boughs
Perplexed, and spoil encumbered, is by fear
Fooled of his bearings. Nisus wins clear off:
And now, all heedless, he had passed the foe,
And region afterward from Alba's name

Hight Alban—then the lofty cattle-stalls
Of King Latinus—when he stopped, looked back
For his lost friend, in vain. 'Euryalus,
Unhappy one! where have I left thee? how
Follow, and unthrid all the tangled path
Of treacherous woodland?' Therewith, questing back,
His footsteps he retraces, roaming on
Through the hushed brakes. He hears the horses' tread,
Hears the loud din and signals of pursuit.
Nor long the time till to his ear a shout
Comes, and he sees Euryalus, whom trapped
By the false ground and darkness, and confused
By sudden onslaught, the whole band even now
Hale onward, struggling valiantly, in vain.
What can he do? Say, with what force, what arms
A rescue dare? Or should he rush on doom
Amid the sword-blades, and precipitate
Through wounds a glorious death? Quick drawing back
His arm, and brandishing a spear, he looks
Up to the moon in heaven, and prays aloud:
'Thou, goddess, thou, Latona's child, be near
To aid my effort, glory of the stars
And guardian of the groves; if Hyrtacus
My sire hath ever to thine altars brought
Gifts for my sake, if any I myself
Have added from the chase, and in thy dome
Hung them, or fastened to thy sacred roof,
Let me confound this banded mass, and guide
My darts through air.' He spake, and hurls the steel
With his whole body's strength. The flying spear
Sunders the shades of night, meets the turned back
Of Sulmo, and there snaps, the splintered shaft
Riving his heart: he, spouting from his breast
The hot life-stream, rolls over, chilled in death,
And long gasps heave his palpitating sides.
All eyes look every way. He thereupon
The keenlier poises, see! a second dart
Aimed from the ear-tip. While they hesitate,
Through Tagus' either temple sped the spear
Hissing, and clave warm in the piercèd brain.

Volscens storms fiercely, but can nowhere spy
The wielder of the weapon, nor whereon
To launch his fury. 'Thou at least,' he cried,
'Shalt with thy life-blood pay the debt of both,'
And so drew sword, and on Euryalus
Was rushing. Then indeed, with terror mad,
Nisus shrieks wildly, nor can shroud himself
Longer in darkness, or such anguish bear:
'Here, here am I, the doer, on me, on me
Turn all your steel, O Rutules! Mine the fault,
Mine only: he not dared, nor could have done it;
This heaven, these stars, be witness, that know all!
He only loved his hapless friend too well.'
So spoke he; but the sword, with strength driven home,
Has pierced the ribs, and rends the snowy breast.
Euryalus rolls in death; the blood runs o'er
His beauteous limbs, and on his shoulder sinks
The faint neck: as a bright flower, by the plough
Shorn through, droops dying, or poppies weary-necked,
By a chance shower o'er weighted, bow the head.
But Nisus leaps amidst them, seeks through all
Volscens alone, for none but Volscens stays.
The foe massed round him close on either side,
Beat him attack. Nathless he presses on,
And whirls his lightning blade, till, plunging it
Full in the shouting Rutule's face, he reft,
Dying, the foeman's life, then, pierced with wounds,
Flung him upon his lifeless friend, and there
At last lay pallid calm in death's repose.
Ah! happy pair! if aught my verse avail,
No lapse of hours from time's recording page
Shall e'er erase you, while Aeneas' house
Dwells on the Capitol's unshaken rock,
And the great Roman sire holds sovereignty.
The conquering Rutules, masters of the spoil
And plunder, now with tears the breathless corse
Of Volscens bear to camp; nor in the camp
Less wild their grief for Rhamnes lifeless found,
And all those chiefs in one fell carnage slain
With Numa and Serranus. A great throng
Makes for the dead and dying, where all reeked fresh

With slaughter, and the full streams foamed with blood.
One with another, they recognize the spoil,
Messapus' gleaming helm and trophies fair,
That cost such sweat of battle to win back.
Now, rising from Tithonus' saffron bed,
Young Dawn was sprinkling with new beams the world;
In floods the sunlight, and lays all things bare,
When Turnus, girt in his own warlike arms,
Summons to arms his men, and every chief
Musters for battle his brass-mailed array,
And with a thousand rumours whets their wrath.
Aye, and on upraised spear-points, piteous sight!
They fix, and follow with loud shouts, the heads
Of Nisus and Euryalus. But Troy's sons
Unflinching on the ramparts' leftward side
Have set their line of battle—for the right
Is girded by the river—and there guard
The yawning trench, and on the lofty towers
Stand sorrowing, moved to see on spear-heads borne
Those warrior-faces, known, alas! too well,
And dripping with dark gore.
Winged Fame the while
Speeds with the tidings through the affrighted town,
And to the mother of Euryalus
Comes floating in at ear. Then, hapless one!
Warmth left her frame of a sudden; from both hands
Dashed was the shuttle, and all her task unwound.
Forth flies the ill-fated dame with woman's shrieks,
Rent locks, and madly for the ramparts makes
And foremost fighters, heedless she of men,
Heedless of danger and of darts, then fills
The heaven with lamentations: 'Is it thus,
Euryalus, I see thee? and could'st thou,
Late refuge of mine age, so leave me lone?
Ah! cruel; and on such perilous errand sent,
Might thy poor mother bid thee no farewell?
Alas! in a strange land thou liest, a prey
To Latin dogs and vultures! Nor have I,
Thy mother, led thy funeral-pomp, or closed
Thine eyes, or washed thy wounds, or with the robe

Thee covered, which I toiled at, night and day,
Easing an old wife's sorrow with the loom.
Say, whither can I follow, or what land now
Holds thy dismembered frame and mangled corse?
Son, bring'st me back no more of thee than this?
Is't this I followed over land and main?
If ye have men's hearts, pierce me, upon me
Heave all your shafts, O Rutules; with the sword
Me first devour; or thou, great Sire of gods,
Have pity, and with thy bolt to Tartarus' depth
Hurl this detested head, since sunder else
Life's cruel yoke I may not.' With her sobs
All hearts were torn; a moan of anguish passed
From rank to rank, their valour numbed and crushed
For battle. As thus she fed the flame of woe,
Idaeus and Actor, bidden of Ilioneus
And tear-dissolved Iulus, in their arms
Caught her, and bore within.

But hark! the trump
Its terrible note of clanging brass afar
Has uttered; a shout follows, and the sky
Reverberates. The Volscians side by side
Urge the shield tortoise onward, fain to fill
The trench, and rend the rampart. Other some
Quest for an entrance, and with scaling gear
To mount the wall, there where the line was scant,
And the gapped circle, sparse her manned, showed thin.
The Teucrian host with motley missile showers
Meet who assail them, and stout push of pole,
Taught by long warfare to defend their walls.
Stones too of deadly weight they roll, in hope
The roofed ranks to shatter, though fain are these
All shocks to bear 'neath that impervious shell.
Yet fail they now — for where yon mighty swarm
Threatens, up toil the Teucrians and heave o'er
A monstrous mass, which on the Rutules wrought
Wide havoc, and brake their coverlet of mail.
No longer the bold Rutules care to wage
A shielded war, but from the rampart strive
With darts to thrust them. Otherwhere grim sight,

Mezentius, brandishing a Tuscan pine,
Hurls smoky fire-brands ; while Messapus, see !
Tamer of horses, Neptune's child, tears down
The rampart, and cries ' Ladders to the wall ! '
O Calliope, inspire me, thou and thine,
To sing what havoc, what deaths upon that day
Dealt Turnus with the sword, what warrior's life
Sped each to Orcus ; and unroll with me
The mighty margins of the scroll of war.
There was a tower that strained the upward gaze,
With gangways high, on site of vantage set,
Which all of Italy strove amain to storm,
And toiled their utmost to o'er-topple : this
The Trojans were defending, armed with stones,
And through the loop-holes hurled their darts in showers.
Turnus first flung a blazing torch, and drave
Into its flank the fire, which, swollen with wind,
Caught board and beam, and clung there and devoured.
Wild panic reigns within, and vain essay
To shun disaster. While they huddle close,
Back-settling to the side which lacks the bane,
Suddenly, over-weighed, down fell the tower,
And all the welkin thundered with the crash.
Half-dead to earth they come, the monster-mass
Behind them, pierced alike by their own darts,
And with hard splinters through the breast impaled.
Scarce one alone, Helenor, and with him
Lycus, escaped ; Helenor in youth's prime,
Whom slave Licymnia erst had secretly
Borne to Maeonia's king, and sent to Troy
In arms forbidden, with bare sword light-arrayed
And blank shield nameless. Soon as he beheld
About him Turnus' thousands, with the ranks
Of Latium standing on this side and that,
As a wild beast that, by the huntsmen's ring
Hemmed closely, storms against the darts, and leaps,
Eyes open, upon death, and with a bound
Springs on the spear-points, even so the youth
Midmost the foemen rushed on doom, and, where
He saw the darts throng thickest, aimed his way.

But Lycus, with his feet far doughtier, thrids
Through foes and darts his flight, and gains the wall,
Fain to clutch coping and reach comrades' hands.
Whom Turnus, following both with foot and spear,
Thus taunts in triumph: 'Fool, thought'st thou to escape
My grasp?' so seized him as he clung, and tore
Down with a mighty fragment of the wall:
As when, with hare or snowy-bodied swan
Gripped in his hooked talons, soars aloft
Jove's armour-bearer, or as wolf of Mars
Snatches a lamb from fold, with bleat on bleat
Sought by its mother. From every side ascends
The war-shout; on they press, and from the mound
Fill in the trenches. Others at the roofs
Fling blazing brands. With a huge mass of rock,
Torn from a mountain, Ilioneus strikes down
Lucetius, as with fire in hand he drew
Anigh the gate; Liger Emathion,
Asilas Corynaeus, with javelin that,
This skilled with sly-winged arrow from afar.
Caeneus Ortygius, Turnus Caeneus, quells,
Fresh from his victory; Turnus Itys too
And Clonius, Dioxippus, Promolus,
And Sagaris, and Idas, as he stood
In forefront of the bulwarks; Capys slays
Privernus. Him Themilla's glancing spear
At first had grazed, who, madly dropping shield,
Laid hand on hurt: on flew the winged shaft,
Pinned to left side his palm, probed deep, and tore
With murderous breach the passages of breath.
The son of Arcens stood in splendid arms
With needle-broidered scarf superbly dight
Of dark Iberian dye, for beauty famed,
Whom his sire Arcens to the field had sent,
Reared in his mother's grove anigh the streams
Symaethian, where Palicus' altar stands,
Gift-dowered and gracious: flinging spears aside,
Mezentius with strained thong the whizzing sling
Thrice whirled about his head, with molten ball

Cleft the mid-forehead of the opposing foe,
And stretched him all his length upon the sand.
  Then first, 'tis said, Ascanius his swift shaft
Levelled in war, till now but wont to fright
The flying quarry, and with his hand laid low
The brave Numanus, surnamed Remulus,
To Turnus' younger sister late-allied
In wedlock. He before the vanward ranks
Strode, shouting words meet and unmeet to tell,
And swollen at heart with his new royalty,
Stalked vainly, clamouring loud: 'Ah! blush ye not,
Twice captured Phrygians, yet again to be
Cooped within rampart by the leaguer's ring,
And thus to wall off death? Lo! these the men
Who claim our wives at the sword's point! What god,
What madness, say, drove you to Italy?
Not here the Atridae, nor Ulysses here
Tongue-trickster. Hardy and of a hardy stock,
Down to the river our very babes we bring,
And brace them with the water's cruel cold.
Our boys hunt tireless, and wear out the woods,
Their sport to rein the steed, stretch shaft on bow.
Patient of toil, to need inured, our youth
Tame earth with mattocks, or shake towns with war.
No age of life but with hard steel is worn;
With spear reversed our bullocks' flanks we goad;
Nor sluggish eld doth our hearts' strength impair,
Or warp our vigour: on white locks we press
The helmet-rim, and evermore delight
To mass new plunder and by rapine live.
Yours are embroidered robes of saffron tint,
Or gleaming purple; sloth is your delight;
Ye love to revel in the dance, and wear
Sleeved tunics and stringed turbans. Phrygians ye,
Women, indeed, not men; go, range the heights
Of Dindymus, where to practised touch the pipe
Utters its twofold note. The timbrels, hark!
The Idaean mother's Berecynthian flute
Calls you: leave arms to men, and quit the sword.'
  Such wordy boasting and loud-threatening taunts

Ascanius brooked not: on the horse-hair string
He stretched a shaft, confronting him, and drew
His arms apart, and stood, first praying to Jove
With suppliant vows: 'Almighty Jupiter,
Smile on my bold essay. I to thy shrine
Will yearly offerings bring, and set a steer
Brow-gilded at thine altar, dazzling white,
His head borne level with his dam's, now meet
To butt with horn and spurn with hoof the soil.'
The Father heard, and from a clear sky-space
Thundered upon the left; at once the bow
Twanged with its deadly freight. The shaft drawn home
Flew whistling grim, and borne through Remulus' head
Cleft with steel barb the hollows of his brow.
'Go then, with haughty words at valour mock!
The twice ta'en Phrygians to the Rutules send
This answer back.' Thus far Ascanius spake;
The Teucrians cheer responsive, shout for joy,
And mount in soul to heaven. It chanced that then
Long haired Apollo from a tract of sky
Was glancing downward on the Ausonian host,
And city, cloud enthroned, and thus addressed
Iulus, as he triumphed: 'Good luck have thou
Of thy new valour, boy! So men mount heaven,
O god-descended, sire of gods to be.
Rightly shall all wars, doomed to rise, sink down
Beneath the offspring of Assaracus.
Troy cannot hold thee.' With that word he shoots
From heaven on high, disparts the breathing gales,
And seeks Ascanius. Then his form he shifts
To that of aged Butes, who erewhile
Was armour-bearer to the Dardan chief
Anchises, and true warder of the gate;
Thereafter charged by the lad's sire to guard
Ascanius. Onward then Apollo strode,
Like the old man in all, both voice and hue,
As in white locks, and fiercely-clashing arms;
Then thus to fiery-souled Iulus spake:
'Child of Aeneas, enough that by thy shafts

Numanus unavenged hath bit the dust;
This thy first praise doth great Apollo grant,
Nor grudges arms that emulate his own.
Cease, boy, from further warfare.' Thus began,
But in mid utterance left the eyes of men,
Apollo, and into empty air afar
Vanished from sight. The Dardan princes knew
The god, and his divine artillery,
And heard the quiver rattling as he flew.
Ascanius, eager for the fray, they check
With Phoebus' word of power; themselves once more
Fill up the battle-ranks, and cast their lives
Into the yawning peril. A shout runs
From tower to tower, the whole wall's length; they stretch
Their eager bows, and whirl the javelin-thong.
Earth is all strewn with missiles; shield and helm
Ring hollow to their blows; fierce swells the fight;
Thick as a shower that, rising from the west,
Beneath the watery kid-stars whips the ground,
Or heavy as hail that headlong pelts the sea,
When, rough with southern blasts, the sky-god whirls
His watery storm, and bursts the clouds in heaven.
Pandarus and Bitias, from Alcanor sprung
Of Ida, whom Iaera, forest-nymph,
Reared in the grove of Jupiter, now men
Tall as their native pines or mountain peaks,
Throw wide a portal to their charge consigned
By the chief's word, and, on their arms relying,
Bid enter free the foemen through the walls.
Themselves within, to right hand and to left,
Take stand before the bulwarks, armed in iron,
While the plumes flutter on their towering heads.
Even as on either side some river's flow,
On Padus' banks, or by sweet Athesis,
Twin oak-trees soar aloft, and rear to heaven
Their unshorn heads, with nodding crest sublime.
In burst the Rutules, when the approach they see
Wide open. Quercens and Aquicolus,
In glorious arms, and Tmarus, rash of heart,

And Haemon, son of Mavors, there and then,
With all their squadrons routed, turned aback,
Or on the very threshold laid life down.
Then wrath waxed fiercer in their battling souls ;
And now the Trojans to the selfsame spot
Gather in swarms, to close encounter come,
Nor fear to launch into the open.
Word
Is to Prince Turnus brought, as far aloof
He stormed and wrought confusion, that the foe
Soothe with fresh slaughter, and throw wide their gates.
His hand he stays, and, wildly raging, speeds
Toward those proud brethren at the Dardan gate.
And first Antiphates, as offering first,
Born of a Theban mother, and bastard son
To great Sarpedon, his launched javelin smites.
Flies through the buxom air the Italian shaft
Of corned wood, and, in the gullet lodged,
Ran deep into his breast ; the black wound's chasm
Gives forth a foaming tide, and in his lung
The fixed steel grows warm. Then Erymas
And Merops he lays low with might of hand ;
Aphidnus then, then Bitias, fiery-eyed
And furious hearted — not with javelin stroke,
For to no javelin had he yielded breath ;
But, hissing loud, a whirled Phalaric spear
Sped like a thunderbolt ; nor bull-hides twain,
Nor trusty corslet's double links of gold
Could stay it ; the limbs gigantic fall in a heap,
Earth groans, and his huge shield clangs over him.
So on Euboean Baiae's shore at times
Tumbles a stony mass, which, welded first
In mighty blocks, men cast into the sea ;
So headlong it trails havoc, and, far down,
Dashed on the shallows, finds its sunken bed.
The billows boil, dark sand comes silting up ;
Then Prochyta's foundations at the sound
Quake, and Inarime's rough bed of pain,
Piled o'er Typhoeus by Jove's sovereign word.
Now Mars, the lord of battle, lent new strength
And valour to the Latins, deep in heart

Turning his eager goads ; and Flight withal
Among the Teucrians and dark Fear he sent.
From every side, now scope for fight is given,
They swarm ; the war-god leaps into their soul.
When Pandarus sees his brother's outstretched corse,
How fortune sits, and what chance wields the day,
By a mighty effort on its turning hinge
He swings the gate back with stout shoulder-push,
Leaves many a friend amid the cruel fray
Shut out from camp, but others, in hot haste
Retreating, with himself shuts safely in.
Madman ! to see not midmost of the rout
Burst in the Rutule monarch—yea, wantonly
Within their walls to impound him, as it were
Some monstrous tiger among helpless herds.
At once strange light flashed from the hero's eyes ;
His arms rang terribly ; his helmet-crest
Quivered blood-red, and from his shield he darts
Quick gleams of lightning. Suddenly dismayed,
The sons of Troy know well that hated form
And limbs gigantic. Then huge Pandarus
Springs from their midst, and for his brother's death
Red-hot with wrath bespeaks him : 'This is not
Amata's bridal palace, nor Ardea now
Holds Turnus fast within his native walls ;
'Tis the foe's camp thou seest, all exit barred.'
To him spake Turnus, smiling, calm at heart :
'Begin, if thou hast manhood, and fall on.
Word shalt thou bear to Priam that here too
Thou found'st Achilles.' He had said ; the foe,
With main strength heaving, hurled a ruggèd spear,
Knotty with untrimmed bark ; the breezes took it ;
Saturnian Juno from its course made swerve
The coming wound ; the spear sticks in the gate.
'Not so this weapon, my right hand wields amain,
Shalt thou escape ; for no such falterer here
Aims wound or weapon.' So saying, he rises high
To his uplifted sword, and with the blade
Full betwixt either temple, a grisly stroke,
Cleft him through forehead and through beardless
cheeks.

A loud crash followed; earth reels with the vast weight;
Rolled in a heap, with his brain-spattered arms,
The limbs fell dying; in equal halves the head
This way and that from either shoulder hung.
Wild panic seized the Trojans, and they fled:
And had the victor now ta'en instant thought
To burst the gate-bolts and let in his friends,
That day the war had ended, and the race.
But rage impelled him, and mad lust of blood
Like fire upon the foe. First Phaleris
He overtakes, and Gyges, 'neath the knee
Slitting his sinews. Plucking forth the spears
From these, he hurls them on the fliers' backs;
Juno lends strength and courage. Next he sends
Halys to join them, and, through shield transfixed,
Phegeus; then, all unwitting, on the wall
Stud kindling war, Alcander, Halius,
Noemon, Prytanis. As Lyncus strides
Forward, calls up his comrades, with one strong
Bright sword sweep from the rampart on the right
He takes him; severed by a single stroke
At arm's length, head and helm lay rolled afar.
Then Amycus, of woodland beasts the scourge,
Thain whom none happier-handed to anoint
Darts, and envenom steel, and Aeolus' son,
Clytius, and Cretheus, to the Muses dear
Cretheus, the Muses' mate, who ever loved
Song and the lyre, and to stretch note on string,
And steeds and arms and battles ever sang.

At length the Teucrian leaders hear the tale
Of their friends' slaughter, and together meet,
Mnestheus and keen Serestus; they discern
Friends flying wide, the foe within their gates.
Then Mnestheus: 'Whither next, whither,' he cries,
'Urge ye your flight? what other walls remain,
What ramparts beyond these? Shall it be told
That one man, O my countrymen, and he
Hemmed by your circling lines, wrought unavenged
Such carnage through the camp, to Orcus hurled
So many of our bravest? Coward souls,

Your wretched country and her ancient gods,
And great Aeneas—do these no pity stir,
No shame ?' By such words kindled, they take heart
And halt in dense array. Then foot by foot
'Gan Turnus from the conflict to withdraw,
Make for the river, and wave-encircled side.
At this the Teucrians with a mighty shout
Press keenlier on, and form one solid mass:
As when a crowd with threatening spears beset
Some savage lion, he, terrified, yet fierce
And angry-eyed, recoils ; valour and wrath
Forbid him turn aback, nor yet, though fain,
Through darts and huntsmen can he force his way ;
So now doth Turnus doubtfully withdraw
No hurrying steps ; wrath surges in his soul.
Aye, and even then upon the foemen's midst
Twice had he rushed, twice turned their ranks to rout
Along the wall ; but the whole host from camp
In hot haste rally and unite, nor durst
Saturnian Juno lend him strength enow
To match them ; for now Jupiter from heaven
Sent air-borne Iris with no mild behests
Charged for his sister, except Turnus quit
The Teucrians' lofty ramparts. So nor shield
Nor good right hand avails him to stand firm,
On every side with pelting darts o'erpowered.
Clatters the helm about his hollow brow
With ceaseless din ; the solid plates of brass
By stones are split, the crest dashed from his head ;
Such strokes the boss may bear not ; spear on spear
Trojans, and Mnestheus' self with lightning-hand,
Launch thick upon him. Then o'er all his frame
The sweat flows, pouring—and no space to breathe—
Its grimy torrent ; a sick panting shakes
The o'er-wearied limbs. At length, with headlong bound,
Armed at all points he plunged into the flood.
Its tawny eddies took him, as he came,
Up-bore with buoyant waters, cleansed of blood,
And sent him back rejoicing to his friends.

BOOK X

Now is thrown wide the almighty house of heaven, 1–27
And lo! the Sire of gods and King of men
Summons a council to his starry court,
Whence from on high he doth all lands of earth,
The Dardan camp, and Latium's folk behold.
Within the double-gated hall they sit:
Himself breaks silence: 'Mighty sons of heaven,
Why is your purpose turned aback? or why
So strive with rancorous hearts? That Italy
With Troy should lash in onset I forbade;
What is this feud, defiant of my ban?
What terror hath seduced or these, or those,
To rush on battle, and provoke the sword?
War's rightful hour — forestall it not — will come,
What time fierce Carthage on Rome's heights shall hurl
Mighty destruction and the opened Alps:
Then hate for hate, then rapine shall have sway:
But now give o'er, and cheerfully confirm
The peace decreed.' Thus Jupiter in brief:
Not briefly golden Venus makes reply:
'O Sire, O sovereign power eterne of men
And all things — for what else is left us yet
To pray to? — dost thou mark how insolent
The Rutules? and how Turnus, chariot-borne,
Vaunts him in mid career, and speeds amain
Flushed with war's triumph? Their close walls no more
Now shield the Teucrians: nay, within their gates,
Even on the mounded ramparts, hand to hand
They grapple, and all the trench o'erflows with blood.
Aeneas is unaware, far off. Wilt thou
Ne'er yield us respite from the leaguer's ring?
Over the walls of new-born Troy once more
A foe is hovering, and once more a host:

And from Aetolian Arpi, as of old,
Up-springs against the Teucrians Tydeus' son.
My wounds, methinks, await me yet, and I,
Thine offspring, but delay some mortal spear.
If unapproved and all unwilled of thee
The Trojans have sought Italy, that sin
Let them atone, nor speed them with thine aid:
But, if obedient unto call on call
From Heaven and Hades, how can any now
Reverse thy bidding, and write fate anew?
Why call to mind the fleet on Eryx' shore
Burnt up with fire? Why of the lord of storms
And his mad blasts roused from Aeolia, tell,
Or Iris sped from heaven? now too she stirs—
Tract unattempted yet—the shades below;
And, on the upper world launched suddenly,
Allecto riots through the Italian towns.
Of empire naught I reck; that hope was ours
While Fortune stood: win whom thou wouldst have win.
If realm be none which thy relentless spouse
Can spare the Teucrians, by Troy's overthrow
And smoking ruins, O Sire, I thee conjure,
Suffer me pluck Ascanius from the fray
Scathless; my grandson—suffer him to live.
Aeneas on unknown waters may be tossed,
And follow fortune, whatso path she point:
Let me this life avail to shield, and filch
From war's dread peril. Amathus is mine,
Mine lofty Paphos and Cythera's isle,
And fair Idalia's home: there let him pass
His days unarmed, inglorious. With proud sway
Bid Carthage curb Ausonia; naught from thence
Shall balk the Tyrian cities. To have 'scaped
The plague of war what boots him, to have fled
Clean through the Argive fires, and drained so oft
Dangers of sea and desert, while Troy's sons
Seek Latium's shore and Pergamus re-risen?
Were it not better to have sat them down
Amid their land's last ashes, and the soil

Where once was Troy? Ah! hapless, give them back
Xanthus and Simois; let the Teucrians, Sire,
Unroll afresh the tale of Ilium's woe.'
Then royal Juno, by fierce frenzy spurred:
'Why my deep silence driv'st thou me to break,
And vent abroad in words a hidden pain?
Aeneas hath any man or god compelled
To fly to arms, and launch him as a foe
On king Latinus? At the call of fate
He sought the shores of Italy; so be it;
Urged by Cassandra's raving; was it we
Bade him quit camp, trust to the winds his life,
To a boy's guidance commit walls and war,
Stir treason in Etruria's peaceful folk?
What god, what cruel tyranny of ours,
Impelled him to his bane? say, where in this
Was Juno's hand, or Iris sent from heaven?
'Tis shame for Italy's sons to gird with fire
Your new-born Troy, and on his native soil
Turnus set foot, from old Pilumnus sprung,
Venilia for his mother, Nymph divine:
What for the Trojans then with smoking brands
To fall on Latium, crush beneath the yoke,
Ravage and plunder lands that knew them not,
Pick wives at will, tear bride from lover's breast—
Hands craving peace, and vessels lined with war?
Thou canst Aeneas from Greek hands filch away,
Mist and void air present them for a man,
Into as many nymphs canst turn their fleet:
That we to Rutules too some aid should bring—
Counts it for crime? Aeneas is unaware,
Far off, thou sayest; far off and unaware
Let him remain. Paphos, Idalium,
Are thine, and tall Cythera: why provoke
Fierce bosoms, and a town that teems with war?
Think you 'tis I who labour to o'erthrow
The crumbling power of Phrygia? I, or he
Who on the hapless Trojans first drew down
The Achaean onslaught? Wherefore, say, to arms
Did Europe rise, and Asia with a rape

The cords of peace unravel ? Did I lead
The adulterous Dardan to storm Sparta's hold,
I find him weapons, or fan war with love ?
Fears for thy children had become thee then :
Now, all belated, and with baseless plaints
Rising, thou flingest thy fierce taunts in vain.'
So pleaded Juno, and the assembled gods
Murmured approval with divided voice ;
As rising blasts that, in the forest caught,
Murmur, and, rolling a dull roar along,
Bode storm to sailors. Then the almighty Sire,
Prime potentate, brake silence ; as he speaks,
Hushed is the gods' high palace, and the earth
From her base trembles ; the deep vault is still ;
The winds are dropped ; the sea smoothes flat his floor.
' Hear then, and graft within your heart, my words.
Ausonian, Teucrian, since no league may join,
Nor your own jars have end, howe'er to-day
Thrive either, cleave what path of hope he will,
Or Trojan, or Rutulian, shall by me
Be deemed alike indifferent, whether now
The destinies of Italy, or Troy's
Own baneful error and ill counsel, hold
Her camp beleaguered : nor herefrom loose I
The Rutules. Each shall his own sowing reap—
Or toil or triumph : Jupiter is king
Alike for all. The fates will find a way.'
He spake, and by his Stygian brother's stream,
Banks that with pitch and a black whirlpool boil,
Nodded assent, and with the nod made all
Olympus tremble. Here their parle had end.
Then Jupiter from off his golden throne
Rises, escorted to his palace-doors
By all the companies of heaven.
Meanwhile
At every gate the Rutules press around
To deal red death, and ring the walls with flame.
But fast within their palisades are penned
Aeneas' leaguered host : no hope of flight.
Forlorn upon the lofty towers they stand

In vain, and with a scant ring crown the walls:
The first rank Asius, son of Imbrasus,
And Hicetaon's son Thymoetes, then
The twain Assaraci, and Thymbris old
And Castor: brothers of Sarpedon both,
Clarus and Themon at their side are ranged
From lofty Lycia. Straining his full bulk,
Lycian-like Acmon bears a monstrous rock,
No mean part of a mountain; lesser-thewed
He nor than Clytius, from whose loins he sprang,
Nor his own brother Mnestheus. Some with darts
Strive to ward off the foemen, some with stones,
Or hurl the fire-brand, or fit shaft to string.
Midmost the press, for Venus' care most meet,
Behold! the Dardan boy, his comely head
Uncovered, glitters like a gem that cleaves
The red gold round it, to deck head or throat,
Or as gleams ivory, cunningly inlaid
In boxwood or Orician terebinth:
The fair white neck his showery locks receives
Up-gathered in a ring of pliant gold.
Thee too, O Ismarus, the great-hearted folk
Saw arm the wound, and arm the reed with bane,
High born of house Maeonian, where men till
Rich furrows by Pactolus washed with gold.
There too was Mnestheus, whom his late renown
In routing Turnus from the rampart's height
Exalts to heaven, and Capys there, from whom
The great Campanian city draws her name.
  These in the grip of stubborn war had closed:
Aeneas was cleaving now the midnight sea.
For, from Evander parted, and arrived
The Etruscan camp, soon as he meets the king,
And to the king relates his race and name,
Boon asked or offered, and reveals what arms
Mezentius wins to aid him, and therewith
The maddened heart of Turnus— warning him
How mutable things human, and with pleas
Mingling entreaties— without more ado
Tarchon joins forces, and strikes treaty: then

Fate-free, the Lydian folk at heaven's behest
Beneath an alien's banner leap aboard.
The good ship of Aeneas leads the van,
The Phrygian lions yoked beneath her prow;
O'er them hangs Ida, a boon sight to see
For Teucrian exiles. Great Aeneas here
Sits and revolves in his own heart the while
War's changeful issues; to his leftward side
Cleaves Pallas, and now asks him of the stars—
The road-way of dark night—anon of all
His jeopardies endured by land and sea.
Now open Helicon, ye goddesses,
And wake the strain, what hero-company,
Following Aeneas from the Etruscan strand,
Array the decks for war, and ride the deep.
First, in his brass-beaked Tiger, Massicus
Cleaves the sea-billows, beneath whom are ranged
A thousand warriors, from walled Clusium come,
And Cosae's city; arrow-men are they,
Girt with light quiver and death-bearing bow.
With him grim Abas, his whole band aflame
With glorious arms, Apollo gilded bright
Upon the stern. Six hundred of her sons
Had Populonia lent him, proved in war,
But Ilva's isle three hundred, whose rich womb
Teems with the Chalybes' unexhausted mines.
Third, that interpreter 'twixt gods and men,
Asilus comes, obedient to whose will
Are victims' entrails, and the stars of heaven,
And tongues of birds, and bodeful lightning-fires.
A thousand speeds he on in close array,
And with spears bristling, to his banner bid
By Pisa, city of Alphean birth,
On soil Etruscan. Follows in their wake
Thrice beauteous Astyr, Astyr on his steed
And gay-wrought arms relying; along with him—
All of one heart to follow—hundreds three
From Caere's home, or who in Minio's fields
And ancient Pyrgi dwell, and fever-fraught
Graviscae.

No, nor thee must I pass o'er,
Liguria's bravest chieftain, Cinyras,
Or thee, Cupavo, with thy scanty train,
Sprungs from whose crest the plumage of a swan;
Love your reproach,—for cognizance ye bear
Your father's form. For Cycnus, as folk tell,
Bemoaning his loved Phaethon—what time
Amid those sisters' shadowy poplar-leaves
He sings, with music solacing love's woe
Donned downy feathers for the snows of age,
Left earth behind, and starward soared in song.
The son, embarked with all his warlike peers,
Urges with oars the mighty Centaur on;
Who leans above the flood, and menaces
With monstrous rock the billows, towering high,
And furrows with long keel the watery deep.
Summons a war host from his native shores
Great Ocnus too, from Manto, prophetess,
Sprung, and the Tuscan river, who to thee
Gave walls, O Mantua, and his mother's name,
Mantua now rich in noble sires, but not
All of one stock: a threefold race are they,
Four several States in each; o'er all the States
Herself the head, her strength of Tuscan blood.
Hence too Mezentius arms to his own bane
Five hundred, whom the form of Mincius, crowned
With grey green rushes, sire Benacus' child,
Was seaward leading in their pine of war.
Aulestes labouring onward smites the flood
With hundred tree stems rising to the stroke;
The sea floor is to churning, the waters foam.
Him monstrous Triton bears, and with his shell
Frights the blue billows; downward to the flank
His shaggy front shows human, as he swims;
Finds in a fish the belly; neath his waist
Half bestial the wave gurgles as it foams.
Such was the train of chosen chiefs who came
In thrice ten vessels to the aid of Troy,
Cleaving with brass the fields of brine.

And now

Kind Phoebe, daylight from the sky withdrawn,
Smote mid-Olympus with night-wandering car :
Aeneas, for care denied his limbs repose,
Sole sitting, guides the helm and tends the sails ;
When a fair band of once his way-fellows
See ! meet him in mid course : the nymphs, whom kind
Cybebe bade have worship of the sea,
And turned to nymphs from vessels, toward him swam,
Cleaving the floods together, each and all
That had as brazen prows stood moored to shore.
Their king they know from far, with solemn dance
Surround him ; but their skilfullest of speech,
Cymodocea, following in his wake,
Grasps with her right the stern, shoots shoulder-high,
And with her left hand oars the silent wave.
Then thus she accosts him, though he knew not her :
'Wakest thou, son of heaven, Aeneas ? Wake
And slack the sail-sheets. Lo ! thy fleet are we,
Pine-trees of Ida from his sacred crest,
Now ocean-nymphs. When us the Rutule false
With sword and fire urged headlong, we thy bonds
Unwilling snapped, and seek thee o'er the main.
The mighty Mother, pitying, this our form
Re-wrought, and gave us to be goddesses,
And under ocean all our days to spend.
But young Ascanius wall and trench confine
'Mid Latium's darts and bristling front of war.
The Arcadian horse and stout Etruscan stand
Even now together at the appointed spot.
With interposing host to block their path,
And bar from camp, is Turnus' set resolve.
Up then ! at earliest dawn bid rouse to arms
Thy friends, and take the shield, the lord of fire
Gave thee himself, of adamantine might,
And edged the rims with gold. To-morrow's sun,
If vain my words thou deem not, shall descry
Vast heaps of Rutule slaughter.' She had said,
And with her right hand pushed the lofty stern
At parting, nowise witless of the way
Swifter than javelin, or wind-wingèd shaft,

It skims along the waves ; thereat the rest
Quicken their course. The Trojan prince himself,
Son of Anchises, stands amazed, yet takes
Heart from the omen ; then, with eyes upturned
To the high vault of heaven, he briefly prays :
' Kind queen of Ida, mother of the gods,
Whom Dindymus, and cities turret-crowned,
And lions coupled to thy rein, delight,
Be thou my guide in battle, and this sign
Bring to fair issue, and with favouring foot
Attend the Phrygians, goddess.' There he ceased.
Meanwhile returning dawn sped round apace,
To broad day ripening, and had banished night :
First to his comrades he gives charge that all
Obey the signal, brace their hearts to war,
And fit them for the fray. And now he holds
The Tenerian host and his own camp in sight,
Upon the high poop standing : suddenly
On his left arm the blazing shield he rears.
The Dardans from the wall raise shouts to heaven ;
Hope comes to heighten wrath ; their darts they shower;
As cranes from Strymon under murky clouds
Give signal, and skim clamorously the air,
And scud before the south with trailing cry.
But to the Rutule prince right marvellous,
And to Ausonia's captains, seemed the thing,
Till, looking back, the vessels' stems they spy
Turned shoreward, the whole main one moving fleet.
Blazes yon helm-top ; from the crest above
Spouts fire ; the gold boss belches floods of flame :
As on a clear night glows the baleful glare
Of blood-red comets, or as Sirius' heat,
Fraught with disease and drought for suffering men,
Rises, and saddens heaven with light malign.
Yet hates not gallant Turnus his bold hope
To seize the shore and beat the invaders back.
' Here is the hap ye prayed for, sword in hand
To shatter them. The war-god's very self
Is in the hands of heroes. Now let each
Of wife and home be mindful, now recall

The great deeds and the glories of your sires.
Up! let us meet them at the brink, while yet
Confused and tottering, as their feet touch land.
Fortune befriends the bold.' So saying, he mused
Inly whom best to lead against the foe,
Or to whose charge the leaguered walls confide.
Meanwhile, with gangways from each lofty stern
Aeneas unships his comrades. Many wait
The slack sea's ebb, and hazard a bold leap
Into the shallows; some with aid of oars.
Tarchon espies a beach where shoals nor pant,
Nor roars the broken billow, but unchecked
Ocean glides onward with advancing tide—
Anon steers thither, and calls upon his men:
'Now, chosen crews, bend to your sturdy oars,
Lift and bear in the barks; cleave with their beaks
This hostile land, and let the keel's sheer weight
Plough its own furrow. In such a roadstead I
Shrink not from shipwreck, once we clutch the shore.'
So Tarchon spake, and all his mates at once
Rise on their oar-blades, and to Latium's plain
Bear in the foaming vessels, till their beaks
Now grip the dry, and every keel anon
Lies safely bedded; but not, Tarchon, thine:
For, dashed amid the shallows, while she hangs
Upon a treacherous ridge, long poised in doubt,
And wearies out the waves, she splits, and casts
Her crew among the billows; broken oars
And floating thwarts entangle them, their feet
The while dragged backward by the water's ebb.
No laggard sloth checks Turnus; swift he hurls
His whole line at the Teucrians, on the beach
Halts, and confronts them. Then the trumpets sound.
First leapt Aeneas on the rustic ranks—
Fair augury of fight—and trampled down
The Latins, and slew Theron, mightiest-thewed,
Who dared assault Aeneas. The sword driven
Through links of brass, through tunic stiff with gold,
Drank of his gaping side. And next he strikes
Lichas, once ripped from his dead mother's womb,

And sacred to thee, Phoebus, as a babe
Suffered to 'scape the perils of the steel.
And rugged Cisseus, and huge Gyas, too,
While levelling with their clubs the ranks hard by,
He smote to death; no whit might these bestead
The arms of Hercules, or their stout hands,
And sire Melampus, erst Alcides' mate,
Long as earth yielded him his travails sore.
While Pharus, see! flings deedless words abroad,
The hero brandishes and plants a spear
Full in his bawling mouth. Thou, Cydon, too,
In luckless quest of Clytus, thy new joy,
The young down yellowing on his cheek, hadst lain
Stretched 'neath the Dardan's hand, a piteous sight,
Heedless of youthful loves, thy life-long care,
Had not thy brethren, a close-banded throng,
Offspring of Phoreus, crossed the foeman's path,
Their number seven, and seven the darts they fling:
Fron shield and helmet some bound idly back,
Some by kind Venus turned aside, his limbs
Graze merely. Then Aeneas thus bespeaks
Trusty Achates: 'Bring me store of darts;
None o'er all these shall my right hand for naught
Launch at the Rutuans, which on Ilium's plain
In carnage flesh stood planted.' Therewithal
A mighty spear he grasps and hurls: it flew,
And shattering through the brass of Maeon's shield,
Cleaves plate alike and breast. To his brother's aid
Up comes Alcanor, props him, as he falls,
With right hand brotherly; but through his arm
The spear, sped onward, wins its bloody way,
And from his shoulder by the sinews, lo!
The hand hung dying. Then from his brother's corse
Snatched he the weapon. Numitor assails
Aeneas, yet might not strike him full, and grazed
Full-handed Achates on the thigh. Thereat
Clausus of Cures, in his youthful frame
Trusting, drew near, and with a javelin cast
Smote Dryops 'neath the chin, and, urging home
The tough shaft, pierced his throat, and in mid-speech

Reft life and voice ; his forehead strikes the earth,
And from his lips he vomits out thick gore.
Three, too, from Thrace, of Boreas' lofty line,
And three, by their sire Idas sent to war,
And Ismarus their country, he lays low
By divers deaths. Halaesus to the fray
Hastes with the bands Auruncan, and up-speeds
Messapus, child of Neptune, steed-renowned.
Now these, now those, strive to fling back the foe,
And on Ausonia's very verge contend.
As in the vast of air when wrangling winds
Rise to do battle, matched in wrath and might,
None to the other yields, wind, cloud, or sea,
Long sways the combat, all stand locked in strife :
So Trojan ranks and Latin, each with each
Clash ; foot to foot clings, and man crowds on man.
But yonder, where a torrent far and wide
Had sent rocks rolling and torn bush from bank,
When Pallas his Arcadians saw, unused
To foot encounter, fly the hot pursuit
Of Latium—for the rough ground counselled them
Their steeds to abandon—now with prayers, and now
With taunting words, sole refuge in his strait,
He fires their courage : ' Whither fly ye, friends ?
By your brave deeds, by Chief Evander's name
And his triumphant wars—aye, by the hope
That springs in me to match my sire's renown—
Trust not to flight. It is the sword must cleave
Through foes our passage. Where yon warrior-throng
Press thickest, your proud country calls you back,
Pallas to lead you. No gods bear us down ;
Mortals by mortals are we driven, who yet
Boast lives and hands as many. Behold ! the deep
With its vast bar confines us, and land fails
For flight : shall ocean be our aim, or Troy ? '
So saying, he dashed amid the hostile press.
First meets him Lagus, led by fates malign,
Whom, tugging at a huge and ponderous stone,
With javelin hurled he pierces, where the spine
'Twixt ribs and ribs made severance, and plucks back

His weapon whence it clave amid the bones.
Yet Hisbo from above surprised him not,
Though surely hoping; for, as on he rushed,
Blinded with rage for his friend's bitter fate,
Pallas forestalls him, in his swollen lung
Plunging the sword-blade. Next on Sthenius
He hurls him, and Anchemolus, derived
From Rhoetus' ancient stem, who dared defile
His step-dame's bridal chamber. And ye, too,
Twin sons of Daucus, on the Rutule plain
Fell, Thymber and Laride wearing both
One likeness, e'en to your own parents' eyes
A sweet insoluble perplexity.
But bitter difference now hath Pallas wrought
Betwixt ye; for thy head the Evandrian sword
Hath shorn, O Thymber, and thy lopped right hand
Gropes for its lord Laride, and half-quick
The fingers quiver and clutch the sword anew.
Fired by the hero's chiding, and at sight
Of his resplendent deeds, twixt rage and shame
The Arcadians steel their hearts to face the foe.
Then Pallas pierces Rhoeteus as he sped
Past in his chariot. Respite and delay
Thus much got Ilus; for at Ilus he
Had aimed a lengthy javelin from afar;
But Rhoeteus, interposing it midway,
From thee, right noble Teuthras, as he fled
And from thy brother Tyres, rolled from car,
Hammers with dying heel the Rutule plain.
As, at his wish, when summer winds have risen,
Some shepherd fires the forest here and there;
All in a moment the mid spaces catch,
And o'er the wide plains in unbroken line
Sweeps the grim flickering edge of Vulcan's war
He, perched triumphant, marks the revelling flame
So all thy comrades wax in valour one,
And glad thee, Pallas. But to meet them moves
Halaesus, brave in onset, the whole man
Behind his shield up gathered, and hews down
Ladon and Pheres and Demodocus;

Strymonius' right hand, raised against his throat,
With flashing blade he shears, then smites with a rock
The face of Thoas, and batters in the bones,
Blood mixed with brain. Halaesus in the woods
Had by his prophet-sire been hid; when now
The old man's eyes failed and were glazed in death,
Fates claim their own, and to Evander's darts
Devote the son. At him now Pallas aimed,
First praying thus: 'O father Tiber, grant
Now to this weapon, which I poise for fight,
A prosperous way through stout Halaesus' heart;
So shall thine oak his arms and spoils possess.'
This heard the god; Halaesus, while he shields
Imaon, to the Arcadian dart lays bare
His luckless breast. But Lausus, of the fight
Main champion, brooks not that his ranks be scared
By all the hero's slaughter: at their head
Encountering he slays Abas, a tough knot
And barrier of the battle. Then goes down
Arcadia's manhood, down the Etruscans go,
And ye, whose frames defied the slaughtering Greeks,
O Teucrians! Matched in leaders, as in might,
Host rushes upon host. The rearward ranks
Close up and crowd the battle, hand and spear
Wedged beyond wielding. Here is Pallas, see,
Pressing and straining, there, confronting him,
Lausus, in age his equal, both alike
Peerless in beauty, but by fortune's ban
Doomed to no home-return. Yet were they not
Suffered by great Olympus' lord to close
In conflict; each beneath a mightier foe
Waits his impending destiny.

Meanwhile
His gracious sister now bids Turnus bring
Relief to Lausus; and on flying car
He cleaves the ranks between them. When his friends
He spied, 'Ho now! cease fighting; I alone
Go to meet Pallas! Pallas is my due,
Mine only: fain were I his sire himself
Stood here to see.' So spake he, and his friends

Withdrew them from the space proclaimed. But when
The Rutules had made room, the noble youth,
Much marvelling at the haughty mandate, stares
Amazed at Turnus, over the vast frame
Lets roll his eyes and with fierce glance afar
Scans him at every point, then speech for speech,
Makes answer to the monarch: 'Now shall I
Be praised as winner of the splendid spoils,
Or for a famous death; and either fate
My sire can face. Away with threats.' So saying,
He strides into the arena's midst. About
The Arcadian's heart strings the blood curdles cold.
Turnus has leapt from chariot, and on foot
Prepares for close encounter. As a lion,
That from his lofty outlook hath espied
A bull far off, erect upon the plain
Brooding on battle, flies upon the prey,
Even such the look of Turnus as he came.
But Pallas, when he deemed the foe would be
Now within spear-cast, hastens to begin,
So some kind hap might help the bold essay
Of ill matched powers: then thus to the great heaven
He cries: 'By my sire's welcome, and the board
Whereto thou can'st a stranger, I thee pray,
Alcides, aid me in my vast emprise.
Let him behold me from his limbs yet quick
Strip off the blood stained arms, and Turnus' eyes,
Dying, endure a conqueror.' The youth's prayer
Alcides heard, and, stifling a deep groan
Within his heart, shed unavailing tears.
Then with kind words the Sire bespake his son:
'Each hath his term appointed; brief the span
Of all men's life, and irretrievable;
But by great feats to lengthen fame, here lies
The task of valour. 'Neath Troy's lofty walls
Fell many a god begotten; nay, with them
Perished Sarpedon, mine own offspring. Aye,
And Turnus his fates summon, now arrived
The goal of age allotted.' Thus he spake,
And from the Rutule plain his eyes withdrew.

But Pallas launches with main strength a spear,
And plucks from hollow sheath his flashing sword.
On flew the shaft, and, where the shoulder-plates
Rose to their highest, lit, and forced its way
Through the shield's edges, and glanced off at length
Even from the mighty frame of Turnus. Then
Turnus, long poising a steel-pointed spear,
Hurls it at Pallas, crying, 'Look you now
Whether my dart pierce deeper.' He had said,
But crashing through the centre of the shield—
Iron upon iron welded, brass on brass,
Wound all about with bull's hide manifold—
With quivering impact the point tore, and pierced
The corslet's barrier and the mighty breast.
He plucks the warm dart from the wound in vain;
Outburst one way the life-blood and the life;
Prone on the wound he sinks, and over him
Loud clanged his armour, as the dying lips,
Blood-dabbled, smote upon the foeman's soil.
Then, standing o'er him, Turnus spake and said:
'Arcadians, heed, and to Evander's ear
Bear this my message: say that, in such plight
As he hath earned him, I send Pallas home.
What grace a grave, what solace burial hath,
Freely I grant. Right dearly will he rue
His welcome of Aeneas.' Thus he spake,
And with his left foot pressed the lifeless corse,
Seizing the belt's vast burden, with the crime
Engraved there—in one nuptial night a band
Of youths slain foully, and the bride-bower drenched
In blood; which Clonus, son of Eurytus,
Had traced upon thick gold: but of the prize
Turnus now boasts him, glorying in the spoil.
Ah! mind of man, to fate and coming doom
Blind, and that knows no bridle, when elate
With prosperous fortune! there shall come a time
When Turnus fain at a great price would buy
Pallas back scathless, and will yon proud spoils
Loathe, and the day he won them. But his friends
With many a groan and tear throng round and set

Pallas on shield, and bear him from the fray.
O grief and mighty glory to thy sire
Anon returning! This one day begins
And ends alike thy warfare; none the less
Huge heaps of Rutule dead thou leav'st behind.
Now no mere rumour of so dear a loss,
But weightier witness to Aeneas hies;
His friends but a bare span from death, 'tis time
Troy's routed ranks to succour. With the sword
He reaps what 's nearest, and through serried foes,
Like fire, a wide path hews him, thee to seek,
Turnus, exulting in new deeds of blood.
Pallas, Evander—on his very eyes
Flashed the whole scene, the board whereto he came
Then first, a stranger, and the pledged right hands.
Four warriors hereupon from Sulmo sprung,
As many reared by Ufens, he takes quick,
To slay as offerings to the shade, and drench
The blazing funeral pyre with captive blood.
Next from afar at Magus he had aimed
A deadly spear. But he comes crouching up
Slily, while o'er him the shaft quivering flew,
Then clasped the hero's knees, and suppliant spake:
'By thy sire's soul, I pray thee, by thy hopes
Ripening with young Iulus, spare my life
For son and sire. A stately house have I,
Where talent weights of silver fair-embossed
Lie buried deep, and massy gold is mine,
Wrought and unwrought. Nor hinges hereupon
The Teucrians' triumph, nor one life alone
Can work so vast a difference.' He had said.
To whom Aeneas thus spake in answer: 'All
Thy boasted store of silver and of gold
Save for thy sons. Such trafficking in arms
Turnus fore-cancelled in that hour when he
Smote Pallas dead. So deems among the shades
My sire Anchises, and Iulus so.'
He spake, and with his left hand grasped the helm,
And bending the neck backward, as he prayed,
Plunged in his sword-blade to the hilt. Hard by

The son of Haemon, priest of Phoebus, stood,
And Trivia, chapleted about the brow
With sacred fillet-bands, from head to heel
One splendour of white raiment, glittering arms.
Him then he meets, and drives adown the plain,
Stands o'er him slipped and fallen, and slaughters him,
And in vast darkness whelms. The warrior's arms,
Up-gathered, Serestus shoulders and bears off,
Trophy to thee, Gradivus, lord of war.
Now Caeculus, from the stock of Vulcan sprung,
And Umbro who from Marsian mountains came,
Repair the battle-ranks. Against them storms
The Dardan. With the sword he had lopped off
Anxur's left arm, and, with the arm, his shield's
Whole circle ; the man had uttered some big boast,
And thought with deed to match it, and belike
Was even exalting his proud soul to heaven
With promise of hoar eld and length of days ;
When, in bright arms exulting, Tarquitus,
Whom Dryope the nymph erewhile had borne
To woodland Faunus, crossed his fiery path.
He, drawing back his spear, pins fast in one
The corslet and huge burden of his shield ;
Then, as he vainly prays, with many a word
Still ripe for utterance, hurled to earth his head,
And, rolling in the dust the yet warm trunk,
In bitter mood spake o'er it : 'Now lie there,
Redoubted warrior ! no kind mother's hand
In earth shall hide thee, or heap above thy limbs
Ancestral soil : but to the ravenous birds
Shalt thou be left, or gulf shall drown and wave
Bear thee, and hungry fishes lip thy wounds.'
Antaeus next and Lucas, foremost ranks
Of Turnus, he o'ertakes, and Numa brave,
And tawny Camers, noble Volscens' son,
Richest in land of all Ausonia's folk,
Who ruled in hushed Amyclae. Even as when
Aegeon, fabled of a hundred arms,
A hundred hands, and from whose fifty mouths
And breasts blazed fire, against the bolts of Jove

Clashed on like shields as many, as many swords
Drew; so Aeneas over the wild plain
Rages his fill victoriously, when once
His blade waxed warm. Nay see! he moves to meet
Niphaeus' four-horse team and threatening front.
Soon as they saw him striding with huge steps,
And heavily muttering, the steeds wheeled for fear,
Rushed backward, and flung forth their lord, and whirled
The chariot shore-ward. Lucagus meanwhile
With twain white war-steeds dashed amid the throng,
He and his brother Liger; Liger reins
And guides the horses; Lucagus waves fierce
His circling sword blade. Their so fiery rage
Aeneas brooked not but upon them rushed,
Towering conspicuous with opposing spear.
To whom spake Liger: 'Here dost thou behold
Not Diomede's coursers, nor Achilles' car,
Nor Phrygia's plain: the last of war and life
Now on this soil awaits thee.' Such wild words
Fly from mad Liger's lips. But not in words
Troy's hero shapes his answer: at the foe
A dart he launches: and while Lucagus
Low bending as to smite them with the steel
His reins and shoulder, and bare, left foot advanced,
Plants him for battle, through the nether rims
Of his light buckler entering, the spear pierced
His groin to leftward: tumbled from the car
Dying, he rolls upon the plain. To whom
In bitter mockery good Aeneas spake:
'Thy steeds Lucagus no coward flight
Of slaves betrayed, nor foe flung shadows vain
Turned backward; leaping from the wheels, thyself
The car forsook.' So saying, he caught the team.
Down from the chariot, stretching helpless hands,
Sank the unhappy brother. 'By thyself
And by the twain who framed thee that thou art,
Great Trojan, leave me life, and to my plight
Lend pitying ear.' Yet more he would have prayed,
When thus Aeneas: 'Not such the words erewhile

Thou uttered'st. Die, nor brother be divorced
From brother.' Thereat with the sword's point his breast
He cleaves, and lets the life-breath from its lair.
Thus through the plain the Dardan chief dealt death,
Raging like torrent-wave or black typhoon.
At length the young Ascanius and his host
Break forth, quit camp, and foil the leaguer's ring.
Meanwhile to Juno thus high Jove begins:
'O sister mine and sweetest wife in one,
'Tis Venus, as thou deemed'st—nor errs aught
Thy judgement—who upholds the power of Troy,
Not warrior's right hand, throbbing for the fray,
Nor fiery soul that can all danger dare.'
Quoth Juno meekly: 'Wherefore, fairest lord,
Vex a sick heart, of thy stern words afear'd?
Had but my love that power it boasted once,
And still should boast, I had not asked in vain
Of thine omnipotence to grant me this—
Leave to filch Turnus from the fight, and keep
Unscathed for Daunus, for his sire. But now
Even let him perish, and with that loyal blood
Pay forfeit to the Teucrians. He nathless
Draws from the stock of heaven his name, and springs
Fourth from Pilumnus; and his lavish hand
Hath oft thy threshold heaped with bounteous gifts.'
Briefly to her spake high Olympus' lord:
'If but from present death reprieve be asked,
And respite for the warrior, ere he fall,
And thou perceiv'st I rule it so, bear hence
Away, pluck Turnus from the impending fate;
Such scope is mine to pleasure thee. But if
There lurk beneath thy prayer some ampler boon,
As deeming that the war's whole course may shift
And suffer change, thou feed'st an empty hope.'
And Juno answered weeping: 'What and if
Thy heart vouchsafed me what thy lips deny,
And pledged this loan of Turnus' life to last?
Now, some dread end awaits him innocent,
Or I drift void of truth. Yet O to be

By false fear cheated, and that thou, who canst,
Wouldst bend thy course to better!' Having said,
Forthwith she darted from the welkin's height,
And trailing storm through heaven, and girt in cloud,
Sought Ilium's army and Laurentum's camp.
Then out of hollow mist the goddess shapes
A shade, thin, void of strength, in semblance like
Aeneas—a monstrous marvel to behold—
Decks it with Dardan gear, and counterfeits
The shield, the horse-plume of the godlike head,
Gives unreal words, gives sound devoid of soul,
And mocks the very motions of his stride;
Like phantoms that, folk say, flit after death,
Or visions that befool the slumbering sense.
Now in the van of battle stalks the shade
Exulting, with its weapons goads the foe,
With shouts defies him. Turnus rushes on't,
And hurls from far a hissing spear; the shape
Wheels and retires. But Turnus, when he deemed
Aeneas fled back, and with bewildered soul
Drank the delusive hope, cries 'Whither fly'st,
Aeneas? Quit not thy plighted bridal-bower:
The soil, thou last crossed the waterways to find,
This hand shall yield thee.' With such clamorous shouts
He follows, and brandishes his naked blade,
Nor marks the light winds bear his boast away.
Fast by a tall rock's base there chanced to stand
A vessel with steps set and gangway geared,
Which King Osinius late from Clusium's coast.
Hither the trusty Aeneas hurrying fled,
And plunged for shelter; not at slacker speed
Turnus pursues, treads all that stays him down,
Clears the high bridge, and scarce had touched the prow,
Ere Saturn's daughter rends the rope, and speeds
Over back rolled billows the shore-severed ship.
Aeneas scorn-wide defies a vanished foe,
And many a warrior frame that crossed his path
Sends death ward. For no further shelter then
Seeks the light phantom, but took wing aloft,

And with a dark cloud mingled : the rough blast
Meanwhile bears Turnus through the billows' midst.
Blind to the cause, unthankful for escape,
Backward he gazes, and lifts high his voice
With hands up-clasped to heaven : ' Almighty Sire,
Hast deemed me worthy of reproach so deep,
To pay such forfeit doomed me ? Whither bound ?
Whence came I hither ? What flight, and in such guise,
Wafts me from shore ? Shall I again behold
Laurentum's camp and bulwarks ? What of those
Brave hearts, the followers of my sword and me ?
Whom one and all—ah ! horror !—I have left
To nameless butchery, yea, can see them now
Rank-scattered, and hear groaning as they fall ?
What must I do ? What land now deep enough
Can gape to hide me ? Rather do ye winds
Take pity, and drive the ship on reef, on rock—
I, Turnus, from my heart implore—or cast
On cruel quicksands, where no Rutule foot,
Nor rumour that knows all, may track me out.'
So saying, his soul rocks this way, and rocks that,
Whether upon his sword, so deep the shame,
Madly to hurl him, and 'twixt rib and rib
Drive the stern blade, or plunge amid the seas,
So swimming gain the curvèd beach, and fall
Once more upon the Teucrians. Either way
Thrice he essayed ; thrice, pitiful of heart,
Great Juno checked and held him. The ship skims
Cleaving the deep, and, sped by tide and wave,
To his sire Daunus' ancient town is borne.
Fiery Mezentius now by Jove's behest
Takes up the battle, and falls upon Troy's host
Amidst their triumph. The Etruscan ranks
Rally together, and on him alone,
Alone on him, with gathered fury press,
And showering missiles. Even as a rock,
That juts far out into the mighty main,
Bare to wind's brunt, a target for the sea,
All stress, all menace both of sky and deep

Outfaces, fixed abiding ; so to earth
He strikes down Hebrus, Dolichaon's son,
And Latagus, and Palmus as he fled ;
But Latagus full in face and mouth surprised
With a huge fragment of hill-rock he smote ;
Hamstrung and helpless he let Palmus sprawl,
And gave the arms to Lausus, on his back
To wear them, in his helm to fix the crest :
Phrygian Euanthes too, and Mimas, whom,
Once friend of Paris and his peer in age,
Theano bare to Amycus his sire,
The selfsame night that Cisseus' royal child
Teemed with a firebrand, and gave Paris birth.
Paris within his father's city lies,
Mimas, unknown, Laurentum's coast doth keep.
Lo! as a mighty boar, by sharp-toothed hounds
Driven from the mountain-heights, which many a year
Pice fruitful Vesulus hath sheltering held,
Many Laurentum's marsh land, pastured fair
Within her reedy jungle, he, once come
Amid the meshes, halts with angry grunt,
And bristles up his shoulders ; none durst rage
Against him, or draw nearer ; at safe range
With darts and shouts they harass him from far ;
He, dauntless, slowly to this side and that
Turns with teeth gnashing, and shakes off the spears :
So, of all those who burned with righteous wrath
Against Mezentius, none durst draw the sword
And close in onset, but with deafening shouts
And far-sped shafts assail him. There had come
From the ancient bounds of Corythus a Greek,
Acron, who, leaving half done marriage rites,
Had fled away ; him seeing from afar
Amid the ranks deal havoc, gay with plumes,
And in the purple of his plighted bride—
As oft times, ranging the deep forest-lairs,
An unfed lion, by mad hunger urged,
If haply he hath spied a fleet-foot goat,
Or towering antlered stag, exults and opes
His monstrous jaws, uprears his mane, and hangs

Over the rent flesh, couching ; the foul gore
Drenches his cruel mouth—so eagerly
Upon the foemen's mass Mezentius leaps.
Down goes the hapless Acron, with his heels
Hammers the dark earth, dying, and stains red
The splintered spear-shaft. He too deigned not smite
Orodes flying, nor deal him a blind blow
With javelin-cast, but meets him face to face,
And man to man encounters, by no stealth
Filching the vantage, but sheer force of arms.
Then, on the prostrate foe with foot and spear
Pressing, he spake : ' Here tall Orodes lies,
My men, no paltry portion of the war.'
His comrades after him glad paean raise.
With ebbing breath the other : ' Whoe'er thou art,
Not unavenged I fall, nor long shalt thou
Enjoy thy victory ; for thee, too, like fates
Are watching ; the same fields thou soon shalt press.'
To whom Mezentius, with wrath-mingled smile :
' Now die ; the Sire of gods and King of men
Shall look to me.' So saying, he drew the spear
From out the hero's body ; stern repose
And iron slumber on his eyelids press,
And their orbs close in everlasting night.
Caedicus then cuts down Alcathous ;
Sacrator slays Hydaspes ; Rapo's sword
Falls on Parthenius and the knotty strength
Of Orses ; Clonius by Messapus dies
With Lycaonian Ericetes, one
Stretched prone by stumbling of his reinless steed,
One foot to foot confronting him. Forth stood
Agis the Lycian too, whom Valerus
Nathless, naught lacking of ancestral worth,
Smote to the dust ; then Thronius by the hand
Of Salius ; Salius by Nealces falls,
For javelin and far-stealing arrow famed.
Fell Mavors now was meting forth to each
Like dole and mutual death ; both equally
Victors, both vanquished, slew and fell, nor thought
Of flight had either. In Jove's hall the gods

Of these and those the fruitless rage lament,
And that poor mortals should such toils endure.
Venus on one side gazes, and on one
Saturnian Juno. Pale Tisiphone
Raves on amid their thousands on the plain.
But now Mezentius, shaking his huge spear,
Into the field strides stormily; and lo!
Vast as Orion when he cleaves a path,
Wading through middle Nereus' mightiest pools,
And with his shoulder tops the waves, or when,
Bearing an aged ash from mountain-height,
He stalks on earth, and hides his head in cloud —
So strode Mezentius onward, vast in arms.
Aeneas adown the line of battle spies,
And moves to meet him. He his noble foe
Dauntless abides, and plants his ponderous bulk;
Then, measuring with his eyes a spear-throw's space:
'Now let my right hand's godhead and the dart
I poise for flight bestead me! Here I vow
To make thee, Lausus, thee, a living man,
Arrayed in spoils torn from the robber's corse,
My trophy of Aeneas.' He had said,
And hurled from hand a hissing spear; it flew,
And glanced from off the shield, and pierced afar
Noble Antores betwixt side and loin
Antores, friend of Hercules, who, sent
From Argos, to Evander clave, and found
Beneath Italian walls a home. But ah!
Struck by another's wound he lies, and looks
On heaven, and, dying, of his dear Argos dreams.
Then good Aeneas hurls a spear; it sped
Right through the hollow disk of threefold brass,
Through layers of linen, and the interwoven work
Of triple bull's hide, and lodged low i' the groin.
But pushed not home its passage. Swiftly then
Aeneas drew sword, rejoicing to behold
The Tuscan's blood, forth plucks it from his thigh,
And wotly presses on the staggering foe.
Lausus for love of his dear sire groaned deep
At sight of it, and tears rolled o'er his face.

Nor here thy piteous doom, thy matchless deeds,
If length of time e'er make believable
Such exploit, nor thyself, brave youth, right meet
To be remembered, will I leave unsung.
He, thus defenceless and sore hampered, now
Was back retiring, trailing from his shield
The foeman's dart; forth leapt the youth, and thrust
Betwixt their points, and, as Aeneas' right hand
Now rose to strike, ran in beneath his sword,
And, hindering, stayed the striker. Loud his folk
Cheer him, and follow with their eyes, until
The sire, son-shielded, might win safe retreat,
And hurl their javelins, and bear back the foe
With darts from far. Aeneas storms with rage,
And keeps shield-covered. As, when with boisterous hail
The clouds fall headlong, plough-folk, every one,
And country hinds fly scattered from the fields,
And cowers the wayfarer in some safe hold,
Or river-bank, or high o'er-arching rock,
While rain still pelts the earth, that they may task
The daylight with returning sunshine: so
Aeneas, o'erwhelmed with countless darts, endures
The war-cloud, till it growl itself away,
Still chiding Lausus, threatening Lausus: 'Why
Rush upon death, and overdare thy strength?
Love fools thee into rashness.' Not the less
Madly he riots, till in the Dardan chief
Fierce wrath rose headier, and the sister-Fates
Lausus' last threads up-gather; for now drives
Aeneas his strong sword through the stripling's frame
Till the whole blade is buried. His light shield,
Frail arms for one so threatening, the point pierced,
And pierced the tunic which of pliant gold
His mother wove him, and blood filled his breast;
Then life, regretful, on its airy way
Fled to the shades, and left the body lone.
But when he saw the dying look and face,
The face so wondrous pale, Anchises' son
Uttered a deep groan, pitying him, and stretched
His right hand forth as in his soul there rose

The likeness of the love he bore his sire.
'Poor boy! what guerdon for thy glorious deeds—
Say what, to match that mighty heart of thine,
Shall good Aeneas yield thee? Those thine arms,
Wherein thou gloried'st, keep them; and thyself,
If such a care may touch thee, to the shades
And ashes of thy fathers I restore.
Unhappy! yet for thy sad end some balm
Be this: by great Aeneas thou art slain.'
Then hails he his attendants, chiding them
For loiterers, and uplifts their lord from earth,
Where he lay dabbling his trim locks with blood.
Meanwhile the sire by Tiber's stream now staunched
His wounds with water, and for ease lay propped
Against a tree trunk. On the boughs apart
Hangs the brass helmet, and his ponderous arms
Rest on the meadow sward. About him stand
His flower of war; he panting and in pain
Foments his neck, and lets the flowing beard
O'erspread his bosom, many a time inquires
Of Lausus, and oft sends to call him back,
And bear the lad his sorrowing sire's command.
But Lausus, laid on shield, a lifeless corse,
His friends in tears were bearing—mighty soul
Quelled by a mighty wound. The father's heart,
Ill boding, recognized their wail afar.
With showers of dust his hoary locks he soils,
And spreads both hands to heaven, and clasps his arms
About the corse. 'Did then such joy of life
Possess me, O my son, that in my stead
I suffered thee, even thee whom I begat,
To meet the foeman's stroke? Am I, thy sire,
Saved through thy wounds, and living by thy death?
Ah! to my sorrow now at last I know
What exile is! now is the wound pushed home.
Yea, and I too with infamy, my son,
Thy name have spotted, by men's hate of me
Thrust from the throne and sceptre of my sires!
To mine own country and my people's spite
I should have paid the forfeit, by all deaths

Freely have yielded up this guilty life.
Now I live on, from men and light of day
Not yet departing ; but depart I will.'
So saying, at once upon his wounded thigh
He raised him, and, albeit from the deep wound
His force flagged somewhat, with no downcast air
Called for his war-steed. This was ay his pride,
And this his solace ; hereon he was wont
From all his wars to ride victorious home.
The sorrowing creature now he thus bespeaks :
'We have lived long, O Rhaebus, if aught long
Pertain to mortals. Or to-day shalt thou
Bear back in triumph the bloody spoils and head
Of yon Aeneas, and be of Lausus' pangs
My co-avenger, or, if all force fail
Our path to open, shalt beside me lie :
No, nor wilt thou, methinks, my bravest, deign
Brook stranger's bidding, or a Teucrian lord.'
He said, and, mounted on his willing back,
As ever wont, bestrode him, and both hands
Charged with keen javelins, his head bright with brass,
Shaggy with horse-hair plume. So galloping
He dashed amidst them. In one single heart
Upsurges a vast tide of shame and grief
With fury mingled ; and thrice o'er he called
With mighty voice 'Aeneas!' Well, I trow,
Aeneas knew it, and prayed a jubilant prayer :
'May the great Sire of gods so bring to pass,
So lord Apollo ! fall on, begin the fray !'
Thus much he spake, and with his threatening spear
Moved on to meet him. But the other cried :
'Reft of my son, why thinkest thou, fierce man,
To fright me now ? sole way was this whereby
To work my ruin. I shudder not at death,
No, nor spare any of thy gods. Now cease ;
I come to die, but bring thee first these gifts.'
He spake, and hurled a dart against the foe,
Then yet another and another plants,
In a wide circle wheeling ; but the boss

Of gold hides all. Thrice round the watchful foe
Rode he in rings to leftward, from his hand
Launching the javelins; thrice the Trojan prince
Bears round with him upon his brazen targe
A dense spear-forest. Then wearying to prolong
Delays so many, so many darts to pluck,
And by the unequal conflict sore bestead,
Much inly pondering, forth at last he springs,
And in betwixt the war-steed's hollow brows
Hurls his spear mightily. The beast reared up,
Lashed with his hooves the air, his rider flung.
Then, following him, head downward, pinned to earth
And with his shoulder pressed the fallen man.
Trojan and Latin shouts set heaven ablaze.
Up speeds Aeneas, and plucks sword from sheath,
Then o'er him: 'Where is bold Mezentius now,
And all his heart's wild violence?' Unto whom
The Etruscan, as up-glancing he drew in
A draught of heaven, and to himself returned:
'Why, bitter foe, dost taunt and threaten death?
In slaying is no sin: nor with such thought
Came I to battle, nor did my Lausus so
Pledge terms betwixt us. This alone I crave,
By whatso grace to fallen foes may be:
Let earth my body hide. Girt round am I
With bitter hate of my own folk, I wot.
Fend me from their rage, and with my son
Grant fellowship in burial.' So he spake,
Welcomed the sword to his expectant throat,
And o'er his arms let pour life's ruddy tide.

BOOK XI

Meanwhile Aurora rising left the sea ; 1–27
Aeneas, though stress of grief bade yield the hour
To burial of his friends, with mind by death
Bewildered, to the gods at earliest dawn
His victor-vows was paying. A mighty oak,
Lopped bare of branches, on a mound he plants,
And decks in gleaming armour torn from Prince
Mezentius—trophy to thy praise, great King
Of battle. The hero's plume, still dripping blood,
And splintered spears he hangs there, the cuirass
Twice six times smitten and pierced through and through,
And on the left hand binds the brazen shield,
And hangs the ivory sword about its neck.
Then his rejoicing friends—for the whole band
Of chiefs thronged close about him—he exhorts,
Thus breaking silence : 'The main work o' the war
Has been achieved, my heroes ; for the rest,
Let every fear be banished : lo ! ye see
The spoils and first-fruits of the tyrant king ;
And here, my handiwork, Mezentius stands.
Now lies our path to Latium's king and town.
Arm you in spirit ; in hope forestall the fray ;
That when the gods give signal to pluck hence
Our standards, and lead forth the host from camp,
No pause impede you, caught at unawares,
Nor faltering purpose, born of fear, retard.
Meanwhile our comrades, that unburied lie,
Commit we to the earth—sole honour left
In depths of Acheron. Aye, go forth,' he said,
'With farewell tribute grace the peerless souls
Who with their life-blood this our country won,
And to Evander's sorrowing city first

Be Pallas sent, whom, lacking naught of man,
The dark day reft, and plunged in bitter doom.'
Weeping he spake, and to the tent retraced
His steps, where Pallas' lifeless corse was laid,
Watched by Acoetes old, who bare the arms
Once of Evander the Parrhasian, now
In less auspicious hour was faring forth,
Of his loved foster-child the appointed friend.
And all the attendant train and Trojan throng
Stood round, with Ilian women, their locks loosed
In wonted wise for sorrow; but when Aeneas
Within the high doors entered, they uplift
A mighty wail to heaven, and beat their breasts,
And all the royal place resounds with shriek
Of sorrow. He likewise, when the pillowed head
And face of Pallas snowy-white he saw,
And marked the Ausonian spear-head's gaping wound
On his smooth breast, spake with o'er-welling tears:
'Poor boy, did fortune, when so blithe she came,
Envy me thee, that thou shouldst never look
Upon my realm, or home in triumph rode?
Not such my parting promise touching thee
Made to thy sire Evander, when he clasped
And sped me forth to win a mighty realm,
And, fearful, warned me that right brave the foe,
Stubborn the race, we strove with. And now he,
With empty hope fooled utterly belike
In plotting vows, and heaping high with gifts
The altars: we, the while a lifeless corse,
That owes no more to any god in heaven,
Escort with sorrow's ineffectual pomp.
Unhappy thou that wilt behold thy son
Slain piteously! Is this the home return,
The expected triumph? This my solemn pledge?
Yet here no recreant, scarred, with shameful wounds,
Shalt see, Evander, nor a son so saved
That thou his sire, for dreaded death shalt pray.
Ah me! Ausonia, what a tower of help
Here art thou reft of, and, Iulus, thou!'
So, having wept his fill, he bids them lift

The hapless corse, and picks a thousand men
From his whole host, and sends them to escort
The farewell pomp, and with the father's tears
Their own commingle—for so vast a grief
Scant solace, yet to that sad father due.
Others of arbute-boughs and oaken shoots
In haste plait hurdle-wise a pliant bier,
And the heaped bed with leafy covering shroud.
High on the rustic litter him they lay;
Even as a flower by maiden's finger culled,
Or violet mild, or drooping hyacinth,
Ere yet the lustre or the loveliness
Hath from its form departed; mother Earth
Feeds it no longer, nor with strength supplies.
Then garments twain, with gold and purple stiff,
Aeneas bare forth, which, ravished with the toil,
Sidonian Dido erst with her own hands
Had wrought, and shot the web with subtle gold.
One of these twain—grief's latest rite—he wraps
About the dead, and with its covering veils
The fire-doomed tresses, and heaps high withal
Full many a prize from the Laurentian fray,
Bidding the booty in long line be borne.
Steeds too he adds, and darts, from foemen reft:
And captives he had bound, hands lashed behind,
To send as offerings to the shade, and, slain,
Dash with their blood the fire. The chiefs themselves
He bids bear tree-trunks clad with hostile arms,
And foemen's titles to be fixed thereon.
Hapless Acoetes, overworn with age,
Is onward led, now marring with clench'd fists
His bosom, now with nails his face, and falls
Forward, and casts his length upon the ground.
The car too, bathed in Rutule blood, they lead.
Behind, the war-horse Aethon, trappings doffed,
Goes weeping, and the big drops wet his face.
Others bear spear and helmet; for all else
Turnus, as victor, holds. Then, sad array,
Follow the Teucrians and Etruscans all,

And men of Aready with arms reversed.
But when the long procession of his friends
Had wholly passed, Aeneas, groaning deep,
Stopped, and spake further: 'Unto other tears
We by the same grim destinies of war
Are summoned hence. I bid thee hail! for aye,
O mightiest Pallas, and for aye farewell.'
No more he spake, but to the lofty walls
Turned him, and campward bent his steps.

And now
From Latium's town came envoys, olive-wreathed,
Craving his clemency: the dead, which lay
Sword-scattered o'er the plain, would he give back,
And suffer 'neath an earthen mound to pass;
With vanquished folk and bodies void of breath
There is no warring; let him spare whom once
He hailed as hosts, and fathers of his bride.
Aeneas, for such a prayer he might not spurn,
Grants courteously the boon, and adds these words
Moreover: 'Latins, say what hard mishap
Hath wound you in so vast a web of war
That thus ye ily our friendship? Do ye ask
Peace for the dead, by chance of battle quelled?
Fain would I grant it to the living too.
Nor come I, had not fate assigned me here
A place wherein to settle, nor any war
Wage I against your folk: it was the king
Left our alliance, and made choice to lean
On Turnus' sword for succour. 'Twere more meet
Had Turnus faced the death ye mourn to-day.
If with armed force he thinks to fight it out,
And drive the Teucrians forth, beseemed him well
To meet me man to man, and spear to spear:
He should have lived whose life was granted him
Of heaven or his right hand. Now lie ye hence,
And 'neath your hapless comrades pile the fire.'
Aeneas had spoken. They stood wonder-hushed,
Eyes fixed and faces in one mutual stare.
Then, old in years, and still with slanderous spite
Armed against youthful Turnus, Drances thus

Makes answer: 'O mighty in fame, in arms
Yet mightier, Trojan hero, by what praise
Can I exalt thee to the sky? Or should
Thy soul's uprightness, or thy toils in war
Win first my wonder? We indeed thy words
Will to our native town bear blithely back,
And knit thee fast, so fortune find a way,
To Latium's king. Let Turnus for himself
Go seek confederates. Nay, 'twill please us well
The destined ramparts of thy walls to rear,
And on our shoulders heave the stones of Troy.'
He had said; and all his comrades with one mouth
Murmured assent. For twice six days a truce
They plighted, and, with peace to interpose,
Teucrians and Latins o'er the wooded heights
Roamed without scathe together. The tall ash
Rings to the two-edged steel; sky-piercing pines
They topple o'er, and still with wedges cleave
Tough heart-of-oak and scented cedar-bole,
And freight with mountain-ash the groaning wains.
And now was wingèd Fame, the harbinger
Of woe so vast, filling Evander's ears,
Evander's home and city—she, who late
Of Pallas' triumph o'er the Latins told.
Out-streaming to the gates, Arcadia's sons
Grasp each a funeral-torch, their ancient wont.
Bright gleams the road with a long line of fire
That parts the fields afar. The Phrygian band,
Moving to meet them, joins the weeping train.
Soon as the matrons saw them pass the wall,
With shrieks they set the sorrowing town ablaze.
As for Evander then—no force avails
To stay him; but he thrusts amid the throng,
And, when the bier was set, on Pallas' form
Cast shim, and clings to it with groans and tears.
Scarce loosed by sorrow, words at length win way:
'Not such the pledge thou gavest to thy sire,
My Pallas, warily to put thy faith
In the fell god of battles. Well I wist
How potent was the new-born pride in arms,

And a first onset's all-entrancing spell.
Ah! bitter first-fruit of youth's flower! and harsh
Prelude of neighbour war! and vows and prayers
No god gave ear to! and thou, holiest wife,
And happy in thy death, that spared thee not
To see this sorrow! But, by living, I
Have overshot my doom, to linger on
A son surviving sire. Troy's friendly arms
Would I had followed! would the Rutule darts
Had overwhelmed me! So should I have given
This life of mine, and I, not Pallas here,
Been thus with funeral-pomp borne homeward! Yet
You would I blame not, Teucrians, nor our league
And right hands clasped in friendship: long ago
The lot ye deal me to mine age was owed.
But if untimely doom was o'er my son
Impending, 'twill rejoice me that he smote
His Volscian thousands, ere himself was slain,
Leading the Teucrians into Latium. Nay,
Nor other funeral could I deem thy due,
Pallas, than good Aeneas hath devised,
And the great Phrygians, and the Tyrrhene lords,
And all the host Tyrrhenian. Trophies great
They bring of whom thy right hand did to death;
And thou too, Turnus, a huge trunk in arms
Wert standing now, had age and strength of years
Been matched between ye. But why, evil-starred
Stay I the Teucrians from the onset? Go,
Bear heedfully this message to your king:
That I, bereft of Pallas, still drag on
This hated life, thy right hand is the cause,
Which, well thou seest, to son alike and sire
Owes Turnus. Yea, for fortune and exploit
No room is left thee else. The joys of life
I ask not; 'tis forbid me: but to bear
My son these tidings in the shades below.'
Meanwhile the Dawn her kindly light had reared
For suffering men, renewing task and toil.
Now Prince Aeneas, now Tarchon have set up
Their funeral-pyres along the winding shore.

Hither bare each the bodies of their kin,
With rite ancestral ; from the murky flames,
Lit under, the high vault in vaporous gloom
Is muffled. Thrice about the blazing piles,
Girt in bright arms, the course they ran, thrice o'er
Compassed on steeds the mournful fires of death,
With loud lamentings. Their tears rain on earth,
And rain on armour. Up to heaven is borne
Shouting of men, and clarion-blare. Anon
Others take spoil from slaughtered Latins torn,
And heap it on the fire—helms, goodly swords,
Bridles, and glowing wheels ; but others bring
Gifts to the dead familiar, their own shields
And luckless weapons. Many a steer around
To death falls stricken ; and bristly swine and sheep,
From all the country ravished, they let bleed
Above the flame. Then over the wide shore
They watch their comrades burning, and keep ward
O'er the charred embers, nor can tear them thence,
Till dewy night now turns the face of heaven,
Studded with glittering stars.

Nor less, the while,
The hapless Latins, far remote, have reared
Innumerable pyres : of many slain
Some in the delvèd earth they lay, some lift
And carry to the neighbouring fields, or send
Home to the city : what remains, one vast
And indistinguishable slaughter-heap,
They burn untold, unhonoured. Then far and wide
Flare the void fields, thick-sown with rival-fires.
Thrice dawn had driven chill darkness from the sky,
When sadly from the pyres they rake and heap
The ashes up, and undistinguished bones,
And warm above them pile the mounded earth.
But now in homes of rich Latinus' town
Is the chief uproar, and the mightiest share
Of long-drawn lamentation. Mothers here
With their son's brides forlorn, here cherished hearts
Of sorrowing sisters, boys of sires bereft,
Curse the fell war and Turnus' bridal troth.

Him they bid arm, with his own single sword
Fight out the quarrel, who for himself demands
The realm of Italy, honours of a prince.
Fierce Drances fans the fire, bears testimony
Turnus alone is challenged, he alone
Called to do battle. Many a voice withal
In various counter-strain for Turnus pleads;
The queen's great name o'ershadows him, the praise
Of many a well-earned triumph is his stay.
Amid this stir and fiery tumult, lo!
From Diomede's great city, to crown all,
The envoys bring sad answer: all their toils
For naught were lavished; naught have gifts, or gold,
Or strenuous prayers availed them; other arms
Must Latium look to, or with terms of peace
Approach Troy's monarch. 'Neath that load of woe
Sinks King Latinus. That Aeneas is here,
Fate-borne at heaven's clear bidding, the god's wrath
Warns him, and those new graves before his eyes.
Therefore a mighty council of his chiefs,
By royal mandate summoned, he convenes
Within his lofty portals. They have flocked
Together, and all along the crowded ways
Stream toward the palace. In the midst is set,
Eldest in years, and first in sceptred sway,
With joyless brow, Latinus. Hereupon
The envoys from the Aetolian town returned
He bids declare their tidings, point by point
Demands full answer. Then on every tongue
Fell silence, and obedient to his word
Thus Venulus begins:

'O citizens,
We have seen Diomede and the Argive camp,
And overpassed all perils of the way,
And touched the hand whereby fell Ilium's realm.
He walled Argyripa was founding, named
From his own nation, in the new-won fields
Of Lapygian Garganus. So,
When we had entered, and got leave to speak,
Our gifts we proffer, name and race declare,

Who our invaders, for what cause we come
To Arpi. Having heard us, he replied
Thus with unruffled brow: "O happy race
Of Saturn's realm, Ausonian folk of old,
What chance disturbs your quiet, and lures you on
To challenge wars ye know not? We, whoe'er
Outraged the fields of Ilium with the sword—
I waive all sufferings 'neath her lofty walls
In battle drained, the warriors that lie whelmed
In yonder Simois—have, the wide world through,
Paid, one and all, the forfeit of our crime
In untold pangs, a remnant Priam's self
Might pity. Let Minerva's gloomy star
Bear witness, and the Euboean crags, and thou,
Caphereus the avenger. From that field
Wide-scattered, Menelaus, Atreus' son,
Far as to Proteus' pillars exiled dwells;
Ulysses hath the Aetnean Cyclops seen.
Why of the realm of Neoptolemus
Tell, or Idomeneus' uprooted home,
Or Locrians dwelling on the Libyan shore?
Even he, the great Achaeans' chief himself,
Lord of Mycenae, on the threshold's edge
Fell by the hand of his accursèd wife;
For conquered Asia crouched a paramour.
To think that heaven hath grudged me to return
Home to my country's altars, and behold
The wife I long for, and fair Calydon!
Nay, sight-appalling signs pursue me still,
And my old comrades, lost to me, as birds
Now wing the vault, or roam the rivers—ah!
That such dire torment on my folk should fall!—
And fill the rocks with lamentable cries.
Naught else had I to look for from that hour
When with infatuate weapon I assailed
Celestial frames, and outraged with a wound
The hand of Venus. Nay, constrain me not
To such encounters. With the sons of Troy,
Since Pergama fell down, no war I wage,
Nor with delight mind me of ancient ills.

The gifts ye bring me from your native shores
Bear rather to Aeneas. We have faced
The rude edge of his weapons, hand to hand
Have grappled with him: trust me, who have tried,
How huge he rises to the shield, how swings
The whirlwind of his spear. Had Ida's land
Borne twain beside such heroes, Troy herself
Had stormed the gates of Inachus, and Greece,
With doom reversed, were wailing. All the time
We lingered 'neath the walls of stubborn Troy,
'Twas Hector and Aeneas by whose might
Checked was Greek victory, and for ten years' space
Fell backward. Both renowned for valour, both
Matchless for martial exploit, this man bare
The palm for goodness. Hand to hand with him
Unite in friendship by what means ye may,
But see your weapons shun the shock of his."
Thou hast heard the monarch's answer, gracious sire,
And what he counsels for this mighty war.'
Scarce ceased the envoys, ere tumultuously
From mouth to mouth of the Ausonians ran
A various hubbub; as, when rocks impede
Some rushing river, from the imprisoned flood
A dull roar rises and the neighbour-banks
Chafe loud with plashing waters. Soon as hearts
Beat calm again, and busy tongues were still,
First calling upon heaven, from his high throne
The king brake silence: 'Well could I have wished,
Latinus, and better had it been, ere now
To have determined of our kingdom's weal,
Nor at such hour to bid you to debate,
While foemen sit before the walls. A war
Disastrous wage we, O my countrymen,
With the gods' offspring and a hero-race
Invincible, who tire not of the fight,
No, not when vanquished can let go the sword.
Hope in Aetolia's confederate arms,
If aught ye had, resign it. His own hope
Is every man: but this how frail ye see;
All else, in what wide ruin overthrown,

Needs but the witness of your eyes and hands.
Nor blame I any ; what utmost valour could,
We have compassed, with the realm's whole strength
have striven.
Now mark ; the upshot of my wavering thoughts
I will unfold, and—give me your good heed—
Teach briefly. 'Bordering on the Tuscan stream
An ancient tract have I, stretched westward far
Past the Sicanian borders : tilled it is
By Rutules and Auruncans, who with plough
Task the stiff hills, and on the roughest slopes
Graze cattle. Let all this region, with its belt
Of lofty pine-clad highland, be made o'er
To Teucrian friendship ; and just terms of peace
Name we, and summon them to share our realm.
Here let them settle, if this be their desire,
And build them ramparts. But, if other bounds,
Another folk than ours, they list to win,
Are free to quit our borders,—twice ten ships
Of oak Italian frame we, ay, or more,
If they can man them ; by the water's edge
Lies wood enow ; their number and their size
Themselves shall teach us ; be it ours to give
Brass, hands, and shipmen's tackle. Furthermore,
For word hereof, and warrant of our league,
I will, a hundred Latins, noblest-born,
Make embassage, and proffer boughs of peace,
And bear them presents—talent-weights of gold,
And ivory, and a chair and robe of state,
Our royal emblems. Freely before all
Give counsel, and uphold the weary state.'
Then Drances, foe inveterate, whom the fame
Of Turnus aye with sidelong envy stirred
And stung to bitterness, lavish of wealth,
Tongue-valiant, but a frosty hand for war,
At council-board no vain adviser held,
In faction strong,—his mother's proud descent
Ennobling whom an obscure sire begat—
Drances at length uprising, with these words,
Heightens and heaps their wrath :

'Obscure to none
Nor needing voice of ours, O gracious sire,
The theme that thou debatest. One and all
Whereto the State's weal tendeth own they know,
Yet dare but mutter. Let him now concede
Untrammelled speech, and his blown pride abate,
Through whose disastrous leading, froward mien—
Ay, I will speak it, though with arms and death
He menace me—so many stars of war
Have we seen set, and the whole city plunged
In mourning, while the Trojan camp he braves,
Counting on flight, and scares the heaven with arms.
Yet one to all those gifts thou badest send
Or promise to the Dardans—add but one,
Thrice gracious king, and let no blusterer's wrath
O'ersway thee not to give thy daughter, sire,
In meet espousal to a peerless son,
And on this treaty set a lasting seal.
But if such terror hold us, heart and mind,
Himself conjure we, sue his grace to yield,
And their inalienable right resign
To ruler and to realm. Why hurl so oft
These hapless folk into the jaws of peril,
O fount and well-spring of our Latium's ills?
No safety is in war: 'tis peace we all
Crave of thee Turnus, and, with peace, her one
Inviolable pledge. I first, whom thou
Feign'st for thy foe, nor reck I so to be,
Sue suppliant-wise. Have pity of thine own;
Abate thy pride, and, vanquished, quit the field.
Enough of routs and slaughters have we seen,
Vast tracts have left to desolation. Else,
If glory stir thee, if such hardihood
Thou nurse within thy breast, so hug to heart
A palace for thy bridal dower be bold,
And launch thee fearless on the opposing foe.
Must we, that Turnus to his arms may take
A royal bride, as paltry lives forsooth,
A herd unwept, unburied, strew the plain?
Thou too, if there be in thee aught of force,

Aught of the war-god of thy sires, confront
And face thy challenger.'
As thus he spake
Out blazed the fury of Turnus ; loud he groaned,
And from his bosom's depth these words broke way :
'Lavish, I wot, is aye thy wealth of tongue,
Drances, when war demandeth hands, and when
The sires are summoned, there the first art thou.
Nathless naught need we fill our court with words,
Which, big albeit, fly from thee safe enow,
While the wall-rampart keeps the foe at bay,
Nor blood yet drowns the trenches. Ay, let peal
The wordy thunder ; 'tis thy wont of old ;
And charge me, Drances, thou, with cowardice,
Seeing thy hand hath reared such slaughter-heaps
Of Teucrians, and set all the fields ablaze
With trophies. What the pulse of valour can,
Yet may'st thou prove : nor far methinks to seek,
But round our very ramparts swarm the foe.
We march to meet them : wherefore hold'st aback ?
Or will the war-god ever make his home
But in that windy tongue, those flying feet ?
What, vanquished ? I ? Will any, thou foul liar,
Flout me as vanquished justly, who beholds
Tiber still swelling o'er with Ilian blood,
Evander's whole house by the roots laid low,
And his Arcadians stripped of arms ? Not such
Did Bitias prove me, and huge Pandarus.
Nor whom, a thousand in a single day,
My victor-arm to nether Tartarus hurled,
Penned and shut fast within the foeman's wall.
"No safety in war ?" Such brainless bodings keep
For thine own fortune, and the Dardan's head.
Ay, cease not with gross panic to whelm all
In wide confusion, laud to heaven the might
Of a twice-conquered nation, and decry
Latinus' arms beside it. Now, forsooth,
The Myrmidonian lords and Tydeus' son
Tremble before the Phrygian host, now, too,
Achilles of Larissa ; and Aufidus

From Hadria's waves flees backward. Or, again,
When feigns the schemer's villainy to cower
Before my chiding, and with terror whets
The sting of calumny! Nay, such a life—
Cease to be troubled—by this hand of mine
Ne'er shalt thou forfeit; let it with thee dwell,
Of that thy breast fit denizen. Now, sire,
To thee and thy great counsels I return.
If in our arms thou rest no further hope,
If we so friendless are, and, routed once,
Are utterly o'erthrown, and fortune foiled
Hath no retrieval, pray we then for peace,
And reach out helpless hands. But ah! if aught
Were ours of wonted valour, him would I
Deem before all men of his travail blest,
Peerless of soul, who, such a sight to shun,
Fell once for all, and bit the dust, in death.
But if means yet be ours, a host for war
Unvanished, and Italia's towns and tribes
Remain to aid us; if with outpoured blood
Troy bought her triumph—for their own dead have they,
And the like tempest swept o'er all—why thus
Inglorious faint we on the threshold's edge?
Why quake our hands before the trumpet-call?
Time, and the shifting toil of changeful days,
Hath many a lot repaired; and many a man
Wave after wave of fortune hath by turns
Played with, and planted on firm ground again.
The Aetolian Arpi will not succour us:
Yet will Messapus, and Tolumnius blest,
And all those chiefs by many a nation sent;
Nor will scant fame attend the chosen flower
Of Latium and Laurentum's land. Ours too,
Camilla from the Volscians' peerless stem,
Heading her horse troop, squadrons bright with brass.
But if the Teucrian lords bid me alone
Do battle, and ye would have it so, and I
Stand here the hinderer of your common good,
Why, Victory hath not from these hands of mine
Shrunk with such loathing, that for hope so high

I should draw back from any bold essay.
Dauntless will I confront him, though he match
Even great Achilles, and don arms like his,
Wrought by the hand of Vulcan. Lo! to you
And my bride's sire, Latinus, I devote
My life—I, Turnus, of the brave of old
Second to none in valour. Me alone
Aeneas summons? Let him, I implore,
Nor Drances rather, if heaven's wrath be here,
With his life pay the forfeit, nor, if here
Prowess and honour, bear the palm away!'
So of dark issues held they hot debate:
Aeneas meanwhile moved on from camp to field.
Lo! one with tidings, amid uproar wild,
Speeds through the palace, and with mighty dread
Fills all the city, that for battle dight
Teucrian and Tyrrhene host are marching down
From Tiber's river o'er all the plain. At once
Confusion and heart-shaking seize the crowd,
And wrath, roused in them with no gentle stings.
With quivering hands they clutch at arms; for arms
Clamour their youth; the sires to weeping fall
And mournful mutterings. Now from every side
Rises to heaven a loud discordant din;
Even as in some tall grove when flocks of birds
Have settled, or on Padusa's fishy stream
Swans hoarsely cry athwart the clamorous pools.
'Ay, crowd to council, citizens,' Turnus cries,
Seizing the moment, 'and sit praising peace,
While they rush armed on empire.' No word more
He uttered, but, up-starting, swiftly flung
From out the lofty hall. 'Thou, Volusus,
Bid arm the Volscian cohorts,' he exclaimed,
'And lead the Rutules on. Messapus, thou,
And Coras with thy brother, array the horse,
And o'er the wide plain spread them. Some secure
Each access to the town, and man the towers;
The rest, where I shall bid, fall on with me.'
At once a wild rush to the wall begins
From every quarter. Sire Latinus too

Quits council, and breaks off his high designs,
By the dark hour dismayed; and oft his heart
Upbraids him that he freely welcomed not
Dardan Aeneas to the adopted rank
Of citizen and son. Before the gates
Others dig trenches, or heave stakes and stones
On shoulder. The hoarse clarion for the fray
Gives bloody signal. Then in motley ring
Boys, see, and matrons gird the ramparts, all
To one last effort summoned. Furthermore,
Up to the temple that crowns Pallas' height,
Thronged with a company of dames, the queen
Rides onward, bringing gifts, and at her side
The maid Lavinia, source of all that woe,
Her comely eyes cast earthward. Entering in,
The matrons fill the holy place with smoke
Of incense, and send forth a mournful cry
From the high portal: 'O mighty in arms,
And mistress of the sword, Tritonian maid,
Break with thy might the Phrygian robber's spear,
Himself cast prone on earth, and spurn him low
Beneath our lofty gates.' Turnus the while
With emulous fury arms him for the fray.
Even now, the ruddy breastplate donned, he stood
Bristling with brazen scales; his legs he had sheathed
In golden cuishes, and, bare-browed as yet,
But battle blade on thigh, all golden shone,
As down he lies him from the fortress-height
Exulting, and in hope forestalls the foe:
As with snapped tether free at length, a horse
Breaks stall, and, launched upon the open plain,
Or seeks the herds and pastures of the mares,
Or, wont to plunge him in the well-known stream,
Darts forth, and, rearing his proud crest on high,
Neighs for mere wantonness; the tossing mane
Plays over neck and shoulder. Him to meet,
Backed by her Volscian host, Camilla sped,
And lo! beside the gateway leapt from horse,
Queen as she was, whom following, all the band
Glide from their steeds to earth. Then thus she spake:
'Turnus, if aught self trust beseem the brave,

I dare and pledge me here Troy's troop to face,
And sole against the Tyrrhene horsemen ride.
Let me first prove the perils of the fray:
Tarry thou here on foot beside the wall,
And guard the ramparts.' Whereunto replied
Turnus, his eyes on the dread maiden fixed,
'O maiden, glory of Italy, what thanks
Can I or hope to utter or repay?
But since thy spirit doth all price out-soar,
Share now the task with me. Aeneas, 'tis said—
And scouts sent forth confirm the tale—hath pushed
Forward, relentless still, his light-armed horse,
To scour the plain; himself, mounting the ridge,
Draws cityward by the lone mountain-heights.
In the wood's hollow track a sleight of war
I purpose—to beset with armèd men
The thoroughfare of the mountain gorge. Do thou
Meet and do battle with the Etruscan horse;
Valiant Messapus at thy side will be,
With Latium's squadron and Tiburtus' band;
Take thou too on thyself a leader's sway.'
So saying, Messapus and the federate chiefs
Cheered with like words to battle, he moves to meet
The foe. There is a vale that curves and bends,
Well framed for stratagems and wiles of war,
Hemmed in on either side by wooded walls
Impenetrably dark. Hereinto leads
A narrow footpath, and a strait ravine
Churlish of access. Over it there lies
High on the watch-towers of the mountain-top
A broad expanse unlooked for, safe retreat
To charge from right and left-ward, or take stand
Upon the ridge, and roll down mighty rocks.
Hither the warrior, thridding well-known ways,
Hies him, has seized the spot, and sat him down
Within the treacherous forest.

But meanwhile
Latona's daughter in the halls of heaven
Addressed fleet Opis, of the sacred band
Of maids that be her fellows, and poured forth

These sorrowing words: 'Lo! to the cruel war
Goes forth Camilla, maiden, and in vain
Girds on these arms of ours, though dear to me
Beyond all others. Nor soothly is that love,
Thou knowest, new-born to Dian, nor her heart
Touched with a sudden charm. When Metabus,
Now driven through hate of his tyrannic sway
Forth from his realm, Privernum's ancient hold
Was leaving, through the battle's press he bore
His babe in flight, to share his banishment,
And named her from her mother, in altered wise,
Camilla for Casmilla. To the long
Lone forest-heights he sped still carrying her
Before him on his bosom. From all sides
Fierce darts beset him, and in circling swarms
Hovered the Volscian soldiery, when lo!
Athwart his flight full Amasenus' flood
Foamed with o'er-brimming banks; so wild a storm
Had burst the clouds of heaven. Here, fain to swim,
Love for the babe withholds him, and he quakes
For his dear burden. Pondering every way,
Hardly at last this swift resolve took root:
A huge spear, which the warrior's stalwart hand
Bare, of hard knotted and fire-seasoned oak-
To this he lashed his daughter, swathed in bark
Of the wild cork, and midmost of the shaft
Bound her for throwing, and then, with mighty hand
Poising it, cried to heaven: "O gracious Maid,
Child of Latona, huntress of the grove,
I vow this babe thy servant, I her sire;
Thy weapon first she grasps, and from her foe
Flies through the air thy suppliant. For thine own,
Goddess, receive her, I implore, who now
Is to the random breezes given." He spake,
Drew back his arm, and strongly wheeled the spear,
And threw it: the waves roared; over the swift stream
Flies poor Camilla on the hurtling dart.
But Metabus by a mighty band the while
Pressed closeher, plunges, and in triumph plucks
His gift to Trivia from the grassy bank.

Javelin and maid together. Him thenceforth
Nor homes of men, nor city-walls received ;
Nor had his wild heart brooked it, but he led
A life of shepherds on the lonely hills.
Here in the brakes, amid rough forest-dens,
Reared he his daughter upon wild mare's milk,
Squeezing the teats into her tender lips.
Soon as the baby-feet their earliest steps
Had planted, with sharp javelin's weight he armed
Her hands, and from the tiny shoulder hung
Shafts and a bow. For gold to deck her hair,
And for long-trailing robe, a tiger's spoils
Hung from her head adown the back. Even then
With tender hand she launched her puny darts,
And, whirling round her head the smooth-thonged sling,
Struck crane Strymonian, or white swan, to earth.
Her many a mother through the Tyrrhene towns
Sought for their sons, but vainly. Well content
To mate alone with Dian, she cherishes
A lifelong passion for the hunter's darts
And maidenhood unsullied. Would she had ne'er,
Caught up by such a wave of war, essayed
To brave in fight the Teucrians ! so were she
Still dear, and of my maiden band to-day.
But come, since harsh fate dogs her hard at heel,
Glide, nymph, from heaven, and Latium's borders seek,
Where now begins the dark ill-omened fray,
Take these, and pluck from quiver a vengeful shaft.
Herewith, whoe'er with wound her sacred flesh—
Or Trojan or Italian—shall profane,
Let him like quittance pay me blood for blood.
Thereafter I in hollow cloud will bear
Her hapless corse for burial, and, of arms
All undespoiled, to her own land restore.'
She spake, but the other down the light air sped
Hurtling, her form in a black whirlwind swathed.
Meanwhile the Trojan host draw nigh the walls,
The Etruscan chiefs and all their horse-array,
Told into ordered troops. The war-steed neighs,
Paws the wide plain, and with the tight-drawn curb

Fights, as he faces to this side and that:
Then bristles the wide plain with iron spears,
And the field blazes with their brandished blades.
Nor less Messapus, Latium's swift-foot sons,
And Coras with his brother, and the light troop
Of maid Camilla, show forth upon the plain,
Confronting them; with back-drawn hands afar
They couch the spear, or shake the quivering lance;
And fiery-fierce now grows the tramp of men,
Neighing of steeds. By this had either host
Paused within spear-cast: then, with sudden shout,
Forward they burst, cheer on their maddened steeds,
And all together, from all sides, pour forth
Darts thick as snowflakes, that obscure the sky.
At once Tyrrhenus and Aconteus keen
Rush each on each with spears that meet amain,
And first deal thunderous downfall, either steed
Shock-shattered with the brunt of breast to breast.
Aconteus, like a levin-bolt flung forth
Or ponderous engine-stone, is hurled afar
Headlong and scatters to the winds his life.
Straight all is disarray; the Latins turn,
Set shield to back, and for the ramparts ride.
Troy gives them chase; Asilas leads the van.
And now the gates they near, when once again
The Latins lift the war-shout, and wheel round
Their chargers' supple necks. The victors fly,
And with loose bridle gallop fast and far.
As when with alternating ebb and flow,
The advancing sea now rushes to the beach,
Shoots o'er the crags in torrent foam, and bathes
With curved billow all the sandy bourne,
Now, with swift ebb, retreats and sucking back
The shingle, leaves the beach with gliding shoal.
Twice o'er the Tuscans to their ramparts drive
The Rutules headlong, and twice o'er look back
Routed and sling behind their covering shields.
But when for the third onset charging home,
Army gripped army, and man mingled man,
Then were there dying groans, and deep in blood

Roll arms and bodies and death-wounded steeds,
Mingled with slaughtered men ; the fight swells fierce.
Orsilochus at the steed of Remulus—
Himself he feared to face—a javelin hurled,
And left the steel beneath its ear, whereat
The stricken brute rears furiously, and flings
In air his fore-legs, with uplifted breast,
Sustaining not the wound. Tumbled to earth,
His rider rolled. Catillus hurls from horse
Iollas, and, of giant heart to match
His giant arms and frame, Herminius :
Bare-headed he with tawny locks, bare too
His shoulders ; nor wounds daunt him, such a front
He offers to all weapons. The spear sped,
And, quivering through the mighty shoulder-joints,
Pinned, and bowed double all his bulk with pain.
Dark blood flows wide, as with the sword they slay,
Fighting, or seek through wounds a glorious death.
But midst the slaughter, like an Amazon,
One breast for battle bared, and quiver-girt,
Rages Camilla, and now thick and fast
Showers from her hand tough javelins, and now grips
The doughty war-axe with unwearying grasp,
While from her shoulder clangs the golden bow,
The arms of Dian. Nay, if forced to fly,
And backward beaten, with bow turned she aims
Retreating arrows. Round about her throng
The comrades of her choice, Larina, maid,
And Tulla, and Tarpeia brandishing
An axe of bronze, Italia's daughters ; whom
Godlike Camilla for her own glory chose,
And as good helpers both in peace and war :
Like Thracian Amazons, when Thermodon's flood
Shakes to their tramp, as in gay arms they ride
To battle, or round Hippolyte, or when
Penthesilea, child of Mars, from war
Comes charioted, and all the woman-host
With loud tumultuous shouting madly prance,
Armed with their moony shields. Whom first, whom
last,

Fierce maiden, didst thou dash to earth? What tale
Of warrior-forms stretch dying in the dust?
Euneus first, from Clytius sprung, whose breast,
Confronting and left bare, she pierces through
With her long pine-shaft. Vomiting forth streams
Of blood, he falls, and bites the gory dust,
And, dying, writhes upon his wound; anon
Liris, and o'er him Pegasus, of whom
One thrown in act to gather up the reins,
His steed stabbed under him, one hurrying up
With unarmed hand to aid him as he falls,
Meet headlong death together. Then to these
She adds Amastrus, son of Hippotas,
And, leaning forward, plies with spear from far
Tereus, Harpalycus, Demophoon,
And Chromis; yea, for every shaft that sped,
Hurled from the maiden's hand, some Phrygian fell.
In uncouth arms on Iapygian steed,
Afar rides hunter Ornytus; a hide
Stripped from a bullock swathes his shoulders broad,
Turned warrior now; a wolf's huge-gaping mouth
For head-gear—jaws and flashing teeth; his hands
Armed with rude hunting-blade: so through the ranks
He moves, and by a whole head tops them all.
Him now she caught amid the battle's rout
Light task enow and speared, and over him
Cried in fierce scorn: 'O Tuscan, didst thou deem
'Twas forest game thou huntedst? Lo! the day
Is come that shall your people's vaunts refute
With woman's darts. Yet to thy father's shades
No mean renown goes with thee, to have fallen
Slain by Camilla's spear.' Orsilochus
And Butes next, in bulk Troy's mightiest twain:
But Butes from behind she stabbed, where gleamed
The neck 'twixt helm and hauberk, as he rode,
And the light shield from his left shoulder hung:
Orsilochus she flies, and, heading off
In a wide sweep, wheels inward, and so foils,
Pursuing the pursuer. Then at length,
Up towering higher, through basinet and through bone

With strokes redoubled the strong axe she drives
For all his supplicating cries: the wound
Spatters his face with the hot brain. Here happed
Upon her path, and at the sudden sight
Hung terrified aback, the warrior-son
Of Aunus, dweller upon Apennine,
Not meanest of Ligurians, while the Fates
Allowed his lies. He, seeing he could not shun
The fray by flight, nor turn aside the queen
Now hard at heel, with subtle craft and wile
Essaying to ply trickery, thus begins:
'What glory is it, woman as thou art,
To trust in a steed's strength? Give o'er escape,
Dare close with me on equal ground, and come
Gird thee to fight on foot; full soon shalt know
To whom vain boasting bringeth bane.' He spake;
She, stung to fury, and with the bitter smart
Burning, her charger to a comrade gave,
And in like arms stood fronting him on foot,
With bare blade dauntless, and unblazoned shield.
But, deeming guile had won, away darts he,
Turns bridle in hot haste, rides off, and goads
His galloper to full speed with armèd heel.
'Thou, false Ligurian, puffed with empty pride,
Thy slippery native tricks hast played in vain;
Ay, nor shall treachery win thee scathless way
To juggler Aunus.' Thus the maiden cries,
And swift as fire, with lightning steps, afoot
Passes the steed, confronts him, grasps the rein,
Grapples, and wreaks red vengeance on the foe:
Lightly as when a hawk, that bodeful bird,
Winging from some tall crag, o'ertakes a dove
High in the cloud, and, clutched within his gripe,
Mangles her body with hooked feet, the while
Blood and rent feathers flutter from the sky.
But with no eyeless watch the Sire of men
And gods hereon from high Olympus' top
Sat gazing. To the ruthless fight he goads
Tyrrhenian Tarchon, with no gentle stings
Pricks him to fury. So, 'mid weltering heaps,

Ranks wavering, rides he, with this cry or that
Kindles the troops, and, calling each by name,
Rallies the runaways to fight. 'What fear,
O never to be shamed, O laggards still!
What coward sloth hath seized your Tuscan hearts?
Routs and makes rabble of such ranks as these
A woman? Say why then wield we sword or grasp
These idle darts? To love naught slack are ye
And nightly bouts, or, when the wry-necked fife
Of Bacchus hath the dance proclaimed, to look
For revel and wine-cup on the loaded board—
Your joy, your passion this—till favouring seer
Announce the sacred feast, and victim fat
To the tall groves invite you.' Thus he spake,
And, courting his own death, amid the press
Spurs, and at Venulus like a whirlwind drives.
Hales him from horse, and in a foeman's grip
Clasped to his breast bears off at furious speed.
A shout goes up to heaven; all Latin eyes
Upon them turn. Like fire along the plain,
Bearing both man and armour, Tarchon flies:
Then from the foe's spear snapping off the head,
Gropes for a vulnerable point, to deal
A death-blow. The other from his throat the while,
Struggling wards off the wound, force battling force:
As when a golden eagle soaring high,
Swoops and bears off a serpent in his clutch,
Foot fastened in its folds, with claws that cling:
But the maimed snake writhes tortuous, coil on coil,
Pricks scales erect, and hisses with its mouth,
High towering; none the less with hooked beak
He plies his struggling victim, all the while
Scourging the air with pinion-strokes: e'en so
Tarchon, from Tuscia's battle-ranks bears off
His prize in triumph. Maeonia's sons rush on
Following their chief's example and success.
Then Arruns, ripe for doom, wheels, dart in hand,
Round swift Camilla, and, with many a wile
Preventing, tries what chance may best bestead.
Wherever the maid spurs furious 'mid the ranks,

There up comes Arruns, silent scours her track—
Where'er triumphant from the foe retires,
Thither turns he his swift and furtive rein.
Now this approach, now that, he traverses,
Circling on all sides, and relentless shakes
His deadly javelin. Chloreus, as it chanced,
Sacred to Cybele, and erewhile her priest,
In Phrygian arms shone glorious from afar,
Urging his foamy steed, its saddle-cloth
A fell with brass scales feathered, clasped with gold
In foreign purple darkly dight he rode,
Launching Gortynian shafts from Lycian bow;
Gold hung the bow from shoulder, gold the casque
On the diviner's head; a saffron scarf
Rustling with gauzy waves he had bound up
Into a knot with tawny gold, and wore
Needle-wrought tunic and barbaric hose.
Him now the maid, or fain to fix on shrine
Arms Trojan, or to flaunt in captive gold,
From all the mêlée singling, huntress-like,
Chased blindly, and through the ranks all reckless burned
With woman's love of booty and of spoil;
When Arruns from his ambush seized at last
The moment, and let speed his javelin, thus
Imploring heaven: 'Apollo, chief of gods,
And guardian of Soracte's sacred height,
Whom we of all men honour, for whom is fed
The glow of heapèd pine, while 'midst the fire
Thy votaries we, by holy zeal up-borne,
In the live embers deep our footprints press,
Grant, Sire, that this foul shame, for thou canst all,
Be by my darts abolished. I desire
Nor arms, nor trophies of the maid's defeat,
Nor any spoil; what else my hand has wrought
Shall win me glory: let but this dread pest
Fall 'neath my weapon, I will get me back
Inglorious to the cities of my sires.'
Apollo heard, and inwardly vouchsafed
Half the fulfilment of his prayer, but half

To the fleet winds he scattered. To lay low
Camilla with swift stroke of death- thus far
Yields he his asking; that his stately home
Should see him back return, he granted not;
The wild winds changed his utterance into air.
So, when the spear sped hurtling, launched through heaven,
Their eager thoughts and eyes the Volscians all
Turned toward the queen. She only nor of breeze
Nor hurtling sound nor sky-borne weapon weened;
Till, buried in her protruding breast, the spear
Clave, deeply driven, and drank her maiden blood.
Her scared troop hurry round her, and sustain
Their sinking mistress. Fearful beyond all
Flies Arruns, terror mingling with his joy;
Nor longer dares he on his lance rely,
Nor face the maidens' weapons. And as the wolf,
Ere hostile darts can follow, plunges straight
By pathless ways into the mountain heights,
If shepherd he hath slain or mighty bull,
And, 'ware of his bold deed with slackened tail
Clapped quivering 'neath his belly, seeks the woods;
So Arruns whirled from men's eyes madly, plunged,
Content with flight, amid the warrior throng.
She plucks the dart with dying hand; but deep
Betwixt the rib-bones sticks the embedded steel.
Bloodless she droops; droop too her death-chilled eyes;
The once bright colour from her face has ebbed.
Then thus with failing breath to Acca, one
Of her companions, spake she, who alone
Of all Camilla's maiden-band had been
Friend of her bosom and partner of her cares:
'Acca, my sister, in such wise she spake,
'I can no more; even now the bitter wound
Quells me, and all around grows dim and dark.
Fly, bear to Turnus this my latest word:
But him bear up the battle, and ward off
The Trojans from the wall. And now farewell.'
So saying, she dropped the reins, all helplessly
Gliding to earth. Then, cold and colder grown,

Slowly she slipped the body's bonds, let fall
The neck now nerveless, and death-ravished head,
Dropping her war-gear ; and the spirit passed
Moaning indignant to the shades below.
Then boundless uproar surging heavenward strikes
The golden stars ; around Camilla fallen
The fight grows bloodier ; in one dense array
On rush the Teucrian host, the Tyrrhene chiefs,
And, flanking all, Evander's Arcad horse.
But Opis, Trivia's sentinel, long since,
Throned on the mountain-height, sits undismayed
Watching the conflict. When amid the din
Of raging warriors far away she spied
Camilla by death's bitter doom fordone,
She groaned, and thus with heart-drawn utterance spake :
'Dearly, too dearly, maid, hast thou atoned
Thine armed defiance of the sons of Troy,
Nor aught availed thee in green solitudes
To have served Dian, or on shoulder borne
The quiver of our craft. Yet hath thy queen
Not left thee, even in death's extremity,
Bare of all honour, nor shall this thine end
Be noised not through the world, nor thou endure
An unavengèd name. For whosoe'er
With desecrating wound hath pierced thy flesh,
The well-earned forfeit with his life shall pay.'
'Neath a tall mountain stood the giant tomb
Of King Dercennus, the Laurentine old,
Of mounded earth, and roofed with ilex dark :
Here first the lovely goddess with swift spring
Plants her, and from the lofty rising-ground
Spies Arruns. When in flashing armour bright
She marked him vainly swelling, 'Why,' she cries,
'Swerv'st thou aside ? Turn hither, and draw nigh
To meet thy doom, and for Camilla take
Due guerdon. Must such as thou by Dian's darts
Perish ?' She spake, and, like a Thracian maid,
Forth from gilt quiver plucked a wingèd shaft,
Stretched it on bow to strike him, and drew far,

Until, the bent tips meeting, and both hands
Now level, with her left the point she touched,
Her bosom with the bow-string in her right.
Forthwith the shaft's hiss and the hurtling air
Heard Arruns, and the selfsame moment felt
The barb within his body. Him, gasping out
Life's latest groan, his comrades leave to lie
Forgotten in the plain's unnoted dust;
Opis to high Olympus wings her way.
First flies, of queen bereft, Camilla's troop
Of light-armed horse; the Rutules break and fly;
Flies keen Atinas: captains scattered far
And cohorts leaderless for shelter make,
And, backward turning, for the ramparts ride.
Nor any can with darts sustain the rush
Of the death-dealing Teucrians, or make stand
Against them; but their unstrung bows they cast
On fainting shoulders, and the four-foot tramp
Of galloping horse-hooves shakes the crumbling plain.
Rolls toward the ramparts a black storm of dust,
And on the watch-towers mothers beat their breasts,
And raise a woman's wail aloft to heaven.
Who through the open gates dash first, on these
The foe press madly, mingling with the rout;
Nor 'scape they piteous slaughter, but thrust through
Even on the threshold, with their native walls
And sheltering homes around, gasp out their lives.
Some close the gates, and dare not to their friends
Open, or let them pass, for all their prayers.
Within the ramparts; and anon begins
Most piteous carnage, as these guard with swords
The portal, those upon the sword-points rush.
Shut out before their weeping parents' eyes,
Into the trenches some are headlong hurled
By the wild rout; some, spurring at full speed,
With battering force tilt blindly at the gates
And their stout barriers. At the conflict's height
The very mothers from the walls — true love
Of country paints them — when their eyes beheld
Camilla, shower down darts with trembling hand

With stout oak-truncheons and fire-hardened stakes
Hotly they strive to ape the strength of steel,
And foremost for their ramparts burn to die.
  Meanwhile amid the wood fills Turnus' ear
The terrible tale, and fraught with dire amaze
Comes Acca's word ; the Volscian ranks are quelled,
Camilla fallen ; the foe rush fiercely on,
And with triumphant arms have swept the field ;
Now to the ramparts spreads the panic. He,
Raging—so rules it Jove's relentless will—
Quits his hill-ambush, the rough wood forsakes.
Scarce had he passed from sight, and gained the plain,
Ere Prince Aeneas enters the void glen,
And tops the ridge, and quits the forest-gloom.
So swiftly both with all their war-array
March town-ward, nor far parted each from each ;
And lo ! Aeneas at once beheld the plain
Smoking with dust afar, and therewithal
Laurentum's host ; and Turnus was aware
Of fell Aeneas armed for fight, and heard
The approach of tramping feet and neighing steeds.
And straight in shock of battle would they clash,
But ruddy Phoebus in the Iberian flood
Now dips his tired team, and with ebbing day
Bids night return. Before the city-walls
They bivouac, and entrench the ramparts round.

BOOK XII

When Turnus saw the Latins had waxed faint, 1–26
Crushed by the war's reverse, his promise now
Claimed for fulfilment, all eyes turned on him,
With wrath implacable he burns, and rears
Aloft his courage. As lo! on Punic plains
A lion, his breast by hunters wounded sore,
At last to battle stirs him, with fierce joy
Shakes from his neck the shaggy mane, and snaps
The robber's rooted weapon, undismayed,
Roaring with blood-stained mouth; not otherwise,
Once fired, the rage of Turnus swells apace:
Then thus the king accosts he, and begins
With bolstering speech: 'In Turnus is no stop;
Yon dastards of Aeneas have no plea
Their bond to cancel, or their vows recant:
I go to meet him. Bring the holy rites,
Sire, and rehearse the treaty. Or will I
To Tartarus hurl this Dardan runagate
From Asia—let the Latins sit and see—
With my sole arm our common shame rebut;
Or let him hold us as his thralls of war,
And take to bride Lavinia.'
With calm breast
Answered Latinus: 'Peerless-hearted youth,
The loftier mounts thy valour, the more meet
That I strut naught of counsel, weigh with fear
All issues. Thine is thy sire Daunus' realm,
And many a war-won city; nor lack I
Latinus gold or the goodwill to give.
In Latium's and Laurentum's realm are yet
Maids, nor of race to shame thee. Let me strip
The ungentle utterance bare of all disguise;
And thou in soul absorb it: unto none,

Who heretofore came wooing, might I wed
My daughter; so sang gods alike and men.
Won o'er by love of thee, won o'er by claim
Of kinship, and my sorrowing consort's tears,
I brake all fetters, plucked from her true lord
The plighted bride, and flew to impious arms.
Thenceforth what perils, what wars pursue me still,
Turnus, thou seest, yea, and what mighty toils
Thyself art first to suffer. On stricken field
Twice conquered, scarce within our walls we guard
The hopes of Italy; Tiber-waves are yet
Warm with our blood, the wide plain white with bones.
Why drift I back so oft? What madness turns
My purpose? If, the light of Turnus quenched,
I stand prepared to welcome them as friends,
Why rather, while he lives, not stay the strife?
What will thy Rutule kinsmen say, what all
In Italy beside them, if to death—
Fortune refute the word!—I thee betray,
Seeking our daughter and alliance? Mark
War's shifting chances; pity thine old sire,
Whom now his native Ardea far aloof
Holds sorrowing.' With such words he bends no whit
The fury of Turnus; it but mounts the more,
Grown worse with healing. When his lips at length
Gat utterance, he begins: 'Prithee, good sire,
The load of care, that for my sake thou hast,
Lay for my sake aside, and suffer me
To pledge my life for honour. Our hand too
Can scatter darts, and wield no weakling sword;
When we too strike, blood follows. Nowise near
Will be his goddess-mother with a cloud
To shield the recreant, woman-like, and hide
Her form in empty shadows.'

But the queen,
At these new terms of battle sore dismayed,
Stood weeping, and, as one resolved to die,
Clave to her fiery son. 'By these my tears,
O Turnus, and if aught still touch thy heart
Of reverence for Amata—thou art now

Sole hope and solace of my sad old age ;
Latinus' honour and imperial sway
Rest in thy keeping ; upon thee alone
Leans all our tottering house—one boon I beg,
Forbear to fight the Teucrians. In yon strife
What doom soe'er awaits thee, waits no less,
Turnus, for me : the selfsame hour will I
Quit the loathed light, nor with a captive's eyes
Look on Aeneas as my daughter's lord.'
Lavinia heard her mother's voice with cheek
Flaming and tear-suffused ; for a deep flush
Kindled and o'er her burning features ran :
Even as if Indian ivory one should stain
With blood-red purple, or as lilies white
Blush with the blended rose ; such hues o'er-spread
The maiden's features. He, with love distraught,
Fastens his eyes upon the maid. He burns
The more for battle, and briefly thus bespeaks
Amata : 'Follow me not with tears, I pray,
Or with these dark forebodings to the war's
Grim strife, O mother ; for Turnus is not free
To bid death tarry. Idmon, do thou bear
This message nowise welcome —from my lips
To Phrygia's tyrant : soon as morrow's dawn
With crimson chariot-wheel shall flush the sky,
Let him not Teucrian against Rutule lead ;
Rest Rutule arms and Teucrian ; that we twain
With our own blood may set a term to strife,
And on that field Lavinia's hand be won.'

So saying, he swiftly got him home, and there
Calls for his steeds, and views them with delight
Snorting before him, which, a glorious gift,
Erst to Priamus Orithyia gave,
To out-vie snows in whiteness, winds in speed.
Around them, bustling, stand the charioteers,
Clap with their hollow hands the sounding cheeks,
And comb the mained necks. A corslet then
He binds about his shoulders, stiff with gold
And pale-hued orichalc, and to his use
Fits sword and shield, and red-plumed helmet-spikes

Sword, which the lord of fire himself had forged
For his sire Daunus, and had dipped white-hot
In Stygian water. Last, a mighty spear,
As it stood propped against a column vast
Amid the hall, Auruncan Actor's spoil,
Strongly he seized, and shook the quivering shaft,
Crying aloud: 'O spear, that never yet
Hast balked my bidding, now the hour is come
Thee mightiest Actor once, now Turnus wields;
Grant me with doughty hand on earth to stretch
The effeminate Phrygian, shatter and rend ope
His corslet, and defile with dust the locks
Curled with hot iron, and reeking-moist with myrrh.'
So raves he, fury-driven; from all his face
Shoot fiery sparks; his eager eyes flash flame:
As when a bull, against some battle-bout
Uplifts a fearful bellowing, and for proof
Flings wrath into his horns, and butts against
A tree-trunk, and provokes the air with blows,
Or, scattering sand, makes prelude of the fray.
Aeneas no less, girt in his mother's gear,
Now fiercely whets the war-god in his heart,
And kindles into wrath, right glad the while
That thus, truce proffered, shall the strife be stayed.
Then comforts he his comrades, soothes the fear
Of sad Iulus, teaching them of fate,
And unto King Latinus bids return
Sure answer, and the terms of peace declare.
Scarce was the next dawn sprinkling with new ray
The mountain-tops, what time from Ocean's deep
Up-spring the sun-steeds, and breathe forth the light
Through lifted nostrils, when both Rutule folk
And Teucrian 'neath their mighty city-walls
Make ready and mete out the battle-ground,
And hearths and grassy altars thereamidst
Rear to their common gods. Others the while
Bring freshet-wave and fire, girt apron-wise,
Brow-bound with vervain. The Ausonian host
Move onward, and in ranks close-banded pour
Through the thronged portals. Here in unlike arms

Speeds all the Trojan and Tyrrhenian host,
Even as at war's stern bidding, ranged in mail.
Amid their thousands to and fro the chiefs
Hover, in pride of purple and of gold,
Mnestheus, of old Assaracus the seed,
And stout Asilas, and, from Neptune sprung,
Messapus the steed-tamer. Either host,
At trumpet-call to its own ground retire,
Fix spears in earth, and lay their shields aslant.
Then eager-thronging matrons, a mixed crowd
Of folk defenceless and infirm old men,
Fill all the towers and house-roofs; other some
Hard by the lofty portals stand at gaze.

But Juno from the hill, hight Alban now,
Then nameless, without fame or glory, peered
Forth on the plain, and either host beheld,
Laurentine Trojan, and Latinus' town.
Straightway to Turnus' sister thus she spake—
Goddess to goddess—who hath power o'er pools
And sounding streams; such honour had high Jove,
The King of Heaven, for theft of maidenhead
Wi'n hallowing hand assigned her: 'Nymph,' she cried,
'Glory of rivers, to my heart most dear,
Whose or to high-souled Jove's unthankful bed
Of Latin maids have mounted, thee, thou knowest,
O'er all have I preferred, for thee with joy
Found part and place in heaven: now learn thy grief,
Juturna, that thou blame not me. So far
As Fortune seemed to suffer, Fate allow
Good hap to Latium, I have guarded well
Thy town and Turnus: now I see him rush
Ill-matched upon his fate, and lo! the hour
Of destiny draws near, and force malign.
This fight, this treaty, never can mine eyes
Endure to look on. For thy brother thou,
If aught thou durst of more ethereal and,
Do it becomes thee. Happier days belike
Shall follow misery. Ere she ceased, the tears
Burst from Juturna's eyes, and with her hand
Thrice, four times o'er, she smote her lovely breast.

'No time for tears,' Saturnian Juno cries:
'Hie thee with speed, thy brother snatch from death,
If any way thou mayest, or else wake war,
Dash from their hands the plighted peace: 'tis I
Bid brave it.' And, so warned, she left her there
Doubting, wit-wildered by the baleful blow.
Meanwhile the kings ride forth, Latinus first,
Mighty of stature, on a four-horse car,
About whose temples gleam twelve golden rays,
Badge of the Sun, his grandsire: Turnus next
With snow-white pair comes charioted, his hand
Twin javelins brandishing, broad-tipped with steel.
Then Prince Aeneas, of Rome's stem the root,
Blazing with starry shield, celestial arms,
And at his side Ascanius, of great Rome
The after-hope, move onward from the camp;
While pure-robed priest a two-year sheep unshorn,
With offspring of a bristly boar hath brought,
And by the blazing altars set the beasts.
They, with eyes turned toward the rising sun,
Scatter salt meal from hand, and graze with knife
The foreheads of the victims, and pour wine
Upon the altars. Drawing then his sword,
Thus good Aeneas prays: 'Now may the Sun
Attest my utterance, and this land for which
I have essayed such mighty toils to bear,
The Sire omnipotent, and his consort thou,
Saturnia, goddess, now at last, I pray,
More favourable; and Mavors the renowned,
Who dost all wars with power paternal sway;
And Floods I call, and Fountains, and what Awe
Dwells in high heaven, what gods in the blue sea:
If victory to Ausonian Turnus hap,
We vanquished will depart—so stands the bond—
Hence to Evander's town; Iulus then
Shall quit the soil, nor e'er in after-time,
Armed for new war, Aeneas' sons return,
Or vex this kingdom with invasion. But,
If victory will the battle to our hand—
As I deem rather, and so seal it heaven!—

Nor shall Italian at my bidding bow
To Teucrian, nor list I to reign; let both,
Unconquered, beneath equal laws unite
In everlasting bonds of amity.
My gods I'll give them, and my sacred things;
The sword Latinus, as my sire, must sway,
And, as my sire, the daily round of State:
For me the Teucrians shall build walls, my town
Be named from fair Lavinia.' So spake first
Aeneas, and after him Latinus thus,
Eyes raised to heaven, and right hand star-ward
stretched:
'Now by the self-same Earth, Sea, Stars, I swear,
Aeneas, and by Latona's double brood,
And two-faced Janus, and the might of gods
Infernal, and relentless Pluto's shrine;
Let the Sire hear, who doth on treaties set
His seal of thunder. I these altars touch:
The flames and powers betwixt us I adjure:
No lapse of time shall break for Italy
This covenant of peace, betide what may.
Nor my force me from my purpose turn;
Nay, not though earth into the waves be washed
In one blind deluge and the vault of heaven
Poured into Tartarus: as this sceptre here'—
For sceptre in right hand he chanced to wield—
'Shall never into light-leaved twigs expand,
Or shady spray, since in the greenwood once,
Lopped from the parent stem beneath the axe
It shed both boughs and foliage; erst a tree,
Now by the craftsman's hand-work made o'er
Bound in fair brass, for Latin sires to hold.'
So spake they, plighting mutual vows of peace,
Amid the gazing lords, then solemnly
Let bleed the sacred victims o'er the flame,
And flay the flesh yet quivering, and anon
With laden trenchers heap the altars high.
But long ere this to Rutule eyes ill-matched
Appears the youth: and their bosoms heave
With manifold emotion more and more,

As closelier seen the odds of strength they scan.
Swells their disquietude withal to mark
How softly Turnus to the altar stepped,
His lowly reverent mien, his downcast eyes,
The wasted cheek, the youthful form so wan.
But when Juturna, when his sister, saw
Whispers wax rife, the crowd with wavering hearts
Irresolute, amid the ranks in form
Like unto Camers—who, of hero-strain,
Was from a sire of peerless valour sprung,
Himself no laggard warrior—'mid the ranks
She plunges, and, well witting of the task,
Scatters wide rumour, and bespeaks them thus:
'Blush ye not, Rutules, thus to jeopardize
One life for all, and all so valiant? Say
In numbers are we over-matched, or might?
Trojans, Arcadians, these are all they boast,
See! and the fate-led bands Etruria's wrath
Hurled upon Turnus. Every second man
Grappled we them, scarce each should find a foe.
He doubtless, winged with glory, to the gods,
Gods to whose altars he devotes his life,
Shall soar, ride living on the lips of men;
We, reft of home, to haughty lords must bow,
Who thus sit idly, cumberers of the field.'
Fired by such words, now more and more up-blazed
The warriors' purpose, and from rank to rank
Speeds on the murmur; even Laurentum's sons,
Even Latium's folk are changed. Who late for rest
From battle, and safety for their fortune, sighed,
Now wish for arms, implore the league undone,
And pity Turnus and his cruel fate.
Hereto another and a mightier spell
Juturna adds, and shows a sign in heaven,
Than which no cause, more potent to confound,
Fooled omen-wise the hearts of Italy.
For as in ruddy sky Jove's tawny bird
Flew chasing water-fowl, a clamorous rout
In wing-borne column, suddenly he swooped
Down on the stream, and seized a lordly swan

Ruthless in taloned gripe. Italia's folk
Gave eager heed, as all the birds at once
Wheeled screaming, wondrous to behold! and hid
The heaven with wings, and in a serried cloud
Urge through the air their foe, till, overborne
By the sheer weight of onset, he gave o'er,
Into the flood let fall his loosened prey,
And vanished amid cloudy depths of heaven.
The Rutules hail the omen with a shout,
And free their hands for battle; and first out-spoke
Augur Tolumnius: 'This, ay this it was,
So oft my prayers desired: I greet the call,
And own the gods herein; follow my lead,
Even mine, and seize the sword, ye miserable,
Whom yon rapacious stranger frights with war,
Like silly birds, and rudely ravages
Your borders. He will turn, trim sail, and fly
Far o'er the deep. With one heart close your ranks,
And fight for rescue of your ravished king.'
He spake, and, dashing forward, hurled his lance
Full at the foe; the hurtling cornel hissed,
And cleft the air, and erred not. Hard upon,
Rose a vast shout; through all the welded ranks
Confusion ran, and hearts beat fiery-fast.
As sped the spear, right in its onward track
Stood grouped nine goodly brethren, borne alike
Of one true Tuscan mother to her lord
Gylippus of Arcadia. One of these,
Where the sewn belt pressed midmost of his bulk
Hard on the belly, and the ribs' edges felt
The buckle's bite—a youth of peerless form
In glittering armour—through the flank it pierced,
And on the dun sand stretched him. At the sight
His brethren, a bold band, now fired with grief,
Some drawing sword, some snatching darts to hurl,
Rush blindly onward. The Laurentine ranks
Push forth to meet them; from the opposers' side
Trojans, Agyllines, and Arcadia's host
Out in gay arms, one turbid torrent pour,
All, each, on fire to let the sword decide.

They have stripped the altars ; a thick javelin-storm
Scours all the sky ; the steel sleet drives apace.
The bowls, the hearths, they hale away : fast flies
Latinus, and bears off his baffled gods,
Leaving the league undone. Some harness cars,
Some hurl to horse, and with drawn swords are there.
Messapus, eager to confound the league,
Spurs at and scares Aulestes, Tuscan king,
Dight with the kingly diadem ; but he,
Luckless, leaps backward, strikes the altar-stone
Behind him, and rolls head and shoulders o'er.
Up speeds Messapus fiery-swift, with spear
Huge as a beam, and towering upon steed
Deals him, for all his prayers, one deadly blow
Downward, and cries : 'He hath it : here behold
A nobler victim to the high gods given !'
Italia's folk throng round him, and despoil
The yet warm body. Then Corynaeus snatched
A charred brand from the altar, and therewith,
As Ebysus rode up and sought to strike,
Dashed in his face the flame ; his mighty beard
Blazed brightly, and sent forth a burning stench.
Following, he clutches in left hand the locks
Of his dazed foe, with push of bended knee
Pins him to earth, and buries the stark blade
Deep in his side. As shepherd Alsus rushed
Through showering darts along the battle's front,
Lo ! Podalirius with bare blade pursues
And overhangs him ; whom with axe swung back
Full in his face, he cleft from brow to chin
Drenching his armour with wide-spattered gore.
Stern rest and iron slumber seal his eyes,
And their orbs close in everlasting night.

But good Aeneas, stretching forth his hand
Unarmed the while, bare-headed, with loud shouts
Cried ever to his men : 'Why storm ye forth ?
Whence springs this sudden quarrel ? O curb your ire !
The league is stricken, and all its laws allowed ;
I only may do battle ; balk me not,
And have no fear : this hand shall consummate

The treaty ; by these rites is Turnus mine.'
As thus he spake, even in mid utterance, lo !
Wing-borne against him glides a whizzing shaft,
Launched by what hand, who steered its stormy speed,
Knows no man, nor what power, or chance, or god,
Glory so boundless to the Rutule brought ;
The fame of that high deed lay locked from sight,
And none e'er boasted of Aeneas' wound.
When Turnus marked Aeneas quit the host,
The chiefs dismayed, with sudden hope he fires,
Anon cries out for horses and for arms,
Springs proudly on the car, and grasps the reins.
In swift career full many a mighty form
He gives to death, or tumbles them half-slain,
Crushes whole ranks beneath his car, or plucks
Spear after spear, and hurls them on the fliers.
As when at furious speed, anigh the banks
Of Hebrus' icy wave, blood-dabbled Mars
Clangs on his shield, and, rousing war, lets loose
His raging steeds ; they scour the open plain
Swifter than south or west wind ; utmost Thrace
Groans with their hoof-beat ; all around him rush
Dark-frowning Fear and Wraths and Treacheries,
The god's attendant train : so eager goads
Turnus his smoking steeds amid the fray,
Trampling the foe slain piteously ; each hoof
At furious speed sprits showers of ruddy dew,
And mingled blent tread the sand is caked with gore.
Now Sthenelus to slaughter hath he given,
And Thamyrus and Pholus, this and this
From nearest close, that other from afar ;
From far both Glaucus too and Lades, sons
Of Imbrasus, whom Imbrasus himself
In Lycia reared, and with like arms arrayed
To fight as footmen, or out-ride the winds.
Elsewhere Eumedes goes him to the fray,
The war-famed son of ancient Dolon he,
His grandsire's name, his sire's own doughty deeds
Recowing, who erst upon the Danaan camp,
To creep and make espial, for wage dared ask

Pelides' chariot ; with far other wage
Dowered for his daring by great Tydeus' son,
He to Achilles' team no more aspires.
Him Turnus eyeing afar on open plain,
First with light dart through length of air pursues,
Then checks the twin yoked steeds, and leaps from car
To find him fallen half-lifeless, on his neck
Plants foot, and wrests from his right hand the sword,
And in his throat dyes deep the glittering blade,
And thus withal speaks over him : 'Lie there,
Trojan, and measure those Hesperian fields
Thou cam'st to fight for : lo ! such meed they win,
So found their walls, who dare me to the fray.'
Next with hurled spear, to bear him company,
He sends Asbutes, Chloreus, Sybaris,
Dares, Thersilochus, and Thymoetes, flung
Prone from the neck of his unruly steed.
And as when Thracian Boreas with his blast
Roars o'er the deep Aegean, and pursues
Its billows to the shore, where swoop the winds,
The clouds scud fast through heaven, so yield the ranks
To Turnus, where he cleaves a path, and all
Their battle is swept backwards ; his own speed
Impels him, and the breeze his chariot breasts
Tosses his flying plume. Such fierce assault
And stormy arrogance Phegeus might not brook ;
He crossed the car's path, grasped and wrenched aside
The mouths o' the mad steeds foaming at the bit :
So dragged, and hanging to the yoke, the broad
Spear-head uncovered found him, and its thrust
Broke ope the corslet's double-woven mail,
And tasted of his body. He nathless,
Shield set before him, facing still the foe,
From his bare blade sought succour, when the wheel
And onward-hurrying axle prone to earth
Smote him, and Turnus, stooping, with his sword
'Twixt helmet-edge and corslet's topmost rim
Lopped off his head, and left the trunk to lie.
While Turnus thus triumphant o'er the plain
Deals havoc, Mnestheus and Achates true,

Ascanius at their side, in camp have set
Aeneas, now bleeding, every second step
Propped on his long spear. He, in rage of soul,
Striving to pluck forth barb and splintered shaft,
Calls for what aid lies nearest: let them cleave
With a broad battle-blade, probe deep, the wound
Where the barb lurks, and send him back to war.
And now Iapis, son of Iasus,
Dear before all to Phoebus, draws anigh,
Whom erst Apollo, by keen love subdued,
With his own arts and gifts—prophetic lore,
The lyre, and arrows swift—was fain to bless.
He, to protract his sire's appointed span
Now nigh to death, the power of herbs to know,
The healer's skill, chose rather, and to ply
A silent art, inglorious. Chafing sore,
Propped on his mighty spear, 'mid a vast throng
Of warriors, with Iulus grieving nigh,
Unroubled by their tears, Aeneas stood.
The aged seer his garb Paeonian-wise
Plung back and girt about him, with deft hand,
And Phoebus' herbs of power, makes much ado
Vainly, with vain endeavour at the shaft
Pulls, or with biting pincer grips the barb.
Fortune no clue, no aid his patron god
Apollo lends him; and now farther grows
The alarm of battle, and more nigh the bane.
They see the heaven upstayed in solid dust;
On come the horsemen, and amid their camp
Javelins fall thick and fast. A dismal shout
Is borne to heaven of those that fight and fall
'Neath the stern war god's hand. Then, mother-like,
Smit to the heart by her son's cruel pain,
Venus from Cretan Ida culls a stalk
Of dittany, with downy leaves thick fledged
And purple flower; the wild goats know it well,
When winged arrows have fastened in their side.
This bore she down, veiled in a misty mist,
And steeps therewithal fresh water, poured
In bright trimmed vessel, darkly drugging it,

And sprinkles life-juice from ambrosia bled,
And sweet-breathed panacea. With that lymph,
Unwitting, old Iapis bathed the wound;
When lo! from out the limbs all pain hath passed,
All gush of blood in the deep wound is stayed;
And at a touch the arrow unimpelled
Out-falling, his old strength returns anew.
'Arms for the hero, quick! Why tarry ye?'
Loud cries Iapis, and first fires their wrath
Against the foe. 'Man's power and master-craft
Work not such issues, nor doth hand of mine
Save thee, Aeneas; some mightier one, some god
Is operant here, and unto mightier deeds
Restores thee.' Ravenous for the fray meanwhile
He, right and left, had sheathed his legs in gold,
Spurning all checks, and brandishing his spear.
When shield to side, corslet to back were braced,
About Ascanius his mailed arms he flung,
And lightly kissed him through the helm, and said
'O boy, learn valour and true toil from me,
Fortune from others. Now shall my right hand
Shield thee in fight, and lead where high rewards
Await the winning: hereafter look that thou,
When ripening years have made thee perfect man,
Be mindful, and the exemplars of thy race
Recalling, let Aeneas for thy sire,
Hector thine uncle, be thy spurs to fame.'
So having said, forth from the gate he strode
Gigantic, shaking his portentous spear:
Antheus and Mnestheus therewithal rush on
With serried column; from the abandoned camp
Streams the whole host. Then all the plain is blent
In one blind dust-cloud; the affrighted earth
Trembles beneath their foot-tread. Turnus saw
From an opposing height, as on they came;
The Ausonians saw, and through their inmost bones
Ran a chill shudder: instant before all
The Latin host Juturna heard the sound,
Knew it, and fled in terror. He speeds on,
Hurrying his dark line o'er the open plain.

As, when with bursting squall a hurricane
Drives landward o'er mid-ocean, hapless hinds
Shudder, afar foreboding: it will bring
Downfall to trees, destruction to the crops,
Wreckin all in one wide havoc; the winds fly
Bearing its sound before it to the beach:
So the Rhoetean chief his war host speeds
Full on the foe; in wedges dense they close,
Massed at his side. Thymbraeus smites with sword
Osiris huge, Mnestheus Arcetius;
Achates hews in sunder Epulo,
And Gyas Ufens; falls Tolummius too,
The Augur, who had first hurled hostile dart.
The cry mounts heaven, and Rutules, chased in turn,
Their backs with flight dust-mantled, scour the plain.
Himself, nor deigns he strike to death who fled,
Nor follow up who met him, foot to foot,
Or wielding javelins: Turnus him alone,
He tracks, still circling through the battle's night,
Bids him alone to combat. Hereupon
With fear heart-stricken, Juturna, the man-maid,
Flings forth Metiscus, Turnus' charioteer,
From twixt the reins and leaves him far behind
Fallen from the pole; so leaps into his seat,
And, grasping, guides herself the wavy thongs,
Metiscus' voice, form, arms, assuming all.
Even as a black swift through the mansion flits
Of some rich lord and skims the lofty hall
With circling pinion, for her noisy brood
Some tiny morsels gleaning, and now whirrs
Adown the empty corridors and now
Round the moist fish ponds; with like course to hers,
Juturna through the thickest foemen drives.
Careering o'er the field with flying car
Now here, now there, her brother she displays
In triumph, yet suffers not to fight to close,
But winds far off away. Aeneas no less
To meet him threads the winding maze of war,
And tracks his steps, and through the shuddered ranks
With mighty voice defies him. Oft as he

Spied out the foe, and strove afoot to match
The flying hooves, so oft Juturna wheeled
And turned the chariot. Ah! what can he do?
Tossed vainly on a restless tide, and called
Now this, now that way by conflicting cares!
At him Messapus, for his left hand chanced
To hold two supple javelins tipped with steel,
Up-speeding lightly, levelled and let fly
One with unerring aim. Aeneas stopped,
Huddled behind his shield, and on one knee
Sank; yet the swift spear took his helmet-top,
And smote away the crest-plume. Then up-surged
His ire, and, by their treachery constrained,
While steeds and chariot whirl away from sight,
Jove and the altars of their outraged league
Invoking oft to witness, 'mid the ranks
He bursts, and, terrible in victorious strength,
At last awakens indiscriminate
Grim carnage, and lets loose the reins of wrath.
What god may now in song for me tell o'er
The tale of horrors, diverse forms of death,
And fall of chieftains, whom o'er all the plain
Now Turnus, now the Trojan hero, drives?
Was it thy will, great Jove, that folk with folk,
To everlasting peace ordained, should rush
So furiously together? Aeneas meets
Sucro the Rutule—and that fight first checked
The Teucrian onset—but, not long detained,
Takes him in flank, and, by death's quickest way,
Through ribs and breast-work drives his reeking blade.
Amycus and Diores, brothers twain,
Turnus unhorses, and confronts on foot;
One, still approaching, with long lance he strikes,
And one with sword-blade; the lopped heads of both
He bears, blood-dripping, fastened to his car.
Talos and Tanais and Cethegus brave,
Three at one rush, that other sends to death,
And sad Onites, Echionian name,
Offspring of Peridia. This strikes down
The brethren sent from Lycian land, and fields

Loved of Apollo, and, loathing war in vain,
Youthful Menoetes the Arcadian, who
By Lerna's fishy stream had erst his craft
And full poor home, nor cares of greatness knew,
Whose father needs must hire the land he sowed.
As when two fires from points opposing fall
On a dry forest and brakes of rustling bay,
Or as, down-tumbling from the mountain-heights,
Roar foamy rivers, and, swept seaward, strew
Each its own path with ruin: so, swift as they,
Aeneas and Turnus through the battle rush;
Now, now wrath boils within them, and nigh burst
The indomitable hearts; now with main strength
They hurl them upon wounds. Murranus, still
Mouthing of sires and grandsires, names of yore -
A whole line downward traced through Latium's kings—
Aeneas with whirl of a huge craggy rock
Dashed headlong from his car, and stretched on earth;
So lying 'neath reins and yoke, the rolling wheels
Dragged him, and with quick hoof-beat o'er his head
Trod the swift steeds, unmindful of their lord.
The other met Hyllus, as he rushed along
Immeasurably exulting in his pride,
And at his gold bound temples hurls a dart;
Pierced helm and brain the weapon, and there stuck.
Nor could thine arm from Turnus win thee free,
Cretheus, of Greeks the bravest, nor his gods
Shield their Cupencus, as Aeneas drew nigh;
His bosom meets the invading bolt nor aught
'Steads the doomed wretch his brazen buckler's stay.
Thee too Laurentum's plain O Aeolus,
Saw perish, and spread thy bulk on earth; thou fall'st,
Whom Argive armies, nor Achilles' self,
Wrecker of Priam's realm, availed to slay.
Here was thy bourne of death; 'neath Ida's hill
Thy stately home; thy stately home where lies
Lyrnesus in Laurentum's soil thy tomb.
Yea, the whole lines, now turning - Latins all,
All Dardans, Mnestheus and Serestus keen
Messapus, steed subduer, Asilas bold,

The Tuscan ranks, Evander's Arcad horse—
Strain each to do man's uttermost; no pause,
No respite, but one giant tug of war.
Now from his beauteous mother was the thought
Borne on Aeneas to draw nigh the walls,
Upon the city launch his host amain,
And with swift slaughter Latium's folk confound.
As through the ranks from point to point he roves,
Still tracking Turnus with wide-circling eye,
He marks the city from all that conflict free,
At ease and unmolested. Fires his heart
Forthwith the vision of a mightier fray;
Mnestheus, Sergestus, and Serestus bold,
His chiefs, he summons, and plants him on a mound,
Where all the remnant of the Teucrian host
Throng dense around, but loosed not hold of shield
Or javelin. Midmost on the hillock's height
Erect he cries: 'Let naught my bidding stay—
Jove with us stands—nor yet be any man,
That sudden seem the call, more slack to go.
To-day this city, the cause of war, itself
Latinus' seat of sovereignty, will I—
Except they take my bridle in their mouth,
Confess a conqueror's bidding—topple o'er,
And level with the dust her smoking towers.
Am I to wait, forsooth, till Turnus choose
To bide our onset, and, once beaten, brook
The fight's renewal? Here stands the head and front,
O countrymen, of this accursèd war.
Bring torches quick! with tongues of fire reclaim
The treaty.' He had said, when all, as one,
With emulous hearts, wedge-welded, on the walls
In dense array bear down, and in a trice
Lo! ladders, and the flash of sudden fire!
Some, scattering for the gates, who front them slay
Some hurl the steel, and darken heaven with darts;
Aeneas, his right hand toward the rampart raised,
Chides with loud voice Latinus, in their van,
Bids heaven attest him forced again to fight,
The folk of Italy twice o'er his foes,

And snapped the second treaty. Strife up-springs
Betwixt the fluttered townsmen; some bid ope
The city-gates, let in the Dardans, yea,
Would to the ramparts hale their very king;
Others bring arms, and haste to man the walls:
As, when some shepherd hath a swarm of bees
Tracked to their hiding in the caverned crag,
With smarting smoke he fills it; they, within,
Scared for their safety through the waxen camp
Dart wildly, and with loud buzzings whet their wrath;
The black stench rolls from cell to cell; anon
Is heard a hum, rock-stifled, and smoke soars
Into the void of air.

This further fate
Befel the war-worn Latins, and with grief
Shook the whole city to its base. The queen,
When from her towers she sees the approaching foe,
Her walls assailed, fire to the house-roofs fly,
No Rutule host, no sign of Turnus near
In arms to meet them, deems, unhappy soul,
Her champion quenched in onset, and, distraught
With sudden agony, shrieks against herself,
As cause and guilty source of all their woe;
Then in a frenzy of anguish uttering
Mad words a many, resolved to die, she grasps
And rends her purple raiment, and knits fast
To the high beam a noose of hideous death.
Whose woful end when Latium's women knew
Lavinia first, her daughter, with rude clutch
Tore flower like locks and vermeil cheek, then
The rest around her throng, one frenzied rout;
Rings the wide palace with their wail. From hence
Through the whole city the dark tidings spread;
Hearts sink: Latinus with rent raiment goes,
Stunned by his consort's fate, the city's doom,
Soiling his white hair with unsightly dust.

But Turnus, battling on the plain's last verge,
Still drives the mingled stragglers, more and more
Slackening the while, and ever less and less
Exulting in his steeds victorious course.

Blent with blind terrors came the wind-borne cry,
And from the city smote his straining ears
Sound of confusion, and no joyful hum.
'Ah me! what mighty anguish shakes the walls?
What shrill cry from the city speeds afar?'
So saying, half frantic he draws rein, and halts.
To whom his sister, wearing still the form
Of charioteer Metiscus, as she swayed
Steeds, reins, and chariot, thus gives counter-word:
'This way pursue we yet the sons of Troy,
Turnus, where quickest victory clears a path;
Others there are may strike for house and home.
Aeneas falls hotly on Italia's folk,
And spreads the broil of battle; hurl we too
Fierce havoc on the Teucrians: nor in fame,
Nor tale of dead, shalt thou come worse away.'
'Sister, long since I knew thee,' Turnus cried,
'Who first by stratagem didst mar the league,
And plunge into the fight; and vainly now
Wouldst cloak thy godhead. But by whom wert sent
From high Olympus, such sore toils to bear?
Was it thy brother's piteous death to see?
For what can I? What pledge of safety yet
Doth Fortune yield me? Nay, these very eyes
Saw perish, and with my name upon his lips,
Murranus, dearest-left of all my friends,
Mighty, and vanquished by a mighty wound.
Fell ill-starred Ufens, not to see my shame;
His corse, his arms, are now the Teucrians' spoil.
And shall I suffer—that alone was left—
Our home's upheaval? nor with blows rebut
The taunts of Drances? Shall I fly?—this land
See Turnus play the runagate? Is death
A lot so grievous? O ye Powers of hell,
Befriend me, for heaven's face is turned away.
To you, a stainless shade, will I descend,
Witless of that foul wrong, nor ever yet
Degenerate from my mighty sires of old.'
Scarce had he said when through the foemen's midst
Lo! Saces, borne upon a foamy steed,

Comes rushing, full in face an arrow-wound,
By name conjuring Turnus as he flies :
'Turnus, in thee is our last hope of life ;
Have pity on thine own. Aeneas in arms
Lightens and thunders, threatening to hurl down,
Raze utterly, the tall Italian towers ;
Even now their firebrands to the house-roofs fly.
On thee their looks, their eyes, the Latins bend ;
The King himself, Latinus, muttering, doubts
Whom to call son, to whose alliance turn.
Aye, and the queen, thine ever staunchest friend,
Self-slain, hath fled in terror from the light.
Messapus, keen Atinas, at the gates
Are our sole props of battle. Around these
The serried lines throng close, and with bare blades
Bristles the iron harvest : thou the while
Whirlest thy chariot o'er an empty plain.'
Wildered with manifold imaginings
Stood Turnus, mutely gazing ; in one heart
Seethe boundless shame, and madness mixed with grief,
And frenzy goaded love, and conscious worth.
Soon as the darkness from his heart dispelled,
Light dawned afresh, toward the walls he bent
His burning eyeballs stormily, and glanced
Back from his chariot on the mighty town :
When lo ! a spire of wreathed flame, rolled on
From floor to floor, went wavering up to heaven,
And clasped the tower, the tower which his own hand
Of welded beams had reared, and under it
Set wheels, and from aloft high gangways hung.
'Now sister, now Fate masters us ; forbear
To hold me loitering ; follow me where heaven
And cruel fortune call. Resolved am I
To grapple with Aeneas, resolved to bear
The utmost of death's bitterness ; no more
Shalt see me shamed, my sister. Thus far first
Suffer the madman to give madness way.'
He spake, and swiftly leapt from car to plain,
And dashed through foes, through javelins, and there left
His sister sorrowing, and at furious speed

Cleaves the mid battle-ranks As when a crag
From mountain-top shoots headlong, torn away
By the wind's blast—whether with stormy shower
Washed free, or loosened by slow lapse of years—
With mighty rush relentless the mass swings
Down the abyss, and riots o'er the plain,
Men, flocks, and forests rolled along with it;
So rushes Turnus through the scattered ranks
On to the city-walls, where streams the earth
Deepest with torrent-gore, and sings the wind
With missiles, and there beckons with his hand,
And with loud voice begins: 'Rutules, forbear,
And hold your darts, ye Latins; mine to-day
The award of Fortune, whatsoe'er it be.
Let me—'tis meeter—for your broken troth
Sole penance pay, my sword alone decide.'
The mid ranks part asunder and make room.
But Prince Aeneas, hearing Turnus' name,
Forsakes the wall, forsakes the lofty towers,
Spurns all delay, breaks off all enterprise,
Exultant, and clangs terribly his arms:
Vast as mount Athos, or as Eryx vast;
Old Apennine no vaster, when he roars
Through all his quivering holm-oaks, and aloft
With snowy crest soars jubilant to heaven.
Now Rutules, Trojans, and Italians all
Turn emulous eyes—who held the lofty towers,
Nor less who battered at the walls below—
And shield from shoulder drop. Latinus even
Stood all amazed those mighty ones to see,
Born in far distant climes, met man to man,
To try the sword's arbitrament. But they,
Soon as the plain gave open space, dart forth,
Hurl from afar their spears, and with loud clang
Of brazen bucklers dash into the fray.
Earth groans, and thick and fast the sword-strokes shower,
Valour with chance commingling. Even as when
On mighty Sila or Taburnus' top
Two bulls for fierce encounter each on each

Rush, brow to brow; the affrighted keepers fly;
The herd stands hushed in fear; the heifers muse
Which of the twain shall lord it o'er the grove,
Which all the kine must follow; they mix amain
Blow upon blow, and gore with butting horns;
Blood streams o'er neck and shoulder; all the grove
Rebellows with the roar: not otherwise
Trojan Aeneas and the Daunian chief
Clash shields together; the vast din fills heaven.
Two scales at equipoise in his own hand
Holds Jupiter, and sets therein of both
The diverse destines whom travail dooms,
Whose weight with death sinks downward. Hereupon
Forth Turnus darts, nor dreaming of mishap
Rears his whole height to the uplifted sword,
And strikes. Trojans and Latins all a-quake
Cry out; both armies stand at eager gaze.
But snaps the treacherous weapon, in mid stroke
Failing its fiery master, except flight
Befriend him. Swifter than the wind he flies
At sight of a strange hilt in swordless hand.
Folk say when first the harnessed battle-car
He mounted, his sire's sword in headlong haste
Then left behind him, he caught up the brand
Of charioteer Metiscus; and, while yet
The straggling Teucrians turned their backs in flight,
Long time it served him; but with Vulcan's arms
Of a god's making matched, the mortal blade
Like brittle ice fell shivered at a stroke—
Mere splinters glittering on the tawny sand.
So Turnus madly scours the plain in flight,
And hither, thither, weaves a wayward maze:
For round him closed the Teucrians' ring, and here
Spreads a waste fen, here girdling ramparts tower.
Nor less Aeneas, though, hindered by the wound,
His knees oft fail him, and their speed deny
Pursues and hotly presses, stride by stride,
The panting foe: as, when a hound of chase
Lights on a stag hemmed in by river-bend,
Or hedged about with scare of crimson plumes,

With foot and clamorous tongue it plies him; he,
Or of the toils, or the steep bank afeared,
Darts here, darts there, a thousand ways; but close
Clings the keen Umbrian open-mouthed, and seems
Now, now to clutch him, and, as though he clutched,
Snaps with his jaws, and baffled bites the air.
Ah! then a shout uprises; marge and mere
Re-echo round; all heaven roars back the din.
He flying upbraids the while, calls, each by name,
The Rutules, clamouring for the sword he knew.
Aeneas in turn vows death and present doom,
Should one approach, and scares the tremblers more,
Threatening to dash their city to the dust,
And, wounded, still pursues him. Circles five
They measure in their course, as oft again
Unravel and retrace them; for not light
The prize they seek, nor trivial; the heart's blood
And very life of Turnus are at stake.
A bitter-leaved wild olive, as it chanced,
Sacred to Faunus, here had stood, a tree
Revered of old by seamen, where they wont,
Snatched from the billows, to set gifts, and hang
Their votive raiment to Laurentum's god.
But Teucrian hands indifferently had shorn
The sacred trunk away, thereby to win
Clear space for shock of battle. Here stood fixed
The lance of Aeneas; hither its own rush
Had driven, and in the tough root held it fast.
The son of Dardanus bent over it,
Fain by sheer strength to wrench the weapon free,
And follow up with spear, whom catch with speed
He could not. Then at last, with terror crazed,
Cried Turnus: 'Pity me; O Faun, I pray,
And, kind earth, keep the weapon, if I still
Held dear your honours, which the Aeneadae
Have with foul war polluted.' So he spake,
Nor to vain prayers invoked the aid of heaven.
For wrestling, lingering o'er the stubborn stem,
No strength availed Aeneas to prise ope
The knotty vice. While hard he tugs and strains,

Forth darts the Daunian goddess, changed once more
To charioteer Metiscus, and restores
Her brother the lost sword. Then Venus, wroth
At the nymph's chartered arrogance, drew near,
And from the deep root wrenched the weapon free.
So both elate, with arms and courage new,
He trusting to his sword, and he with spear
Impetuously up-towering, take their stand
Face to face, panting, in the lists of war.

Meanwhile the Lord of heaven's almighty throne
To Juno speaks, as from a golden cloud
She marks the strife: 'Say, what shall be the end,
O consort? or what yet remains to do?
Full well thou knowest, and dost thyself allow,
Heaven claims Aeneas a tutelary god,
Fate lifts him to the stars. What schem'st thou yet?
With what hope hang'st amid these chilly clouds?
A god by mortal wounded—was it meet?
Or—for what could Juturna without thee?—
In Turnus' hand to set the sword anew,
And re-invigorate the vanquished? Nay,
Give o'er at length, and bend thee to my prayers;
Let not such grief thy silent heart devour,
Nor bitter woes from thy sweet lips so oft
Return to vex me. Lo! the bound is reached;
To chase the Teucrians over land or wave
Thou hast had power, to kindle monstrous strife,
Mar a fair home, and mix the bridal song
With mourning: further venture I forbid.'
Thus Jupiter: and thus with look demure
Replies Saturnia: 'Even because thy will
Was known to me, great dove, have I forsook
Turnus and earth unwilling; else shouldst thou
Not see me thus on thy lone airy seat,
Patient of foul or fair: but girt with fire
I on the battle's very verge had stood
Drawing the Teucrians on to deadly fray.
Juturna—I confess—I moved to aid
Her hapless brother, for his life's sake allowed
Scope to her daring; not to hurl the dart

Or bend the bow ; I swear it by the source
Of Stygian wave inexorable, sole awe
Of binding power vouchsafed to gods above.
Well, now I yield, and, loathing, quit the strife.
One boon, withholden by no law of fate,
For Latium, for thy kindred's majesty,
I beg thee : when with happy bridal-rites
They pledge the peace—so be it—when now they knit
Their terms of treaty, bid them not put by
The native name of Latins, nor become
Trojans, or pass for Teucrians on men's lips,
Nor alien speech assume, nor altered garb.
Let Latium, and let Alban kings endure
For ages ; be there still a Roman stock,
Strong with Italian valour. Troy is fallen,
And, name with nation, let the fallen lie.'
The Author of mankind and all that is
Smiling made answer : ' Jove's own sister thou,
And Saturn's other offspring, such wild waves
Of passion heav'st within thy bosom's depth !
But come, this unavailing wrath allay :
Thy suit I grant, and willing let thee win.
Ausonia's folk their native tongue shall keep
And customs ; and, as now, their name shall be ;
The Teucrians shall but in the mass be merged
And settle ; I myself will add their rites
Of ceremonial worship, and make all
Of one tongue, Latins. Hence shall spring a race
Blent of Ausonian blood, whom thou shalt see
Outsoar mankind, outsoar the very gods,
In duty ; nor shall any race beside
Pay thee like homage.' Juno at the word
Assents, and with changed purpose, blithe at heart,
Anon withdraws from heaven, and quits the cloud.
This done, the Sire, revolving in his heart
Yet more, bestirs him from her brother's aid
To part Juturna. There are monsters twain,
Yclept the Furies, at one selfsame birth
Born, with Megaera's hellish shape, of Night
That knows no seasons, and with serpent-coils

Wreathed each alike, and dowered with windy wings.
These at Jove's throne and on the threshold wait
Of the fierce monarch, and whet terror's edge
In suffering mortals, whensoe'er heaven's king
Launches disease and direful death, or scares
With war offending cities. One of these
Swiftly from heaven's cope Jupiter sent down,
And bade confront Juturna, for a sign.
She speeds, borne earthward on the hurrying blast,
As some cloud-piercing arrow, shot from string,
Which Parthian in fell venom-bane hath dipped—
Or Parthian or Cydonian—and launched forth,
A shaft past healing-power; with strident sound
It skims the rushing darkness, known of none;
So, journeying earthward, sped the child of Night.
When Ilion's host and Turnus' ranks she viewed,
Shrunk suddenly into a small bird's shape,
Which oft on tomb or lonely roof-top sits,
And nightly shrills a late ill-boding lay
Through darkness—in such altered guise the fiend
Flits shrieking, and still flits in Turnus' face,
Flapping his shield with pinion-strokes. A strange
And fearful numbness loosed his limbs; his hair
Stood stiff with horror, the voice stuck in his throat.
But when from far the Fury's whistling wings
She knew, Juturna, hapless one, rent loose
Her tresses, and marred, sister like, her face
With wounding nails, and with clenched hands her
breast.
'How shall thy sister stead thee, Turnus, now?
What more avails my hardihood? Wherewith
May I prolong thy life-day, or how face
A foe so dire? Now, now I quit the field:
Frighten not the trembler more, ye birds of bale;
I know your wing-beat and its deathful whirr;
The haughty mandates of imperious Jove
I miss not. Quits he thus my maiden loss?
Why dowered he me with life eternal? Why
Of mortal's lot bereaved me? I might else
Surely have ended all these miseries.

Trod the dark road at my poor brother's side.
Immortal ! I ? could aught of all I have,
Brother, be sweet without thee ? Ah ! might Earth
Somewhere yawn deep enough to serve my need,
And hurl me—goddess—to the ghosts below ! '
She ceased, her head in grey-green mantle wrapped,
Sore sighing, and plunged beneath her sacred pool.
Aeneas pressed onward, brandishing his spear,
Huge, like a tree-trunk, and with wrathful heart
Made utterance : ' What delays thee next ? why still
So backward, Turnus ? Not with speed of foot
Strive we, but in grim arms, and hand to hand.
Shift to all shapes, yea, muster all thou canst
Of craft or valour ; pray now to wing aloft
The star-way, or in earth's pent hollows hide.'
He shook his head : ' Thy fiery words, fierce man,
Affright me not ; the gods and adverse Jove
Affright me.' There he ceased, and, glancing round,
Spied a vast stone, an ancient stone and vast,
Which chanced to lie there, for a landmark pitched,
'Twixt rival fields to sever, on the plain.
Scarce could twice six, of such as earth in bulk
Now bears, upon their necks have heaved it ; he
Caught with quick hand and hurled it on the foe,
High-towering, and at hero's utmost speed.
Yet knew he not himself, as on he rushed,
Or reared aloft and swung the mighty stone ;
But his knees totter, his blood curdles cold :
Nor the stone's self, which through the void he whirled,
Sped to full distance, or brought home the blow.
Even as in dreams of night, when languorous sleep
Weighs down the eyelids, with vain wish we seem
Some eager course to ply, but helpless sink
Even in mid effort ; and the tongue lacks power,
And the limbs' wonted strength besteads us not,
Nor voice nor utterance follows : even so,
Strain as his valour might, the goddess fell
Bars Turnus from fulfilment. Through his heart
Shift changeful phantasies ; on Rutule host
And on the town he gazes, and with dread

Falters, and quails before the impending lance;
Nor whither scape, with what force meet the foe,
Nor car he sees, nor sister-charioteer.
Even as he faltered his death-bearing dart
Aeneas brandished, marking with his eye
The happy moment, then with all his bulk
Hurled it against him. Never stone so crashed,
Flung from the leaguer's engine, nor such roar
Burst with the fire-bolt. Like a black typhoon,
Laden with dire destruction, sped the spear,
And rending ope the warrior's corslet rims
And uttmost circle of his sevenfold shield,
Right through the thigh rushed hurtling. At the blow
Turnus fell huge to earth on bended knee.
Upsprange the Rutules with one groan, and all
The mountain round rebellows, and far off
The forest depths reverberate the cry.
He, lowly, with upcast eyes, a suppliant hand
Outstretching, 'I have earned it,' he exclaims,
'Nor deprecate my doom; thy fortune use.
If aught for sire's yearning heart at all
Can touch thee, I implore—thou too hadst such
A sire, Anchises—upon Daunus old
Have pity, and me, or, if thou wilt, my corse,
Bereft of the day's light, to mine own restore.
Thou art the victor, and Ausonia's folk
Have seen me stretch forth vanquished hands; 'tis thine
To wed Lavinia; further hate forgo.'
Fierce in his arms, with rolling eyeballs, stood
Aeneas, and checked his hand; and more and more
The words began to work upon his faltering will,
When high on shoulder he 'spied the luckless belt
Lay bare, and with its well known bosses gleamed
The girdle of young Pallas, whom erewhile
Turnus with wound had vanquished, and laid low,
And now on shoulder bore the fatal badge.
Soon as those relics—record of hence grief—
His eyes drank in, with sudden frenzy fired,
And terrible in his wrath: 'Wouldst thou go hence—
Tricked in my comrade's tropidies scape my hand?

Thou art Pallas' victim ; Pallas deals this blow,
And claims the forfeit of thy felon blood.'
So saying, with fiery force he plunged the steel
Full in his bosom. Then the warrior's limbs
Grow chilled and slackened, and the spirit flies
Moaning indignant to the shades below.

THE GEORGICS

κείνης τ᾽ ἐκεῖθεν τοῦτο τοῦ ζῶντος τ᾽ ἐμοῦ
δῶρον φέρω σοὶ μητρὶ τῶν ἀμητόρων.

GEORGIC I

What makes the cornfield smile; beneath what star 1–26
Maecenas, it is meet to turn the sod
Or marry elm with vine; how tend the steer;
What pains for cattle-keeping, or what proof
Of patient trial serves for thrifty bees;—
Such are my themes.

O universal lights
Most glorious! ye that lead the gliding year
Along the sky, Liber and Ceres mild,
If by your bounty holpen earth once changed
Chaonian acorn for the plump wheat-ear,
And mingled with the grape, your new-found gift,
The draughts of Achelous; and ye Fauns
To rustics ever kind, come foot it, Fauns
And Dryad-maids together; your gifts I sing.
And thou, for whose delight the war-horse first
Sprang from earth's womb at thy great trident's stroke,
Neptune; and haunter of the groves, for whom
Three hundred snow-white heifers browse the brakes,
The fertile brakes of Ceos; and clothed in power,
Thy native forest and Lycean lawns,
Pan shepherd god, forsaking, as the love
Of thine own Maenalus constrains thee, hear
And help, O lord of Tegea! And thou, too,
Minerva, from whose hand the olive sprung;
And boy-discoverer of the curved plough;
And, bearing a young cypress root-uptorn,
Silvanus, and Gods all and Goddesses,
Who make the fields your care, both ye who nurse
The tender unsown increase, and from heaven
Shed on man's sowing the riches of your rain:
And thou, even thou, of whom we know not yet
What mansion of the skies shall hold thee soon,
Whether to watch o'er cities be thy will,
Great Caesar, and to take the earth in charge,

That so the mighty world may welcome thee
Lord of her increase, master of her times,
Binding thy mother's myrtle round thy brow,
Or as the boundless ocean's God thou come,
Sole dread of seamen, till far Thule bow
Before thee, and Tethys win thee to her son
With all her waves for dower; or as a star
Lend thy fresh beams our lagging months to cheer,
Where 'twixt the Maid and those pursuing Claws
A space is opening; see! red Scorpio's self
His arms draws in, yea, and hath left thee more
Than thy full meed of heaven: be what thou wilt—
For neither Tartarus hopes to call thee king,
Nor may so dire a lust of sovereignty
E'er light upon thee, howso Greece admire
Elysium's fields, and Proserpine not heed
Her mother's voice entreating to return—
Vouchsafe a prosperous voyage, and smile on this
My bold endeavour, and pitying, even as I,
These poor way-wildered swains, at once begin,
Grow timely used unto the voice of prayer.
In early spring-tide, when the icy drip
Melts from the mountains hoar, and Zephyr's breath
Unbinds the crumbling clod, even then 'tis time;
Press deep your plough behind the groaning ox,
And teach the furrow-burnished share to shine.
That land the craving farmer's prayer fulfils,
Which twice the sunshine, twice the frost has felt;
Ay, that 's the land whose boundless harvest-crops
Burst, see! the barns.
But ere our metal cleave
An unknown surface, heed we to forelearn
The winds and varying temper of the sky,
The lineal tilth and habits of the spot,
What every region yields, and what denies.
Here blithelier springs the corn, and here the grape,
There earth is green with tender growth of trees
And grass unbidden. See how from Tmolus comes
The saffron's fragrance, ivory from Ind,
From Saba's weakling sons their frankincense,

Iron from the naked Chalybs, castor rank
From Pontus, from Epirus the prize-palms
O' the mares of Elis.

Such the eternal bond
And such the laws by Nature's hand imposed
On clime and clime, e'er since the primal dawn
When old Deucalion on the unpeopled earth
Cast stones, whence men, a flinty race, were reared.
Up then! if fat the soil, let sturdy bulls
Upturn it from the year's first opening months,
And let the clods lie bare till baked to dust
By the ripe suns of summer; but if the earth
Less fruitful be, just ere Arcturus rise
With shallower trench uptilt it—'twill suffice;
There, lest weeds choke the crop's luxuriance, here,
Lest the scant moisture fail the barren sand.
Then thou shalt suffer in alternate years
The new reaped fields to rest, and on the plain
A crust of sloth to harden; or, when stars
Are changed in heaven, there sow the golden grain
Where erst, luxuriant with its quivering pod,
Pulse or the slender vetch-crop, thou hast cleared,
And lupin sour, whose brittle stalks arise,
A hurtling forest. For the plain is parched
By flax-crop, parched by oats, by poppies parched
In Lethe slumber drenched. Nathless by change
The travailing earth is lightened, but stint not
With release toil to soak the thirsty soil
And shower foul ashes o'er the exhausted fields.
Thus by rotation like repose is gained,
Nor earth, meanwhile uneared and thankless left.
Oft, too, 'twill boot to fire the naked fields,
And the light stubble burn with crackling flames:
Whether that earth therefrom some hidden strength
And fattening food derives, or that the fire
Bakes every blemish out, and sweats away
Each useless humour, or that the heat unlocks
New passages and secret pores, whereby
Their life juice to the tender blades may win;
Or that it hardens more and helps to bind

The gaping veins, lest penetrating showers,
Or fierce sun's ravening might, or searching blast
Of the keen north should sear them. Well, I wot,
He serves the fields who with his harrow breaks
The sluggish clods, and hurdles osier-twined
Hales o'er them ; from the far Olympian height
Him golden Ceres not in vain regards ;
And he, who having ploughed the fallow plain
And heaved its furrowy ridges, turns once more
Cross-wise his shattering share, with stroke on stroke
The earth assails, and makes the field his thrall.
Pray for wet summers and for winters fine,
Ye husbandmen ; in winter's dust the crops
Exceedingly rejoice, the field hath joy ;
No tilth makes Mysia lift her head so high,
Nor Gargarus his own harvests so admire.
Why tell of him, who, having launched his seed,
Sets on for close encounter, and rakes smooth
The dry dust hillocks, then on the tender corn
Lets in the flood, whose waters follow fain ;
And when the parched field quivers, and all the blades
Are dying, from the brow of its hill-bed,
See ! see ! he lures the runnel ; down it falls,
Waking hoarse murmurs o'er the polished stones,
And with its bubblings slakes the thirsty fields ?
Or why of him, who lest the heavy ears
O'erweigh the stalk, while yet in tender blade
Feeds down the crop's luxuriance, when its growth
First tops the furrows ? Why of him who drains
The marsh-land's gathered ooze through soaking sand,
Chiefly what time in treacherous moons a stream
Goes out in spate, and with its coat of slime
Holds all the country, whence the hollow dykes
Sweat steaming vapour ?
But no whit the more,
For all expedients tried and travail borne
By man and beast in turning oft the soil,
Do greedy goose and Strymon-haunting cranes
And succory's bitter fibres cease to harm,
Or shade not injure. The great Sire himself

No easy road to husbandry assigned.
And first was he by human skill to rouse
The slumbering glebe, whetting the minds of men
With care on care, nor suffering realm of his
In drowsy sloth to stagnate. Before Jove
Fields knew no taming hand of husbandmen;
To mark the plain or mete with boundary-line—
Even this was impious; for the common stock
They gathered, and the earth of her own will
All things more freely, no man bidding, bore.
He to black serpents gave their venom-bane,
And bade the wolf go prowl, and ocean toss;
Shook from the leaves their honey, put fire away,
And curbed the random rivers running wine,
That use by gradual dint of thought on thought
Might forge the various arts, with furrow's help
The corn blade win, and strike out hidden fire
From the flint's heart. Then first the streams were ware
Of hollowed alder-hulls: the sailor then
Their names and numbers gave to star and star,
Pleiads and Hyads, and Lycaon's child
Bright Arctos; how with nooses then was found
To catch wild beasts, and cozen them with lime,
And hem with hounds the mighty forest-glades.
Soon one with broad net scourges the broad stream,
Probing its depths, one drags his dripping toils
Along the coast; then iron's unbending might,
And shrieking saw blade, for the men of old
With wedges wont to cleave the splintering log;—
Then divers arts arose; toil conquered all,
Remorseless toil, and poverty's shrewd push
In times of hardship. Ceres was the first
Set mortals on with tools to turn the sod,
When now the awful groves 'gan fail to bear
Acorns and arbutes, and her wonted food
Dodona gave no more. Soon too, the corn
Got sorrow's increase, that an evil blight
Ate up the stalks, and thistle reared his spines
An idler in the fields; the crops die down;

Upsprings instead a shaggy growth of burrs
And caltrops ; and amid the corn-fields trim
Unfruitful darnel and wild oats have sway.
Wherefore, unless thou shalt with ceaseless rake
The weeds pursue, with shouting scare the birds,
Prune with thy hook the dark field's matted shade,
Pray down the showers, all vainly thou shalt eye,
Alack ! thy neighbour's heaped-up harvest-mow,
And in the greenwood from a shaken oak
Seek solace for thine hunger.
Now to tell
The sturdy rustics' weapons, what they are,
Without which, neither can be sown nor reared
The fruits of harvest ; first the bent plough's share
And heavy timber, and slow-lumbering wains
Of the Eleusinian mother, threshing-sleighs
And drags, and harrows with their crushing weight ;
Then the cheap wicker-ware of Celeus old,
Hurdles of arbute, and thy mystic fan,
Iacchus ; which, full tale, long ere the time
Thou must with heed lay by, if thee await
Not all unearned the country's crown divine.
While yet within the woods, the elm is tamed
And bowed with mighty force to form the stock,
And take the plough's curved shape, then nigh the root
A pole eight feet projecting, earth-boards twain,
And share-beam with its double back they fix.
For yoke is early hewn a linden light,
And a tall beech for handle, from behind
To turn the car at lowest : then o'er the hearth
The wood they hang till the smoke knows it well.
Many the precepts of the men of old
I can recount thee, so thou start not back,
And such slight cares to learn not weary thee.
And this among the first : thy threshing-floor
With ponderous roller must be levelled smooth,
And wrought by hand, and fixed with binding chalk,
Lest weeds arise, or dust a passage win
Splitting the surface, then a thousand plagues
Make sport of it : oft builds the tiny mouse

Her home, and plants her granary, underground,
Or burrow for their bed the purblind moles,
Or toad is found in hollows, and all the swarm
Of earth's unsightly creatures; or a huge
Corn-heap the weevil plunders, and the ant,
Fearful of coming age and penury.
Mark too, what time the walnut in the woods
With ample bloom shall clothe her, and bow down
Her odorous branches, if the fruit prevail,
Like store of grain will follow, and there shall come
A mighty winnowing-time with mighty heat;
But if the shade with wealth of leaves abound,
Vainly your threshing-floor will bruise the stalks
Rich but in chaff. Many myself have seen
Steep, as they sow, their pulse-seeds, drenching them
With nitre and black oil-lees, that the fruit
Might swell within the treacherous pods, and they
Make speed to boil at howso small a fire.
Yet, culled with caution, proved with patient toil,
These have I seen degenerate, did not man
Put forth his hand with power, and year by year
Choose out the largest. So, by fate impelled,
Speed all things to the worse and backward borne
Glide from us; even as who with struggling oars
Up stream would fain pull a shallop, if he chance
His arms to slacken, lo! with headlong force
The current sweeps him down the hurrying tide.
Us too behoves Arcturus' sign observe,
And the Kids' seasons and the shining Snake,
No less than those who o'er the windy main
Borne homeward tempt the Pontic, and the jaws
Of oyster-rife Abydos. When the Scales
Now poising fair the hours of sleep and day
Give half the world to sunshine, half to shade
Then urge your bulls, my masters; sow the plain
Even to the verge of tameless winter's showers
With barley: then, too, time it is to hide
Your flax in earth, and poppy, Ceres' joy,
Aye, more than time to bend above the plough,
While earth, yet dry, forbids not, and the clouds

Are buoyant. With the spring comes bean-sowing;
Thee, too, Lucerne, the crumbling furrows then
Receive, and millet's annual care returns,
What time the white bull with his gilded horns
Opens the year, before whose threatening front,
Routed the dog-star sinks. But if it be
For wheaten harvest and the hardy spelt,
Thou tax the soil, to corn-ears wholly given,
Let Atlas' daughters hide them in the dawn,
The Cretan star, a crown of fire, depart,
Or e'er the furrow's claim of seed thou quit,
Or haste thee to entrust the whole year's hope
To earth that would not. Many have begun
Ere Maia's star be setting; these, I trow,
Their looked-for harvest fools with empty ears.
But if the vetch and common kidney-bean
Thou'rt fain to sow, nor scorn to make thy care
Pelusiac lentil, no uncertain sign
Boötes' fall will send thee; then begin,
Pursue thy sowing till half the frosts be done.
  Therefore it is the golden sun, his course
Into fixed parts dividing, rules his way
Through the twelve constellations of the world.
Five zones the heavens contain; whereof is one
Aye red with flashing sunlight, fervent aye
From fire; on either side to left and right
Are traced the utmost twain, stiff with blue ice,
And black with scowling storm-clouds, and betwixt
These and the midmost, other twain there lie,
By the Gods' grace to heart-sick mortals given,
And a path cleft between them, where might wheel
On sloping plane the system of the Signs.
And as toward Scythia and Rhipaean heights
The world mounts upward, likewise sinks it down
Toward Libya and the south, this pole of ours
Still towering high, that other, 'neath their feet,
By dark Styx frowned on, and the abysmal shades.
Here glides the huge Snake forth with sinuous coils
'Twixt the two Bears and round them river-wise—
The Bears that fear 'neath Ocean's brim to dip.

There either, say they, reigns the eternal hush
Of night that knows no seasons, her black pall
Thick mantling fold on fold; or thitherward
From us returning Dawn brings back the day;
And when the first breath of his panting steeds
On us the Orient flings, that hour with them
Red Vesper 'gins to trim his 'lated fires.
Hence under doubtful skies forebode we can
The coming tempests, hence both harvest-day
And seed time, when to smite the treacherous main
With driving oars, when launch the fair-rigged fleet,
Or in ripe hour to fell the forest-pine.
Hence, too, not idly do we watch the stars—
Their rising and their setting—and the year,
Four verying seasons to one law conformed.
If chilly showers e'er shut the farmer's door,
Much that had soon with sunshine cried for haste,
He may forestall; the ploughman batters keen
His haunted share's hard tooth, scoops from a tree
His troughs, or on the cattle stamps a brand,
Or numbers on the corn-heaps; some make sharp
The stakes and two-pronged forks, and willow-bands
Amerian for the bending vine prepare.
Now let the pliant basket plaited be
Of bramble twigs; now set your corn to parch
Before the fire; now bruise it with the stone.
Nay even on holy days some tasks to ply
Is right and lawful: this no ban forbids,
To turn the runnel's course, fence corn-fields in,
Make springes for the birds, burn up the briars,
And plunge in wholesome stream the bleating flock.
Oft too with oil or apples plenty-cheap
The creeping ass's ribs his driver packs,
And home from town returning brings instead
A dented mill-stone or black lump of pitch.
The moon herself in various rank assigns
The days for labour lucky: fly the fifth;
Then sprang pale Orcus and the Furies;
Earth then in awful labour brought to light
Coeus, Iapetus, and Typhöeus fell,

And those sworn brethren banded to break down
The gates of heaven ; thrice, sooth to say, they strove
Ossa on Pelion's top to heave and heap,
Aye, and on Ossa to up-roll amain
Leafy Olympus ; thrice with thunderbolt
Their mountain-stair the Sire asunder smote.
Seventh after tenth is lucky both to set
The vine in earth, and take and tame the steer,
And fix the leashes to the warp ; the ninth
To runagates is kinder, cross to thieves.
  Many the tasks that lightlier lend themselves
In chilly night, or when the sun is young,
And Dawn bedews the world. By night 'tis best
To reap light stubble, and parched fields by night ;
For nights the suppling moisture never fails.
And one will sit the long late watches out
By winter fire-light, shaping with keen blade
The torches to a point ; his wife the while,
Her tedious labour soothing with a song,
Speeds the shrill comb along the warp, or else
With Vulcan's aid boils the sweet must-juice down,
And skims with leaves the quivering cauldron's wave.
  But ruddy Ceres in mid heat is mown,
And in mid heat the parchèd ears are bruised
Upon the floor ; to plough strip, strip to sow ;
Winter 's the lazy time for husbandmen.
In the cold season farmers wont to taste
The increase of their toil, and yield themselves
To mutual interchange of festal cheer.
Boon winter bids them, and unbinds their cares,
As laden keels, when now the port they touch,
And happy sailors crown the sterns with flowers.
Nathless then also time it is to strip
Acorns from oaks, and berries from the bay,
Olives, and bleeding myrtles, then to set
Snares for the crane, and meshes for the stag,
And hunt the long-eared hares, then pierce the doe
With whirl of hempen-thonged Balearic sling,
While snow lies deep, and streams are drifting ice.
  What need to tell of autumn's storms and stars,

And wherefore men must watch, when now the day
Grows shorter, and more soft the summer's heat?
When Spring the rain-bringer comes rushing down,
Or when the beards of harvest on the plain
Bristle already, and the milky corn
On its green stalk is swelling? Many a time,
When now the farmer to his yellow fields
The reaping-hind came bringing, even in act
To lop the brittle barley stems, have I
Seen all the windy legions clash in war
Together, as to rend up far and wide
The heavy corn-crop from its lowest roots,
And toss it skyward: so might winter's flaw,
Dark eddying, whirl light stalks and flying straws.
Oft too comes looming vast along the sky
A march of waters; mustering from above,
The clouds roll up the tempest, heaped and grim
With angry showers: down falls the height of heaven,
And with a great rain floods the smiling crops,
The oxen's labour: now the dykes fill fast,
And the void river-beds swell thunderously,
And all the panting firths of Ocean boil.
The Sire himself in midnight of the clouds
Wields with red hand the levin; through all her bulk
Earth at the hurly quakes; the beasts are fled,
And mortal hearts of every kindred sunk
In cowering terror; he with flaming brand
Athos, or Rhodope, or Ceraunian crags
Precipitates: then doubly raves the South
With shower on blinding shower, and woods and coasts
Wail fitfully beneath the mighty blast.
Thus fearing, mark the months and Signs of heaven,
Whither retires him Saturn's icy star,
And through what heavenly cycles wandereth
The glowing orb Cyllenius. Before all
Worship the Gods, and to great Ceres pay
Her yearly dues upon the happy sward
With sacrifice, amid the utmost end
Of winter, and when Spring begins to smile.
Then lambs are fat, and wines are mellowest then;

Then sleep is sweet, and dark the shadows fall
Upon the mountains. Let your rustic youth
To Ceres do obeisance, one and all;
And for her pleasure thou mix honeycombs
With milk and the ripe wine-god; thrice for luck
Around the young corn let the victim go,
And all the choir, a joyful company,
Attend it, and with shouts bid Ceres come
To be their house-mate; and let no man dare
Put sickle to the ripened ears until,
With woven oak his temples chapleted,
He foot the ruggèd dance and chant the lay.
Aye, and that these things we might win to know
By certain tokens, heats, and showers, and winds
That bring the frost, the Sire of all himself
Ordained what warnings in her monthly round
The moon should give, what bodes the south wind's fall,
What oft-repeated sights the herdsman seeing
Should keep his cattle closer to their stalls.
No sooner are the winds at point to rise,
Than either Ocean's firths begin to toss
And swell, and a dry crackling sound is heard
Upon the heights, or one loud ferment booms
The beach afar, and through the forest goes
A murmur multitudinous. By this
Scarce can the billow spare the curvèd keels,
When swift the sea-gulls from the middle main
Come winging, and their shrieks are shoreward borne,
When ocean-loving cormorants on dry land
Besport them, and the hern, her marshy haunts
Forsaking, mounts above the soaring cloud.
Oft, too, when wind is toward, the stars thou'lt see
From heaven shoot headlong, and through murky night
Long trails of fire white-glistening in their wake,
Or light chaff flit in air with fallen leaves,
Or feathers on the wave-top float and play.
But when from regions of the furious North
It lightens, and when thunder fills the halls
Of Eurus and of Zephyr, all the fields
With brimming dikes are flooded, and at sea

No mariner but furls his dripping sails.
Never at unawares did shower annoy:
Or, as it rises, the high-soaring cranes
Flee to the vales before it, or, with face
Upturned to heaven, the heifer snuffs the gale
Through gaping nostrils, or about the meres
Shrill-twittering flits the swallow, and the frogs
Crouch in the mud and chant their dirge of old.
Oft, too, the ant from out her inmost cells,
Fretting the narrow path, her eggs conveys;
Or the huge bow sucks moisture; or a host
Of rooks from food returning in long line
Clamour with jostling wings. Now mayst thou see
The various ocean-fowl and those that pry
Round Asian meads within thy freshet-pools,
Cayster, as in eager rivalry,
About their shoulders dash the plenteous spray,
Now dunk their head beneath the wave, now run
Into the billows, for sheer idle joy
Of their mad bathing-revel. Then the crow
With full voice, good-for naught, inviting rain,
Stalks on the dry sand mateless and alone.
Nor e'en the maids, that card their nightly task,
Know not the storm-sign, when in blazing crock
They see the lamp-oil sputtering with a growth
Of mouldy snuff-clots.

So too, after rain,
Sunshine and open skies thou mayst forecast,
And learn by tokens sure, for then nor dimmed
Appear the stars' keen edges, nor the moon
As borrowing of her brother's beams to rise,
Nor fleecy films to float along the sky.
Nor to the sun's warmth then upon the shore
Do halcyons dear to Thetis ope their wings,
Nor filthy swine take thought to toss on high
With scattering snout the straw-wisps. But the clouds
Seek more the vales, and rest upon the plain
And from the roof top the night-owl for naught
Watching the sunset plies her lated song.
Distinct in clearest air is Nisus seen

Towering, and Scylla for the purple lock
Pays dear; for whereso, as she flies, her wings
The light air winnow, lo! fierce, implacable,
Nisus with mighty whirr through heaven pursues;
Where Nisus heavenward soareth, there her wings
Clutch as she flies, the light air winnowing still.
Soft then the voice of rooks from indrawn throat
Thrice, four times, o'er repeated, and full oft
On their high cradles, by some hidden joy
Gladdened beyond their wont, in bustling throngs
Among the leaves they riot; so sweet it is,
When showers are spent, their own loved nests again
And tender brood to visit. Not, I deem,
That heaven some native wit to these assigned,
Or fate a larger prescience, but that when
The storm and shifting moisture of the air
Have changed their courses, and the sky-god now,
Wet with the south-wind, thickens what was rare,
And what was gross releases, then, too, change
Their spirits' fleeting phases, and their breasts
Feel other motions now, than when the wind
Was driving up the cloud-rack. Hence proceeds
That blending of the feathered choirs afield,
The cattle's exultation, and the rooks'
Deep-throated triumph.

But if the headlong sun
And moons in order following thou regard,
Ne'er will to-morrow's hour deceive thee, ne'er
Wilt thou be caught by guile of cloudless night.
When first the moon recalls her rallying fires,
If dark the air clipped by her crescent dim,
For folks afield and on the open sea
A mighty rain is brewing; but if her face
With maiden blush she mantle, 'twill be wind,
For wind turns Phoebe still to ruddier gold.
But if at her fourth rising, for 'tis that
Gives surest counsel, clear she ride thro' heaven
With horns unblunted, then shall that whole day,
And to the month's end those that spring from it,
Rainless and windless be, while safe ashore

Shall sailors pay their vows to Panope,
Glaucus, and Melicertes, Ino's child.
The sun too, both at rising, and when soon
He dives beneath the waves, shall yield thee signs;
For signs, none trustier, travel with the sun,
Both those which in their course with dawn he brings,
And those at star-rise. When his springing orb
With spots he pranketh, muffled in a cloud,
And shrinks mid-circle, then of showers beware:
For then the South comes driving from the deep,
To trees and crops and cattle bringing bane.
Or when at day-break through dark clouds his rays
Burst and are scattered, or when rising pale
Aurora quits Tithonus' saffron bed,
But sorry shelter then, alack! will yield
Vine-leaf to ripening grapes; so thick a hail
In spiky showers spins rattling on the roof.
And this yet more 'twill boot thee bear in mind,
When now, his course upon Olympus run,
He draws to his decline: for oft we see
Upon the sun's own face strange colours stray;
Dark tells of rain, of east winds fiery-red;
If spots with ruddy fire begin to mix,
Then all the heavens convulsed in wrath thou'lt see—
Storm, clouds and wind together. Me that night
Let no man bid fare forth upon the deep,
Nor round the rope from shore. But if, when both
He brings again and hides the day's return,
Clear orbed he shineth, idly wilt thou dread
The storm-clouds, and beneath the lustral North
See the woods waving. What late eve in fine
Bears in her bosom, whence the wind that brings
Fair weather clouds, or what the rainy South
Is meditating, tokens of all these
The sun will give thee. Who dare charge the sun
With leasing? He it is who warneth oft
Of hidden broils at hand and treachery,
And secret swelling of the waves of war.
He too it was, when Caesar's light was quenched,
For Rome had pity, when his bright head he veiled

In iron-hued darkness, till a godless age
Trembled for night eternal ; at that time
Howbeit earth also, and the ocean-plains,
And dogs obscene, and birds of evil bode
Gave tokens. Yea, how often have we seen
Etna, her furnace-walls asunder riven,
In billowy floods boil o'er the Cyclops' fields,
And roll down globes of fire and molten rocks !
A clash of arms through all the heaven was heard
By Germany ; strange heavings shook the Alps.
Yea, and by many through the breathless groves
A voice was heard with power, and wondrous-pale
Phantoms were seen upon the dusk of night,
And cattle spake, portentous ! streams stand still,
And the earth yawns asunder, ivory weeps
For sorrow in the shrines, and bronzes sweat.
Up-twirling forests with his eddying tide,
Madly he bears them down, that lord of floods,
Eridanus, till through all the plain are swept
Beasts and their stalls together. At that time
In gloomy entrails ceased not to appear
Dark-threatening fibres, springs to trickle blood,
And high-built cities night-long to resound
With the wolves' howling. Never more than then
From skies all cloudless fell the thunderbolts,
Nor blazed so oft the comet's fire of bale.
Therefore a second time Philippi saw
The Roman hosts with kindred weapons rush
To battle, nor did the high gods deem it hard
That twice Emathia and the wide champaign
Of Haemus should be fattening with our blood.
Ay, and the time will come when thereanigh,
Heaving the earth up with his curvèd plough,
Some swain will light on javelins by foul rust
Corroded, or with ponderous harrow strike
On empty helmets, while he gapes to see
Bones as of giants from the trench untombed.
Gods of my country, heroes of the soil,
And Romulus, and Mother Vesta, thou
Who Tuscan Tiber and Rome's Palatine

Preservest, this new champion at the least
Our fallen generation to repair
Forbid not. To the full and long ago
Our blood thy Trojan perjuries hath paid,
Laomedon. Long since the courts of heaven
Begrudge us thee, our Caesar, and complain
That thou regard'st the triumphs of mankind,
Here where the wrong is right, the right is wrong,
Where wars abound so many, and myriad-faced
Is crime; where no meet honour hath the plough;
The fields, their husbandmen led far away,
Rot in neglect, and curvèd pruning-hooks
Into the sword's stiff blade are fused and forged.
Euphrates here, here Germany new strife
Is stirring; neighbouring cities are in arms,
The laws that bound them snapped; and godless war
Rages through all the universe; as when
The four-horse chariots from the barriers poured
Still quicken o'er the course, and, idly now
Grasping the reins, the driver by his team
Is onward borne, nor heeds the car his curb.

GEORGIC II

THUS far the tilth of fields and stars of heaven ; 1–24
Now will I sing thee, Bacchus, and, with thee,
The forest's young plantations and the fruit
Of slow-maturing olive. Hither haste,
O Father of the wine-press ; all things here
Teem with the bounties of thy hand ; for thee
With viny autumn laden blooms the field,
And foams the vintage high with brimming vats ;
Hither, O Father of the wine-press, come,
And stripped of buskin stain thy barèd limbs
In the new must with me.
First, nature's law
For generating trees is manifold ;
For some of their own force spontaneous spring,
No hand of man compelling, and possess
The plains and river-windings far and wide,
As pliant osier and the bending broom,
Poplar, and willows in wan companies
With green leaf glimmering gray; and some there be
From chance-dropped seed that rear them, as the tall
Chestnuts, and, mightiest of the branching wood,
Jove's Aesculus, and oaks, oracular
Deemed by the Greeks of old. With some sprouts forth
A forest of dense suckers from the root,
As elms and cherries ; so, too, a pigmy plant,
Beneath its mother's mighty shade upshoots
The bay-tree of Parnassus. Such the modes
Nature imparted first ; hence all the race
Of forest-trees and shrubs and sacred groves
Springs into verdure.
Other means there are,
Which use by method for itself acquired.
One, sliving suckers from the tender frame
Of the tree-mother, plants them in the trench ;
One buries the bare stumps within his field,

Truncheons cleft four-wise, or sharp-pointed stakes;
Some forest-trees the layer's bent arch await,
And slips yet quick within the parent-soil;
No root need others, nor doth the pruner's hand
Shrink to restore the topmost shoot to earth
That gave it being. Nay, marvellous to tell,
Lopped of its limbs, the olive, a mere stock,
Still thrusts its root out from the sapless wood,
And oft the branches of one kind we see
Change to another's with no loss to rue,
Pear-tree transformed the ingrafted apple yield,
And stony cornels on the plum-tree blush.
Come then, and learn what tilth to each belongs
According to their kinds, ye husbandmen,
And tame with culture the wild fruits, lest earth
Lie idle. O blithe to make all Ismarus
One forest of the wine-god, and to clothe
With olives huge Taburnus! And be thou
At hand, and with me ply the voyage of toil
I am bound on, O my glory, O thou that art
Justly the chiefest portion of my fame,
Maecenas, and on this wide ocean launched
Spread sail like wings to waft thee. Not that I
With my poor verse would comprehend the whole,
Nay, though a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths
Were mine, a voice of iron; be thou at hand,
Skirt but the nearer coast-line; see the shore
Is in our grasp: not now with feigned song
Through winding bouts and tedious preludings
Shall I detain thee.
Those that lift their head
Into the realms of light spontaneously,
Fruitless indeed, but blithe and strenuous spring,
Since Nature lurks within the soil. And yet
Even these, should one engraft them or transplant
To well-drilled trenches, will anon put off
Their woodland temper, and, by frequent tilth,
To whatso craft thou summon them make speed
To follow. So likewise will the barren shaft
That from the stock-root issueth, if it be

Set out with clear space amid open fields:
Now the tree-mother's towering leaves and boughs
Darken, despoil of increase as it grows,
And blast it in the bearing. Lastly, that
Which from shed seed ariseth, upward wins
But slowly, yielding promise of its shade
To late-born generations; apples wane
Forgetful of their former juice, the grape
Bears sorry clusters, for the birds a prey.
Soothly on all must toil be spent, and all
Trained to the trench and at great cost subdued.
But reared from truncheons olives answer best,
As vines from layers, and from the solid wood
The Paphian myrtles; while from suckers spring
Both hardy hazels and huge ash, the tree
That rims with shade the brows of Hercules,
And acorns dear to the Chaonian sire:
So springs the towering palm too, and the fir
Destined to spy the dangers of the deep.
But the rough arbutus with walnut-fruit
Is grafted; so have barren planes ere now
Stout apples borne, with chestnut-flower the beech,
The mountain-ash with pear-bloom whitened o'er,
And swine crunched acorns 'neath the boughs of elms.
Nor is the method of inserting eyes
And grafting one: for where the buds push forth
Amidst the bark, and burst the membranes thin,
Even on the knot a narrow rift is made,
Wherein from some strange tree a germ they pen,
And to the moist rind bid it cleave and grow.
Or, otherwise, in knotless trunks is hewn
A breach, and deep into the solid grain
A path with wedges cloven; then fruitful slips
Are set herein, and—no long time—behold!
To heaven upshot with teeming boughs, the tree
Strange leaves admires and fruitage not its own.
Nor of one kind alone are sturdy elms,
Willow and lotus, nor the cypress-trees
Of Ida; nor of self-same fashion spring
Fat olives, orchades, and radii

And bitter-berried pausians, no, nor yet
Apples and the forests of Alcinous ;
Nor from like cuttings are Crustumian pears
And Syrian, and the heavy hand-fillers.
Not the same vintage from our trees hangs down,
Which Lesbos from Methymna's tendril plucks.
Vines Thasian are there, Marcotids white,
These apt for richer soils, for lighter those :
Psithian for rasin-wine more useful, thin
Lageos, that one day will try the feet
And tie the tongue : purples and early-ripes,
And how, O Rhaetian, shall I hymn thy praise ?
Yet cope not therefore with Falernian bins.
Vines Anunaean too, best-bodied wine,
To which the Tmolian bows him, ay, and king
Phanaeus too, and, lesser of that name,
Argitis, wherewith not a grape can vie
For gush of wine-juice or for length of years.
Nor thee must I pass over, vine of Rhodes,
Welcomed by gods and at the second board,
Nor thee, Bumastus with plump clusters swollen.
But lo ! how many kinds, and what their names,
There is no telling nor doth it boot to tell ;
Who lists to know it, he too would list to learn
How many sand grains are by Zephyr tossed
On Libya's plain, or wot, when Eurus falls
With fury on the ships, how many waves
Come rolling shoreward from the Ionian sea.
Not that all soils can all things bear alike.
Willows by water courses have their birth,
Alders in miry fens ; on rocky heights
The barren mountain-ashes ; on the shore
Myrtles throng gayest ; Bacchus, lastly, loves
The bare hillside, and yews the north wind's chill.
Mark too the earth by outland tillers tamed,
And Eastern homes of Arabs, and tattooed
Geloni ; to all trees their native lands
Allotted are ; no clime but India bears
Black ebony ; the branch of frankincense
Is Saba's sons' alone ; why tell to thee

Of balsams oozing from the perfumed wood,
Or berries of acanthus ever green ?
Of Aethiop forests hoar with downy wool,
Or how the Seres comb from off the leaves
Their silky fleece ? Of groves which India bears,
Ocean's near neighbour, earth's remotest nook,
Where not an arrow-shot can cleave the air
Above their tree-tops ? yet no laggards they,
When girded with the quiver ! Media yields
The bitter juices and slow-lingering taste
Of the blest citron-fruit, than which no aid
Comes timelier, when fierce step-dames drug the cup
With simples mixed and spells of baneful power,
To drive the deadly poison from the limbs.
Large the tree's self in semblance like a bay,
And, showered it not a different scent abroad,
A bay it had been ; for no wind of heaven
Its foliage falls ; the flower, none faster, clings ;
With it the Medes for sweetness lave the lips,
And ease the panting breathlessness of age.
But no, not Mede-land with its wealth of woods,
Nor Ganges fair, and Hermus thick with gold,
Can match the praise of Italy ; nor Ind,
Nor Bactria, nor Panchaia, one wide tract
Of incense-teeming sand. Here never bulls
With nostrils snorting fire upturned the sod
Sown with the monstrous dragon's teeth, nor crop
Of warriors bristled thick with lance and helm ;
But heavy harvests and the Massic juice
Of Bacchus fill its borders, overspread
With fruitful flocks and olives. Hence arose
The war-horse stepping proudly o'er the plain ;
Hence thy white flocks, Clitumnus, and the bull,
Of victims mightiest, which full oft have led,
Bathed in thy sacred stream, the triumph-pomp
Of Romans to the temples of the gods.
Here blooms perpetual spring, and summer here
In months that are not summer's ; twice teem the flocks ;
Twice doth the tree yield service of her fruit.

But ravening tigers come not nigh, nor breed
Of savage lion, nor aconite betrays
Its hapless gatherers, nor with sweep so vast
Doth the scaled serpent trail his endless coils
Along the ground, or wreathe him into spires.
Mark too her cities, so many and so proud,
Of mighty toil the achievement, town on town
Up rugged precipices heaved and reared,
And rivers undergliding ancient walls.
Or should I celebrate the sea that laves
Her upper shores and lower? or those broad lakes?
Thee, Larius, greatest and, Benacus, thee
With billowy uproar surging like the main?
Or sing her harbours, and the barrier cast
Athwart the Lucrine, and how ocean chafes
With mighty bellowings, where the Julian wave
Echoes the thunder of his rout, and through
Avernian inlets pours the Tuscan tide?
A land no less that in her veins displays
Rivers of silver, mines of copper ore,
Ay, and with gold hath flowed abundantly.
A land that reared a valiant breed of men,
The Marsi and Sabellian youth, and, schooled
To hardship, the Ligurian, and with these
The Volscian javelin armed, the Decii too,
The Marii and Camilli, names of might,
The Scipios, stubborn warriors, ay, and thee,
Great Caesar, who in Asia's utmost bounds
With conquering arm e'en now art fending far
The unwarlike Indian from the heights of Rome
Hail! land of Saturn, mighty mother thou
Of fruits and heroes; 'tis for thee I dare
Unseal the sacred fountains, and essay
Themes of old art and glory, as I sing
The song of Ascra through the towns of Rome.
Now for the native gifts of various soils,
What powers hath each, what hue, what natural bent
For yielding increase. First your stubborn lands
And clarish hill-sides, where are thorny fields
Of meagre marl and gravel, these delight

In long-lived olive-groves to Pallas dear.
Take for a sign the plenteous growth hard by
Of oleaster, and the fields strewn wide
With woodland berries. But a soil that 's rich,
In moisture sweet exulting, and the plain
That teems with grasses on its fruitful breast,
Such as full oft in hollow mountain-dell
We view beneath us—from the craggy heights
Streams thither flow with fertilizing mud—
A plain which southward rising feeds the fern
By curvèd ploughs detested, this one day
Shall yield thee store of vines full strong to gush
In torrents of the wine-god ; this shall be
Fruitful of grapes and flowing juice like that
We pour to heaven from bowls of gold, what time
The sleek Etruscan at the altar blows
His ivory pipe, and on the curvèd dish
We lay the reeking entrails. If to rear
Cattle delight thee rather, steers, or lambs,
Or goats that kill the tender plants, then seek
Full-fed Tarentum's glades and distant fields,
Or such a plain as luckless Mantua lost,
Whose weedy water feeds the snow-white swan :
There nor clear springs nor grass the flocks will fail,
And all the day-long browsing of thy herds
Shall the cool dews of one brief night repair.
Land which the burrowing share shows dark and rich,
With crumbling soil—for this we counterfeit
In ploughing—for corn is goodliest ; from no field
More wains thou'lt see wend home with plodding steers ;
Or that from which the husbandman in spleen
Has cleared the timber, and o'erthrown the copse
That year on year lay idle, and from the roots
Uptorn the immemorial haunt of birds ;
They banished from their nests have sought the skies ;
But the rude plain beneath the ploughshare's stroke
Starts into sudden brightness. For indeed
The starved hill-country gravel scarce serves the bees
With lowly cassias and with rosemary ;
Rough tufa and chalk too, by black water-worms

Gnawed through and through, proclaim no soils beside
So rife with serpent-dainties, or that yield
Such winding lairs to lurk in. That again,
Which vapoury mist and flitting smoke exhales,
Drinks moisture up and casts it forth at will,
Which, ever in its own green grass arrayed,
Mars not the metal with salt scurf of rust --
That shall thine elms with merry vines enwreathe;
That teems with olive; that shall thy tilth prove kind
To cattle, and patient of the curved share.
Such ploughs rich Capua, such the coast that skirts
Thy ridge, Vesuvius, and the Clanian flood,
Acerrae's desolation and her bane.
How each to recognize now hear me tell.
Dost ask if loose or passing firm it be—
Since one for corn hath liking, one for wine,
The firmer sort for Ceres, none too loose
For thee, Lyaeus? — with, scrutinizing eye
First choose thy ground, and bid a pit be sunk
Deep in the solid earth, then cast the mould
All back again, and stamp the surface smooth.
If it suffice not, loose will be the land,
More meet for cattle and for kindly vines;
But if, rebellious, to its proper bounds
The soil returns not, but fills all the trench
And overtops it, then the glebe is gross:
Look for stiff ridges and reluctant clods,
And with strong bullocks cleave the fallow crust.
Salt ground again, and bitter as 'tis called —
Barren to fruits, by tilth untamable,
Nor grape her kind nor apples their good name
Maintaining — will in this wise yield thee proof:
Stout osier baskets from the rafter smoke
And strainers of the winepress pluck thee down;
Hereinto let that evil land, with fresh
Spring water mixed, be trampled to the full;
The moisture mark you will ooze all away,
In big drops sweating through the osier withes,
But plainly will its taste the secret tell,
And with a harsh twang ruefully distort

The mouths of them that try it. Rich soil again
We learn on this wise: tossed from hand to hand
Yet cracks it never, but pitch-like, as we hold,
Clings to the fingers. A land with moisture rife
Breeds lustier herbage, and is more than meet
Prolific. Ah! may never such for me
O'er-fertile prove, or make too stout a show
At the first earing! Heavy land or light
The mute self-witness of its weight betrays.
A glance will serve to warn thee which is black,
Or what the hue of any. But hard it is
To track the signs of that pernicious cold:
Pines only, noxious yews, and ivies dark
At times reveal its traces.

All these rules
Regarding, let your land, ay, long before,
Scorch to the quick, and into trenches carve
The mighty mountains, and their upturned clods
Bare to the north wind, ere thou plant therein
The vine's prolific kindred. Fields whose soil
Is crumbling are the best: winds look to that,
And bitter hoar-frosts, and the delver's toil
Untiring, as he stirs the loosened glebe.
But those, whose vigilance no care escapes,
Search for a kindred site, where first to rear
A nursery for the trees, and eke whereto
Soon to translate them, lest the sudden shock
From their new mother the young plants estrange.
Nay, even the quarter of the sky they brand
Upon the bark, that each may be restored,
As erst it stood, here bore the southern heats,
Here turned its shoulder to the northern pole;
So strong is custom formed in early years.
Whether on hill or plain 'tis best to plant
Your vineyard first inquire. If on some plain
You measure out rich acres, then plant thick;
Thick planting makes no niggard of the vine;
But if on rising mound or sloping hill,
Then let the rows have room, so none the less
Each line you draw, when all the trees are set,

May tally to perfection. Even as oft
In mighty war, whenas the legion's length
Deploys its cohorts, and the column stands
In open plain, the ranks of battle set,
And far and near with rippling sheen of arms
The wide earth flickers, nor yet in grisly strife
Foe grapples foe, but dubious 'twixt the hosts
The war god wavers; so let all be ranged
In equal rows symmetric, not alone
To feed an idle fancy with the view,
But since not otherwise will earth afford
Vigour to all alike, nor yet the boughs
Have power to stretch them into open space.
Shouldst haply of the furrow's depth inquire,
Even to a shallow trench I dare commit
The vine; but deeper in the ground is fixed
The tree that props it, aesculus in chief,
Which lowso far its summit soars toward heaven,
So deep strikes root into the vaults of hell.
It therefore neither storms, nor blasts, nor showers
Wrench from its bed; unshaken it abides,
Sees many a generation, many an age
Of men roll onward, and survives them all,
Stretching its titan arms and branches far,
Sole central pillar of a world of shade.
Nor toward the sunset let thy vineyards slope,
Nor midst the vines plant hazel; neither take
The topmost shoots for cuttings, nor from the top
Of the supporting tree your suckers tear;
So deep their love of earth; nor wound the plants
With blunted blade; nor truncheons intersperse
Of the wild olive: for oft from careless swains
A spark hath fallen, that, 'neath the unctuous rind
Had thief like first, now grips the tough tree-hole,
And mounting to the leaves on high, sends forth
A roar to heaven, then coursing through the boughs
And airy summits reigns victoriously,
Wraps all the grove in robes of fire, and gross
With pitch black vapour heaves the murky reek
Skyward, but chiefly, if a storm has swooped

Down on the forest, and a driving wind
Rolls up the conflagration. When 'tis so,
Their root-force fails them, nor, when lopped away,
Can they recover, and from the earth beneath
Spring to like verdure; thus alone survives
The bare wild olive with its bitter leaves.
Let none persuade thee, howso weighty-wise,
To stir the soil when stiff with Boreas' breath.
Then ice-bound winter locks the fields, nor lets
The young plant fix its frozen root to earth.
Best sow your vineyards when in blushing Spring
Comes the white bird long-bodied snakes abhor,
Or on the eve of autumn's earliest frost,
Ere the swift sun-steeds touch the wintry Signs,
While summer is departing. Spring it is
Blesses the fruit-plantation, Spring the groves;
In Spring earth swells and claims the fruitful seed.
Then Aether, sire omnipotent, leaps down
With quickening showers to his glad wife's embrace,
And, might with might commingling, rears to life
All germs that teem within her; then resound
With songs of birds the greenwood-wildernesses,
And in due time the herds their loves renew;
Then the boon earth yields increase, and the fields
Unlock their bosoms to the warm west winds;
Soft moisture spreads o'er all things, and the blades
Face the new suns, and safely trust them now;
The vine-shoot, fearless of the rising south,
Or mighty north winds driving rain from heaven,
Bursts into bud, and every leaf unfolds.
Even so, methinks, when Earth to being sprang,
Dawned the first days, and such the course they held;
'Twas Spring-tide then, ay, Spring, the mighty world
Was keeping: Eurus spared his wintry blasts,
When first the flocks drank sunlight, and a race
Of men like iron from the hard glebe arose,
And wild beasts thronged the woods, and stars the heaven.
Nor could frail creatures bear this heavy strain,
Did not so large a respite interpose

'Twixt frost and heat, and heaven's relenting arms
Yield earth a welcome.

For the rest, whate'er
The sets thou plantest in thy fields, thereon
Strew refuse rich, and with abundant earth
Take heed to hide them, and dig in withal
Rough shells or porous stone, for therebetween
Will water trickle and fine vapour creep,
And so the plants their drooping spirits raise.
Aye, and there have been, who with weight of stone
Or heavy potsherd press them from above;
This serves for shield in pelting showers, and this
When the hot dog star chaps the fields with drought.
The slips once planted, yet remains to cleave
The earth about their roots persistently,
And toss the cumbrous hoes, or task the soil
With burrowing plough-share, and ply up and down
Your labouring bullocks through the vineyard's midst,
Then too smooth reeds and shafts of whittled wand,
And ashen poles and sturdy forks to shape,
Whereby supported they may learn to mount,
Laugh at the gales, and through the elm-tops win
From story up to story.

Now while yet
The leaves are in their first fresh infant growth,
Forbear their tranty, and while yet the bough
Shoots joyfully toward heaven, with loosened rein
Launched on the void, assail it not as yet
With keen-edged sickle, but let the leaves alone
Be culled with clip of fingers here and there.
But when they clasp the elms with sturdy trunks
Erect, then strip the leaves off, prune the boughs;
Sooner they shrink from steel, but then put forth
The arm of power, and stem the branchy tide.
Hedges too must be woven and all beasts
Barred entrance, chiefly while the leaf is young,
And witless of disaster; for therewith,
Beside harsh winters and o'erpowering sun,
Wild buffaloes and pestering goats for ay
Besport them, sheep and heifers glut their greed.

Nor cold by hoar-frost curdled, nor the prone
Dead weight of summer upon the parchèd crags,
So scathe it, as the flocks with venom-bite
Of their hard tooth, whose gnawing scars the stem.
For no offence but this to Bacchus bleeds
The goat at every altar, and old plays
Upon the stage find entrance ; therefore too
The sons of Theseus through the country-side—
Hamlet and crossway—set the prize of wit,
And on the smooth sward over oilèd skins
Dance in their tipsy frolic. Furthermore
The Ausonian swains, a race from Troy derived,
Make merry with rough rhymes and boisterous mirth,
Grim masks of hollowed bark assume, invoke
Thee with glad hymns, O Bacchus, and to thee
Hang puppet-faces on tall pines to swing.
Hence every vineyard teems with mellowing fruit,
Till hollow vale o'erflows, and gorge profound,
Where'er the god hath turned his comely head.
Therefore to Bacchus duly will we sing
Meet honour with ancestral hymns, and cates
And dishes bear him ; and the doomèd goat
Led by the horn shall at the altar stand,
Whose entrails rich on hazel-spits we'll roast.
This further task again, to dress the vine,
Hath needs beyond exhausting ; the whole soil
Thrice, four times, yearly must be cleft, the sod
With hoes reversed be crushed continually,
The whole plantation lightened of its leaves.
Round on the labourer spins the wheel of toil,
As on its own track rolls the circling year.
Soon as the vine her lingering leaves hath shed,
And the chill north wind from the forests shook
Their coronal, even then the careful swain
Looks keenly forward to the coming year,
With Saturn's curvèd fang pursues and prunes
The vine forlorn, and lops it into shape.
Be first to dig the ground up, first to clear
And burn the refuse-branches, first to house
Again your vine-poles, last to gather fruit.

Twice doth the thickening shade beset the vine,
Twice weeds with stifling briers o'ergrow the crop;
And each a toilsome labour. Do thou praise
Broad acres, farm but few. Rough twigs beside
Of butcher's broom among the woods are cut,
And reeds upon the river-banks, and still
The undressed willow claims thy fostering care.
So now the vines are fettered, now the trees
Let go the sickle, and the last dresser now
Sings of his finished rows; but still the ground
Must vexed be the dust be stirred, and heaven
Still set thee trembling for the ripened grapes.
Not so with olives; small husbandry need they,
Nor look for sickle bowed or biting rake,
When once they have gripped the soil, and borne the breeze.
Earth of herself, with hooked fang laid bare,
Yields moisture for the plants, and heavy fruit.
The ploughshare aiding; therewithal thou'lt rear
The olive's fatness well-beloved of Peace.
Apples, moreover, soon as first they feel
Their stems wax lusty, and have found their strength,
To heaven climb swiftly, self-impelled nor crave
Our succour. All the grove meanwhile no less
With fruit is swelling, and the wild haunts of birds
Blush with their blood red berries. Cytisus
Is good to browse on, the tall forest yields
Pine torches, and the nightly fires are fed
And shoot forth radiance. And shall men be loath
To plant, nor lavish of their pains? Why trace
Things nigher? Willows even and lowly brooms
To cattle their green leaves, to shepherds shade,
Fences for crops, and food for honey yield.
And lithe it is Cytorus to behold
Waving with box, Narycian groves of pitch;
Oh! lithe the sight of fields beholden not
To rake or man's endeavour! the barren woods
That crown the scalp of Caucasus, even these,
Watch furious blasts for ever rive and rend,
Yield various wealth: pine-logs that serve for ships

Cedar and cypress for the homes of men ;
Hence, too, the farmers shave their wheel-spokes, hence
Drums for their wains, and curvèd boat-keels fit ;
Willows bear twigs enow, the elm-tree leaves,
Myrtle stout spear-shafts, war-tried cornel too ;
Yews into Ituraean bows are bent :
Nor do smooth lindens or lathe-polished box
Shrink from man's shaping and keen-furrowing steel ;
Light alder floats upon the boiling flood
Sped down the Padus, and bees house their swarms
In rotten holm-oak's hollow bark and bole.
What of like praise can Bacchus' gifts afford ?
Nay, Bacchus even to crime hath prompted, he
The wine-infuriate Centaurs quelled with death,
Rhoetus and Pholus, and with mighty bowl
Hylaeus threatening high the Lapithae.
Oh ! all too happy tillers of the soil,
Could they but know their blessedness, for whom
Far from the clash of arms all-equal earth
Pours from the ground herself their easy fare !
What though no lofty palace portal-proud
From all its chambers vomits forth a tide
Of morning courtiers, nor agape they gaze
On pillars with fair tortoise-shell inwrought,
Gold-purfled robes, and bronze from Ephyre ;
Nor is the whiteness of their wool distained
With drugs Assyrian, nor clear olive's use
With cassia tainted ; yet untroubled calm,
A life that knows no falsehood, rich enow
With various treasures, yet broad-acred ease,
Grottoes and living lakes, yet Tempes cool,
Lowing of kine, and sylvan slumbers soft,
They lack not ; lawns and wild beasts' haunts are there,
A youth of labour patient, need-inured,
Worship, and reverend sires : with them from earth
Departing Justice her last footprints left.
Me before all things may the Muses sweet,
Whose rites I bear with mighty passion pierced,
Receive, and show the paths and stars of heaven,
The sun's eclipses and the labouring moons,

From whence the earthquake, by what power the seas
Swell from their depths, and, every barrier burst,
Sink back upon themselves, why winter-suns
So haste to dip 'neath ocean, or what check
The lingering night retards. But if to these
High realms of nature the cold curdling blood
About my heart bar access, then be fields
And stream-washed vales my solace, let me love
Rivers and woods, inglorious. Oh for you
Plains, and Sperchëius, and Taygete,
By Spartan maids o'er-revelled! Oh, for one,
Would set me in deep dells of Haemus cool,
And shield me with his boughs' o'ershadowing might!
Happy, who had the skill to understand
Nature's hid causes, and beneath his feet
All terrors cast, and death's relentless doom,
And the loud roar of greedy Acheron.
Blest too is he who knows the rural gods,
Pan—old Silvanus—and the sister-nymphs!
Him nor the rods of public power can bend,
Nor kingly purple—nor fierce feud that drives
Brother to turn on brother, nor descent
Of Dacian from the Danube's leagued flood,
Nor Rome's great State—nor kingdoms like to die;
Nor hath he grieved through pitying of the poor,
Nor envied him that hath. What fruit the boughs,
And what the fields of their own bounteous will
Have borne, he gathers; nor iron rule of laws
Nor noble-clamoured Forum have his eyes beheld,
Nor archives of the people. Others vex
The darksome gulfs of Ocean with their oars,
Or rush, on steel: they press within the courts
And doors of princes: one with havoc falls
Upon a city and its hapless hearths,
That gems to drink, on Tyrian rugs to lie:
This hoards his wealth, and broods o'er buried gold:
One at the rostra stares in blank amaze:
One gaping sits transported by the cheers.
The answering cheers of plebs and senate rolled
Along the benches: bathed in brothers' blood

Men revel, and, all delights of hearth and home
For exile changing, a new country seek
Beneath an alien sun. The husbandman
With hookèd ploughshare turns the soil; from hence
Springs his year's labour; hence, too, he sustains
Country and cottage homestead, and from hence
His herds of cattle and deserving steers.
No respite! still the year o'erflows with fruit,
Or young of kine, or Ceres' wheaten sheaf,
With crops the furrow loads, and bursts the barns.
Winter is come: in olive-mills they bruise
The Sicyonian berry; acorn-cheered
The swine troop homeward; woods their arbutes yield;
So, various fruit sheds Autumn, and high up
On sunny rocks the mellowing vintage bakes.
Meanwhile about his lips sweet children cling;
His chaste house keeps its purity; his kine
Drop milky udders, and on the lush green grass
Fat kids are striving, horn to butting horn.
Himself keeps holy days; stretched o'er the sward,
Where round the fire his comrades crown the bowl,
He pours libation, and thy name invokes,
Lenaeus, and for the herdsmen on an elm
Sets up a mark for the swift javelin; they
Strip their tough bodies for the rustic sport.
Such life of yore the ancient Sabines led,
Such Remus and his brother: Etruria thus,
Doubt not, to greatness grew, and Rome became
The fair world's fairest, and with circling wall
Clasped to her single breast the sevenfold hills.
Ay, ere the reign of Dicte's king, ere men,
Waxed godless, banqueted on slaughtered bulls,
Such life on earth did golden Saturn lead.
Nor ear of man had heard the war-trump's blast,
Nor clang of sword on stubborn anvil set.
But lo! a boundless space we have travelled o'er;
'Tis time our steaming horses to unyoke.

GEORGIC III

THEE too, great Pales, will I hymn, and thee, 1–26
Amphrysian shepherd, worthy to be sung,
You, woods and waves Lycaean. All themes beside,
Which else had charmed the vacant mind with song,
Are now waxed common. Of harsh Eurystheus who
The story knows not, or that praiseless king
Busiris, and his altars? or by whom
Hath not the tale been told of Hylas young,
Latonian Delos and Hippodame,
And Pelops for his ivory shoulder famed,
Keen charioteer? Needs must a path be tried,
By which I too may lift me from the dust,
And float triumphant through the mouths of men.
Yea, I shall be the first, so life endure,
To lead the Muses with me, as I pass
To mine own country from the Aonian height;
I, Mantua, first will bring thee back the palms
Of Idumaea, and raise a marble shrine
On thy green plain fast by the water-side,
Where Mincius winds more vast in lazy coils,
And rims his margent with the tender reed.
Amid my shrine shall Caesar's godhead dwell.
To him will I as victor, bravely dight
In Tyrian purple drive along the bank
A hundred four horse cars. All Greece for me,
Leaving Alpheus and Molorchus' grove,
On foot shall strive, or with the raw-hide glove;
Whilst I, my head with stripped green olive crowned,
Will offer gifts. Even now 'tis present joy
To lead the high processions to the fane,
And view the victims felled; or how the scene
Sunders with shifted face, and Britain's sons
Inwoven thereon with those proud curtains rise.
Of gold and massive ivory on the doors

I'll trace the battle of the Gangarides,
And our Quirinus' conquering arms, and there
Surging with war, and hugely flowing, the Nile,
And columns heaped on high with naval brass.
And Asia's vanquished cities I will add,
And quelled Niphates, and the Parthian foe,
Who trusts in flight and backward-volleying darts,
And trophies torn with twice triumphant hand
From empires twain on ocean's either shore.
And breathing forms of Parian marble there
Shall stand, the offspring of Assaracus,
And great names of the Jove-descended folk,
And father Tros, and Troy's first founder, lord
Of Cynthus. And accursèd Envy there
Shall dread the Furies, and thy ruthless flood,
Cocytus, and Ixion's twisted snakes,
And that vast wheel and ever-baffling stone.
Meanwhile the Dryad-haunted woods and lawns
Unsullied seek we; 'tis thy hard behest,
Maecenas. Without thee no lofty task
My mind essays. Up! break the sluggish bonds
Of tarriance; with loud din Cithaeron calls,
Steed-taming Epidaurus, and thy hounds,
Taygete; and hark! the assenting groves
With peal on peal reverberate the roar.
Yet must I gird me to rehearse ere long
The fiery fights of Caesar, speed his name
Through ages, countless as to Caesar's self
From the first birth-dawn of Tithonus old.
If eager for the prized Olympian palm
One breed the horse, or bullock strong to plough,
Be his prime care a shapely dam to choose.
Of kine grim-faced is goodliest, with coarse head
And burly neck, whose hanging dewlaps reach
From chin to knee; of boundless length her flank;
Large every way she is, large-footed even,
With incurved horns and shaggy ears beneath.
Nor let mislike me one with spots of white
Conspicuous, or that spurns the yoke, whose horn
At times hath vice in't: liker bull-faced she,

And tall-limbed wholly, and with tip of tail
Brushing her footsteps as she walks along.
The age for Hymen's rites, Lucina's pangs,
Ere ten years ended, after four begins;
Their residue of days nor apt to teem,
Nor strong for ploughing. Meantime, while youth's delight
Survives within them, loose the males: be first
To speed thy herds of cattle to their loves,
Breed stock with stock, and keep the race supplied.
Ah! life's best hours are ever first to fly
From hapless mortals; in their place succeed
Disease and dolorous eld; till travail sore
And death unpitying sweep them from the scene.
Still will be some, whose form thou fain wouldst change;
Renew them still; with yearly choice of young
Preventing losses, lest too late thou rue.
Nor steeds crave less selection; but on those
Thou thinkest to rear, the promise of their line
From earliest youth thy chiefest pains bestow.
See from the first yon high-bred colt afield,
His lofty step, his limbs' elastic tread:
Dauntless he leads the herd, still first to try
The threatening flood or brave the unknown bridge,
By no vain noise affrighted; lofty-necked,
With clean-cut head, short belly, and stout back;
His sprightly breast exuberant with brawn.
Chestnut and grey are good; the worst-hued white
And sorrel. Then lo! if arms are clashed afar,
Bide still he cannot: ears stiffen and limbs quake;
His nostrils snort and roll out wreaths of fire.
Dense is his mane, that when uplifted falls
On his right shoulder; betwixt either loin
The spine runs double; his earth-dinting hoof
Rings with the ponderous beat of solid horn.
Even such a horse was Cyllarus, reined and tamed
By Pollux of Amyclae; such the pair
In Grecian song renowned, those steeds of Mars,
And famed Achilles' team: in such-like form
Great Saturn's self with mane flung loose on neck

Sped at his wife's approach, and flying filled
The heights of Pelion with his piercing neigh.
  Even him, when sore disease or sluggish eld
Now saps his strength, pen fast at home, and spare
His not inglorious age. A horse grown old
Slow kindling unto love in vain prolongs
The fruitless task, and, to the encounter come,
As fire in stubble blusters without strength,
He rages idly. Therefore mark thou first
Their age and mettle, other points anon,
As breed and lineage, or what pain was theirs
To lose the race, what pride the palm to win.
Seest how the chariots in mad rivalry
Poured from the barrier grip the course and go,
When youthful hope is highest, and every heart
Drained with each wild pulsation ? How they ply
The circling lash, and reaching forward let
The reins hang free ! Swift spins the glowing wheel ;
And now they stoop, and now erect in air
Seem borne through space and towering to the sky :
No stop, no stay ; the dun sand whirls aloft ;
They reek with foam-flakes and pursuing breath ;
So sweet is fame, so prized the victor's palm.
'Twas Ericthonius first took heart to yoke
Four horses to his car, and rode above
The whirling wheels to victory : but the ring
And bridle-reins, mounted on horses' backs,
The Pelethronian Lapithae bequeathed,
And taught the knight in arms to spurn the ground,
And arch the upgathered footsteps of his pride.
Each task alike is arduous, and for each
A horse young, fiery, swift of foot, they seek ;
How oft so-e'er yon rival may have chased
The flying foe, or boast his native plain
Epirus, or Mycenae's stubborn hold,
And trace his lineage back to Neptune's birth.
  These points regarded, as the time draws nigh,
With instant zeal they lavish all their care
To plump with solid fat the chosen chief
And designated husband of the herd :

And flowery herbs they cut, and serve him well
With corn and running water, that his strength
Not fail him for that labour of delight,
Nor puny colts betray the feeble sire.
The herd itself of purpose they reduce
To leanness, and when love's sweet longing first
Provokes them, they forbid the leafy food,
And pen them from the springs, and oft beside
With running shake, and tire them in the sun,
What time the threshing-floor groans heavily
With pounding of the corn-ears, and light chaff
Is whirled on high to catch the rising west.
Thus do they that the soil's prolific powers
May not be dulled by surfeiting, nor choke
The sluggish furrows, but eagerly absorb
Their all of love, and deeply entertain.
To care of sire the mother's care succeeds.
When great with young they wander nigh their time,
Let no man suffer them to drag the yoke
In heavy wains, nor leap across the way,
Nor scour the meads, nor swim the rushing flood.
In lonely lawns they feed them, by the course
Of brimming streams, where moss is, and the banks
With grass are greenest, where are sheltering caves,
And far outstretched the rock-flung shadow lies.
Round wooded Silarus and the ilex-bowers
Of green Alburnus swarms a winged pest—
Its Roman name Asilus, by the Greeks
Turned Oestros—hence it is, and harshly hums,
Driving whole herds in terror through the groves,
Till heaven is maddened by their bellowing din,
And Tanager's dry bed and forest-banks.
With this same scourge did Juno wreak of old
The terrors of her wrath, a plague devised
Against the heifer sprung from Inachus.
From this too thou, since in the noontide heats
'Tis most persistent, fend thy teeming herds,
And feed them when the sun is newly risen,
Or the last stars are ushering in the night.
But, yeaning ended, all their tender care

Is to the calves transferred ; at once with marks
They brand them, both to designate their race,
And which to rear for breeding, or devote
As altar-victims, or to cleave the ground
And into ridges tear and turn the sod.
The rest along the greensward graze at will.
Those that to rustic uses thou wouldst mould,
As calves encourage and take steps to tame,
While pliant wills and plastic youth allow.
And first of slender withies round the throat
Loose collars hang, then when their free-born necks
Are used to service, with the self-same bands
Yoke them in pairs, and steer by steer compel
Keep pace together. And time it is that oft
Unfreighted wheels be drawn along the ground
Behind them, as to dint the surface-dust ;
Then let the beechen axle strain and creak
'Neath some stout burden, whilst a brazen pole
Drags on the wheels made fast thereto. Meanwhile
For their unbroken youth not grass alone,
Nor meagre willow-leaves and marish-sedge,
But corn-ears with thy hand pluck from the crops.
Nor shall the brood-kine, as of yore, for thee
Brim high the snowy milking-pail, but spend
Their udders' fullness on their own sweet young.
But if fierce squadrons and the ranks of war
Delight thee rather, or on wheels to glide
At Pisa, with Alpheus fleeting by,
And in the grove of Jupiter urge on
The flying chariot, be your steed's first task
To face the warrior's armèd rage, and brook
The trumpet, and long roar of rumbling wheels,
And clink of chiming bridles in the stall ;
Then more and more to love his master's voice
Caressing, or loud hand that claps his neck.
Ay, thus far let him learn to dare, when first
Weaned from his mother, and his mouth at times
Yield to the supple halter, even while yet
Weak, tottering-limbed, and ignorant of life.
But, three years ended, when the fourth arrives,

Now let him tarry not to run the ring
With rhythmic hoof-beat echoing, and now learn
Alternately to curve each bending leg,
And be like one that struggleth ; then at last
Challenge the winds to race him, and at speed
Launched through the open, like a reinless thing,
Scarce print his footsteps on the surface-sand.
As when with power from Hyperborean climes
The north wind stoops, and scatters from his path
Dry clouds and storms of Scythia ; the tall corn
And rippling plains 'gin shiver with light gusts ;
A sound is heard among the forest-tops ;
Long waves come racing shoreward : fast he flies,
With instant pinion sweeping earth and main.
A steed like this or on the mighty course
Of Elis at the goal will sweat, and shower
Red foam flakes from his mouth, or, kindlier task,
With patient neck support the Belgian car.
Then, broken at last, let swell their burly frame
With fattening corn-mash, for, unbroke, they will
With pride wax wanton, and when caught, refuse
Tough lash to brook or jagged curb obey.
But no device so fortifies their power
As love's blind stings of passion to forefend,
Whether on steed or steer thy choice be set.
Ay, therefore 'tis they banish bulls afar
To solitary pastures, or behind
Some mountain-barrier, or broad streams beyond,
Or else in plenteous stalls pen fast at home.
For, even through sight of her, the female wastes
His strength with smouldering fire, till he forget
Both grass and woodland. She indeed full oft
With her sweet charms can lovers proud compel
To battle for the conquest horn to horn.
In Sila's forest feeds the heifer fair,
Whole each on each the furious rivals run ;
Wound follows wound ; the black blood laves their limbs ;
Horns push and strive against opposing horns.
With mighty groaning ; all the forest-side

And far Olympus bellow back the roar.
Nor wont the champions in one stall to couch;
But he that 's worsted hies him to strange climes
Far off, an exile, moaning much the shame,
The blows of that proud conqueror, then love's loss
Avenged not; with one glance toward the byre,
His ancient royalties behind him lie.
So with all heed his strength he practiseth,
And nightlong makes the hard bare stones his bed,
And feeds on prickly leaf and pointed rush,
And proves himself, and butting at a tree
Learns to fling wrath into his horns, with blows
Provokes the air, and scattering clouds of sand
Makes prelude of the battle; afterward,
With strength repaired and gathered might breaks camp,
And hurls him headlong on the unthinking foe:
As in mid ocean when a wave far off
Begins to whiten, mustering from the main
Its rounded breast, and, onward rolled to land
Falls with prodigious roar among the rocks,
Huge as a very mountain: but the depths
Upseethe in swirling eddies, and disgorge
The murky sand-lees from their sunken bed.
Nay, every race on earth of men, and beasts,
And ocean-folk, and flocks, and painted birds,
Rush to the raging fire: love sways them all.
Never than then more fiercely o'er the plain
Prowls heedless of her whelps the lioness:
Nor monstrous bears such wide-spread havoc-doom
Deal through the forests; then the boar is fierce,
Most deadly then the tigress: then, alack!
Ill roaming is it on Libya's lonely plains.
Mark you what shivering thrills the horse's frame,
If but a waft the well-known gust conveys?
Nor curb can check them then, nor lash severe,
Nor rocks and caverned crags, nor barrier-floods,
That rend and whirl and wash the hills away.
Then speeds amain the great Sabellian boar,
His tushes whets, with forefoot tears the ground,
Rubs 'gainst a tree his flanks, and to and fro

Hardens each wallowing shoulder to the wound.
What of the youth, when love's relentless might
Stirs the fierce fire within his veins? Behold!
In blindest midnight how he swims the gulf
Convulsed with bursting storm-clouds! Over him
Heaven's huge gate thunders; the rock-shattered main
Utters a warning cry; nor parents' tears
Can backward call him, nor the maid he loves,
Too soon to die on his untimely pyre.
What of the spotted ounce to Bacchus dear,
Or warlike wolf-kin or the breed of dogs?
Why tell how timorous stags the battle join?
Over all conspicuous is the rage of mares,
By Venus' self inspired of old, what time
The Potnian four with rending jaws devoured
The limbs of Glaucus. Love-constrained they roam
Past Gargarus, past the loud Ascanian flood;
They climb the mountains, and the torrents swim;
And when their eager marrow first conceives
The fire, in Spring-tide chiefly, for with Spring
Warmth doth their frames revisit, then they stand
All facing westward on the rocky heights,
And of the gentle breezes take their fill;
And oft unmated, marvellous to tell,
But of the wind impregnate, far and wide
Over craggy height and lowly vale they scud,
Not toward thy rising Eurus, or the sun's,
But westward and north-west, or whence up-springs
Black Auster, that glooms heaven with rainy cold.
Hence from their groin slow drips a poisonous juice,
By shepherds truly named hippomanes.
Hippomanes, full stepdames oft have culled,
And mixed with herbs and spells of baneful bode.
But time meanwhile the irreparable hour,
As point to point our charmed round we trace,
Enough of herds. This second task remains,
The wool-clad flocks and shaggy goats to treat.
Here lies a labour: hence for glory look,
Brave husbandmen. Nor doubtfully know I
How hard it is for words to triumph here,

And shed their lustre on a theme so slight:
But I am caught by ravishing desire
Above the lone Parnassian steep; I love
To walk the heights, from whence no earlier track
Slopes gently downward to Castalia's spring.
Now, awful Pales, strike a louder tone.
First, for the sheep soft pencotes I decree
To browse in, till green summer's swift return;
And that the hard earth under them with straw
And handfuls of the fern be littered deep,
Lest chill of ice such tender cattle harm
With scab and loathly foot-rot. Passing thence
I bid the goats with arbute-leaves be stored,
And served with fresh spring-water, and their pens
Turned southward from the blast, to face the suns
Of winter, when Aquarius' icy beam
Now sinks in showers upon the parting year.
These too no lightlier our protection claim,
Nor prove of poorer service, howsoe'er
Milesian fleeces dipped in Tyrian reds
Repay the barterer; these with offspring teem
More numerous; these yield plenteous store of milk:
The more each dry-wrung udder froths the pail,
More copious soon the teat-pressed torrents flow.
Ay, and on Cinyps' bank the he-goats too
Their beards and grizzled chins and bristling hair
Let clip for camp-use, or as rugs to wrap
Seafaring wretches. But they browse the woods
And summits of Lycaeus, and rough briers,
And brakes that love the highland: of themselves
Right heedfully the she-goats homeward troop
Before their kids, and with plump udders clogged
Scarce cross the threshold. Wherefore rather ye,
The less they crave man's vigilance, be fain
From ice to fend them and from snowy winds;
Bring food and feast them with their branchy fare,
Nor lock your hay-loft all the winter long.
But when glad summer at the west wind's call
Sends either flock to pasture in the glades,
Soon as the day-star shineth, hie we then

To the cool meadows, while the dawn is young,
The grass yet hoary, and to browsing herds
The dew tastes sweetest on the tender sward.
When heaven's fourth hour draws on the thickening drought,
And shrill cicalas pierce the brake with song,
Then at the well-springs bid them, or deep pools,
From troughs of holm-oak quaff the running wave:
But at day's hottest seek a shadowy vale,
Where some vast ancient-timbered oak of Jove
Spreads his huge branches or where huddling black
Ilex on ilex cowers in awful shade.
Then once more give them water sparingly,
And feed once more, till sunset, when cool eve
Allays the air and dewy moonbeams slake
The forest glades, with halcyon's song the shore,
And every thicket with the goldfinch rings.
Of Libya's shepherds why the tale pursue?
Why sing their pastures and the scattered huts
They house in? Oft their cattle day and night
Graze the whole month together, and go forth
Into far deserts where no shelter is,
So flat the plain and boundless. All his goods
The Afric swain bears with him, house and home,
Arms, Cretan quiver, and Amyclaean dog;
As some keen Roman in his country's arms
Plies the swift march beneath a cruel load;
Soon with tents pitched and at his post he stands,
Ere looked for by the foe. Not thus the tribes
Of Scythia by the far Maeotic wave,
Where turbid Ister whirls his yellow sands,
And Rhodope stretched out beneath the pole
Comes trending backward. There the herds they keep
Close pent in byres: nor any grass is seen
Upon the plain, nor leaves upon the tree:
But with snow-ridges and deep frost afar
Heaped seven ells high the earth lies featureless:
Still winter! still the north wind's icy breath!
Nay, never sun disparts the shadows pale,
Or as he rides the steep of heaven, or dips

In ocean's fiery bath his plunging car.
Quick ice-crusts curdle on the running stream,
And iron-hooped wheels the water's back now bears,
To broad wains opened, as erewhile to ships;
Brass vessels oft asunder burst, and clothes
Stiffen upon the wearers; juicy wines
They cleave with axes; to one frozen mass
Whole pools are turned; and on their untrimmed beards
Stiff clings the jaggèd icicle. Meanwhile
All heaven no less is filled with falling snow;
The cattle perish: oxen's mighty frames
Stand island-like amid the frost, and stags
In huddling herds, by that strange weight benumbed,
Scarce top the surface with their antler-points.
These with no hounds they hunt, nor net with toils,
Nor scare with terror of the crimson plume;
But, as in vain they breast the opposing block,
Butcher them, knife in hand, and so dispatch
Loud-bellowing, and with glad shouts hale them home.
Themselves in deep-dug caverns underground
Dwell free and careless; to their hearths they heave
Oak-logs and elm-trees whole, and fire them there,
There play the night out, and in festive glee
With barm and service sour the wine-cup mock.
So 'neath the seven-starred Hyperborean wain
The folk live tameless, buffeted with blasts
Of Eurus from Rhipaean hills, and wrap
Their bodies in the tawny fells of beasts.
If wool delight thee, first, be far removed
All prickly boskage, burrs and caltrops; shun
Luxuriant pastures; at the outset choose
White flocks with downy fleeces. For the ram,
How white soe'er himself, be but the tongue
'Neath his moist palate black, reject him, lest
He sully with dark spots his offspring's fleece,
And seek some other o'er the teeming plain.
Even with such snowy bribe of wool, if ear
May trust the tale, Pan, God of Arcady,
Snared and beguiled thee, Luna, calling thee
To the deep woods; nor thou didst spurn his call.

But who for milk hath longing, must himself
Carry lucerne and lotus-leaves enow
With salt herbs to the cote, whence more they love
The streams, more stretch their udders, and give back
A subtle taste of saltness in the milk.
Many there be who from their mothers keep
The new-born kids, and straightway bind their mouths
With iron-tipped muzzles. What they milk at dawn,
Or in the daylight hours, at night they press;
What darkling or at sunset, thus ere morn
They bear away in baskets for to town
The shepherd hies him—or with dash of salt
Just sprinkle, and lay by for winter use.

Nor be thy dogs last cared for: but alike
Swift Spartan hounds and fierce Molossian feed
On fattening whey. Never, with these to watch,
Dread nightly thief at fold and ravening wolves,
Or Spanish desperadoes in the rear.
And oft the shy wild asses thou wilt chase,
With hounds too, hunt the hare with hounds the doe;
Oft from his woodland wallowing-den uprouse
The boar, and scare him with their baying, and drive,
And o'er the mountains urge into the toils
Some antlered monster to their clamming cry.

Learn also scented cedar-wood to burn
Within the stalls, and snakes of noxious smell
With fumes of galbanum to drive away.
Oft under long neglected cribs, or lurks
A viper ill to handle, that hath fled
The light in terror, or some snake, that wont
'Neath shade and sheltering roof to creep, and shower
Its bane among the cattle, lings the ground,
Foul scourge of kine. Shepherd, seize stakes, seize stones!
And as he rears defiance, and puffs out
A hissing throat, down with him! see how low
That cowering crest is vailed in flight, the while,
His midmost coils and final sweep of tail
Relaxing, the last fold drags lingering spires.
Then that vile worm that in Calabrian glades

Uprears his breast, and wreathes a scaly back,
His length of belly pied with mighty spots—
While from their founts gush any streams, while yet
With showers of Spring and rainy south-winds earth
Is moistened, lo! he haunts the pools, and here
Housed in the banks, with fish and chattering frogs
Crams the black void of his insatiate maw.
Soon as the fens are parched, and earth with heat
Is gaping, forth he darts into the dry,
Rolls eyes of fire and rages through the fields,
Furious from thirst and by the drought dismayed.
Me list not then beneath the open heaven
To snatch soft slumber, nor on forest-ridge
Lie stretched along the grass, when, slipped his slough,
To glittering youth transformed he winds his spires,
And eggs or younglings leaving in his lair,
Towers sunward, lightening with three-forkèd tongue.
Of sickness, too, the causes and the signs
I'll teach thee. Loathly scab assails the sheep,
When chilly showers have probed them to the quick,
And winter stark with hoar-frost, or when sweat
Unpurged cleaves to them after shearing done,
And rough thorns rend their bodies. Hence it is
Shepherds their whole flock steep in running streams,
While, plunged beneath the flood, with drenchèd fell,
The ram, launched free, goes drifting down the tide.
Else, having shorn, they smear their bodies o'er
With acrid oil-lees, and mix silver-scum
And native sulphur and Idaean pitch,
Wax mollified with ointment, and therewith
Sea-leek, strong hellebores, bitumen black.
Yet ne'er doth kindlier fortune crown his toil,
Than if with blade of iron a man dare lance
The ulcer's mouth ope: for the taint is fed
And quickened by confinement; while the swain
His hand of healing from the wound withholds,
Or sits for happier signs imploring heaven.
Aye, and when inward to the bleater's bones
The pain hath sunk and rages, and their limbs
By thirsty fever are consumed, 'tis good

To draw the enkindled heat therefrom, and pierce
Within the hoof-clefts a blood-bounding vein.
Of tribes Bisaltic such the wonted use,
And keen Gelonian, when to Rhodope
He flies, or Getic desert, and quaffs milk
With horse-blood curdled.
Seest one far afield
Oft to the shade's mild covert win, or pull
The grass tops listlessly, or hindmost lag,
Or, browsing, cast her down amid the plain,
At night retire belated and alone;
With quick knife check the mischief, ere it creep
With dire contagion through the unwary herd.
Less thick and fast the whirlwind scours the main
With tempest in its wake, than swarm the plagues
Of cattle; nor seize they single lives alone,
But sudden clear whole feeding grounds, the flock
With all its promise, and extirpate the breed.
Well would he trow it who, so long after, still
High Alps and Noric hill-forts should behold,
And Iapydian Timavus' fields,
Ay, still behold the shepherds' realms a waste,
And far and wide the lawns untenanted.
Here from distempered heavens erewhile arose
A piteous season, with the full fierce heat
Of autumn glowed, and cattle-kindreds all
And all wild creatures to destruction gave.
Tainted the pools, the fodder charged with bane.
Nor simple was the way of death, but when
Hot thirst through every vein impelled had drawn
Their wretched limbs together, anon o'erflowed
A watery flux, and all their bones piecemeal
Sapped by corruption to itself absorbed.
Oft in mid sacrifice to heaven — the white
Wool woven fillet half wreathed about his brow —
Some victim, standing by the altar, there
Betwixt the loitering earles a-dying fell:
Or, if betimes the slaughtering priest had struck,
Nor with its heaped entrails blazed the pile,
Nor seer to seeker thence could answer yield;

Nay, scarce the up-stabbing knife with blood was stained,
Scarce sullied with thin gore the surface-sand.
Hence die the calves in many a pasture fair,
Or at full cribs their lives' sweet breath resign ;
Hence on the fawning dog comes madness, hence
Racks the sick swine a gasping cough that chokes
With swelling at the jaws : the conquering steed,
Uncrowned of effort and heedless of the sward,
Faints, turns him from the springs, and paws the earth
With ceaseless hoof : low droop his ears, wherefrom
Bursts fitful sweat, a sweat that waxes cold
Upon the dying beast ; the skin is dry,
And rigidly repels the handler's touch.
These earlier signs they give that presage doom.
But, if the advancing plague 'gin fiercer grow,
Then are their eyes all fire, deep-drawn their breath,
At times groan-laboured : with long sobbing heave
Their lowest flanks ; from either nostril streams
Black blood ; a rough tongue clogs the obstructed jaws.
'Twas helpful through inverted horn to pour
Draughts of the wine-god down ; sole way it seemed
To save the dying : soon this too proved their bane,
And, reinvigorate but with frenzy's fire,
Even at death's pinch—the gods some happier fate
Deal to the just, such madness to their foes—
Each with bared teeth his own limbs mangling tore.
See ! as he smokes beneath the stubborn share,
The bull drops, vomiting foam-dabbled gore,
And heaves his latest groans. Sad goes the swain,
Unhooks the steer that mourns his fellow's fate,
And in mid labour leaves the plough-gear fast.
Nor tall wood's shadow, nor soft sward may stir
That heart's emotion, nor rock-channelled flood,
More pure than amber speeding to the plain :
But see ! his flanks fail under him, his eyes
Are dulled with deadly torpor, and his neck
Sinks to the earth with drooping weight. What now
Besteads him toil or service ? to have turned
The heavy sod with ploughshare ? And yet these
Ne'er knew the Massic wine-god's baneful boon,

Nor twice replenished banquets: but on leaves
They fare, and virgin grasses, and their cups
Are crystal springs and streams with running tired,
Their healthful slumbers never broke by care.
Then only, say they, through that country side
For Juno's rites were cattle far to seek,
And ill-matched buffaloes the chariots drew
To their high fanes. So, painfully with rakes
They grub the soil, aye, with their very nails
Dig in the corn-seeds, and with strained neck
O'er the high uplands drag the creaking wains.
No wolf for ambush pries about the pen
Nor round the flock prowls nightly: pain more sharp
Subdues him: the shy deer and fleet-foot stags
With hounds now wander by the haunts of men.
Vast ocean's offspring, and all tribes that swim,
On the shore's confine the wave washes up,
Like shipwrecked bodies: seals, unwonted there,
Flee to the rivers. Now the viper dies,
For all his deadly close winding, and with scales
Erect the astonied water worms. The air
Brooks not the very birds that headlong fall,
And leave their life beneath the soaring cloud.
Moreover now nor change of fodder serves,
And subtlest cure 'gainst nature: them were foiled
The masters. Out it sprang from Phallyron,
And Amythaon's son, Melampus. See!
From Stygian darkness hurried into the light
Comes raging pale Tisiphone, she drives
Disease and fear before her, day by day
Still rearing higher that all devouring head.
With bleat of flocks and lowings thick resound
Rivers and parched banks and sloping heights.
At last in crowds she slaughters them, she chokes
The very stalls with carrion heaps that rot
In loathsome corruption, till men learn
With earth to cover them, in pits to hide
For e'en the fells are useless; nor the flesh
With water may they purge, or tame with fire,
Nor shear the fleeces even, gnawed through and through

With foul disease, nor touch the putrid webs;
But, had one dared the loathly weeds to try,
Red blisters and an unclean sweat o'erran
His noisome limbs, till, no long tarriance made,
The fiery curse his tainted frame devoured.

GEORGIC IV

Of air-born honey, gift of heaven, I now 1–27
Take up the tale. Upon this theme no less
Look thou, Maecenas, with indulgent eye.
A marvellous display of puny powers,
High-hearted chiefs, a nation's history,
Its traits, its bent, its battles and its clans,
All, each, shall pass before you, while I sing.
Slight though the poet's theme, not slight the praise,
So frown not heaven, and Phoebus hear his call.
First find your bees a settled sure abode,
Where neither winds can enter (winds blow back
The foragers with food returning home)
Nor sheep and butting kids tread down the flowers,
Nor heifer wandering wide upon the plain
Dash off the dew, and bruise the springing blades.
Let the gay lizard too keep far aloof
His scale-clad body from their homed stalls,
And the bee-eater, and what birds beside
And Procne stained with blood upon the breast
From her own murderous hands. For these roam wide
Wasting all substance, or the bees themselves
Strike flying, and in their beaks bear home, to glut
Those savage nestlings with the dainty prey.
But let clear springs and moss green pools be near,
And through the grass a streamlet hurrying run,
Some palm tree o'er the perch extend its shade,
Or huge-grown oleaster that in Spring
Their own sweet Spring-tide, when the new-made chiefs
Lead forth the young swarms, and, escaped their comb,
The colony comes forth to sport and play,
The neighbouring bank may lure them from the heat,
Or bough befriend with hospitable shade.
O'er the mid waters, whether swift or still,
Cast willow branches and big stones enow.
Bridge after bridge, where they may footing find

And spread their wide wings to the summer sun,
If haply Eurus, swooping as they pause,
Have dashed with spray or plunged them in the deep.
And let green cassias and far-scented thymes,
And savory with its heavy-laden breath
Bloom round about, and violet-beds hard by
Sip sweetness from the fertilizing springs.
For the hive's self, or stitched of hollow bark,
Or from tough osier woven, let the doors
Be strait of entrance ; for stiff winter's cold
Congeals the honey, and heat resolves and thaws,
To bees alike disastrous ; not for naught
So haste they to cement the tiny pores
That pierce their walls, and fill the crevices
With pollen from the flowers, and glean and keep
To this same end the glue, that binds more fast
Than bird-lime or the pitch from Ida's pines.
Oft too in burrowed holes, if fame be true,
They make their cosy subterranean home,
And deeply lodged in hollow rocks are found,
Or in the cavern of an age-hewn tree.
Thou not the less smear round their crannied cribs
With warm smooth mud-coat, and strew leaves above
But near their home let neither yew-tree grow,
Nor reddening crabs be roasted, and mistrust
Deep marish-ground and mire with noisome smell,
Or where the hollow rocks sonorous ring,
And the word spoken buffets and rebounds.
What more ? When now the golden sun has put
Winter to headlong flight beneath the world,
And oped the doors of heaven with summer ray,
Forthwith they roam the glades and forests o'er,
Rifle the painted flowers, or sip the streams,
Light-hovering on the surface. Hence it is
With some sweet rapture, that we know not of,
Their little ones they foster, hence with skill
Work out new wax or clinging honey mould.
So when the cage-escapèd hosts you see
Float heavenward through the hot clear air, until
You marvel at yon dusky cloud that spreads

And lengthens on the wind, then mark them well;
For then 'tis ever the fresh springs they seek
And bowery shelter: hither must you bring
The savoury sweets I bid, and sprinkle them,
Bruised balsam and the wax-flower's lowly weed,
And wake and shake the tinkling cymbals heard
By the great Mother: on the anointed spots
Themselves will settle, and in wonted wise
Seek of themselves the cradle's inmost depth.
But if to battle they have hied them forth—
For oft 'twixt king and king with uproar dire
Fierce feud arises, and at once from far
You may discern what passion sways the mob,
And how their hearts are throbbing for the strife;
Hark! the hoarse brazen note that warriors know
Chides on the lotterers, and the ear may catch
A sound that mocks the war-trump's broken blasts;
Then in hot haste they muster, then flash wings,
Sharpen their pointed beaks and knit their thews,
And round the king, even to his royal tent,
Throng rallying and with shouts defy the foe.
So, when a dry Spring and clear space is given,
Forth from the gates they burst, they clash on high;
A din arises: they are heaped and rolled
Into one mighty mass, and headlong fall,
Not denser hail through heaven, nor pelting so
Rains from the shaken oak its acorn-shower.
Conspicuous by their wings the chiefs themselves
Press through the heart of battle, and display
A great soul in each pigmy frame,
Steadfast no inch to yield till these or those
The victor's ponderous arm has turned to flight.
Such fiery passions and such fierce assaults
A little sprinkled dust controls and quells.
And now, both leaders from the field recalled
Who hath the worser seeming, do to death,
Lest royal waste wax burdensome, but let
His better bear it on the empty throne.
One with gold burnished flakes will shine like fire,
For twofold are their kinds, the nobler he,

Of peerless front and lit with flashing scales ;
That other, from neglect and squalor foul,
Drags slow a cumbrous belly. As with kings,
So too with people, diverse is their mould,
Some rough and loathly, as when the wayfarer
Scapes from a whirl of dust, and scorched with heat
Spits forth the dry grit from his parchèd mouth :
The others shine forth and flash with lightning-gleam,
Their backs all blazoned with bright drops of gold
Symmetric : this the likelier breed ; from these,
When heaven brings round the season, thou shalt strain
Sweet honey, nor yet so sweet as passing clear,
And mellowing on the tongue the wine-god's fire.
But when the swarms fly aimlessly abroad,
Disport themselves in heaven and spurn their cells,
Leaving the hive unwarmed, from such vain play
Must you refrain their volatile desires,
Nor hard the task : tear off the monarchs' wings ;
While these prove loiterers, none beside will dare
Mount heaven, or pluck the standards from the camp.
Let gardens with the breath of saffron flowers
Allure them, and the lord of Hellespont,
Priapus, wielder of the willow-scythe,
Safe in his keeping hold from birds and thieves.
And let the man to whom such cares are dear
Himself bring thyme and pine-trees from the heights,
And strew them in broad belts about their home ;
No hand but his the blistering task should ply,
Plant the young slips, or shed the genial showers.
And I myself, were I not even now
Furling my sails, and, nigh the journey's end,
Eager to turn my vessel's prow to shore,
Perchance would sing what careful husbandry
Makes the trim garden smile ; of Paestum too,
Whose roses bloom and fade and bloom again ;
How endives glory in the streams they drink,
And green banks in their parsley, and how the gourd
Twists through the grass and rounds him to a paunch ;
Nor of Narcissus had my lips been dumb,
That loiterer of the flowers, nor supple-stemmed

Acanthus, with the praise of ivies pale,
And myrtles clinging to the shores they love.
For 'neath the shade of tall Oebalia's towers,
Where dark Galaesus laves the yellowing fields,
An old man once I mind me to have seen—
From Coryeus he came—to whom had fallen
Some few poor acres of neglected land,
And they nor fruitful 'neath the plodding steer,
Meet for the grazing herd, nor good for vines.
Yet he—the while his meagre garden-herbs
Among the thorns he planted, and all round
White lilies, vervains, and lean poppy set,
In pride of spirit matched the wealth of kings,
And home returning not till night was late,
With unbought plenty heaped his board on high.
He was the first to cull the rose in spring,
He the ripe fruits in autumn; and ere yet
Winter had ceased in sullen ire to rive
The rocks with frost, and with her icy bit
Curb in the running waters, there was he
Plucking the rathe faint hyacinth, while he chid
Summer's slow footsteps and the lagging West.
Therefore he too with earliest brooding bees
And their full swarms o'erflowed, and first was he
To press the bubbling honey from the comb;
Lime-trees were his and many a branching pine;
And all the fruits wherewith in early bloom
The orchard-tree had clothed her, in full tale
Hung there by mellowing autumn perfected.
He too transplanted tall-grown elms a-row,
Time-toughened pear, thorns bursting with the plum
And plane now yielding serviceable shade
For dry lips to drink under: but these things,
Shut off by rigorous limits I pass by,
And leave for others to sing after me.

Come, then, I will unfold the natural powers
Great Jove Himself upon the bees bestowed,
The boon for which, led by the shrill sweet strains
Of the Curetes and their clashing brass,
They fed the King of heaven in Dicte's cave.

Alone of all things they receive and hold
Community of offspring, and they house
Together in one city, and beneath
The shelter of majestic laws they live ;
And they alone fixed home and country know,
And in the summer, warned of coming cold,
Make proof of toil, and for the general store
Hoard up their gathered harvesting. For some
Watch o'er the victualling of the hive, and these
By settled order ply their tasks afield ;
And some within the confines of their home
Plant firm the comb's first layer, Narcissus' tear,
And sticky gum oozed from the bark of trees,
Then set the clinging wax to hang therefrom.
Others the while lead forth the full-grown young,
Their country's hope, and others press and pack
The thrice repurèd honey, and stretch their cells
To bursting with the clear-strained nectar sweet.
Some, too, the wardship of the gates befalls,
Who watch in turn for showers and cloudy skies,
Or ease returning labourers of their load,
Or form a band and from their precincts drive
The drones, a lazy herd. How glows the work!
How sweet the honey smells of perfumed thyme
Like the Cyclopes, when in haste they forge
From the slow-yielding ore the thunderbolts,
Some from the bull's-hide bellows in and out
Let the blasts drive, some dip i' the water-trough
The sputtering metal : with the anvil's weight
Groans Etna : they alternately in time
With giant strength uplift their sinewy arms,
Or twist the iron with the forceps' grip—
Not otherwise, to measure small with great,
The love of getting planted in their breasts
Goads on the bees, that haunt old Cecrops' heights,
Each in his sphere to labour. The old have charge
To keep the town, and build the wallèd combs,
And mould the cunning chambers ; but the youth,
Their tired legs packed with thyme, come labouring
home

Belated, for afar they range to feed
On arbutes and the grey-green willow-leaves,
And cassia and the crocus blushing red,
Glue-yielding limes, and hyacinths dusky-eyed.
One hour for rest have all, and one for toil:
With dawn they hurry from the gates—no room
For loiterers there: and once again, when even
Now bids them quit their pasturing on the plain,
Then homeward make they, then refresh their strength:
A hum arises: hark! they buzz and buzz
About the doors and threshold; till at length
Safe laid to rest they hush them for the night,
And welcome slumber laps their weary limbs.
But from the homestead not too far they fare,
When showers hang like to fall, nor, east winds nigh,
Conclude in heaven, but 'neath the city walls
Safe circling fetch them water, or essay
Brief out-goings, and oft weigh-up tiny stones,
As light craft ballast in the tossing tide,
Wherewith they poise them through the cloudy vast.
This law of life, too, by the bees obeyed,
Will move thy wonder, that nor sex with sex
Yoke they in marriage, nor yield their limbs to love,
Nor know the pangs of labour, but alone
From leaves and horned herbs, the mothers, each,
Gather their offspring in their mouths, alone
Supply new kings and pigmy commonwealth,
And their old court and waxen realm repair.
Oft, too, while wandering, against jagged stones
Their wings they fray, and 'neath the burden yield
Their liberal lives: so deep their love of flowers,
So glorious deem they honey's proud acquist.
Therefore, though each a life of narrow span,
Ne'er stretched to summers more than seven, befalls,
Yet deathless doth the race endure, and still
Perennial stands the fortune of their line,
From grandsire unto grandsire backward told.
Moreover, not Aegyptus, nor the realm
Of boundless Lydia, no, nor Parthia's hordes,
Nor Median Hydaspes, to their king

Do such obeisance: lives the king unscathed,
One will inspires the million: is he dead,
Snapt is the bond of fealty; they themselves
Ravage their toil-wrought honey, and rend amain
Their own comb's waxen trellis. He is the lord
Of all their labour; him with awful eye
They reverence, and with murmuring throngs surround,
In crowds attend, oft shoulder him on high,
Or with their bodies shield him in the fight,
And seek through showering wounds a glorious death.
Led by these tokens, and with such traits to guide,
Some say that unto bees a share is given
Of the Divine Intelligence, and to drink
Pure draughts of ether; for God permeates all—
Earth, and wide ocean, and the vault of heaven—
From whom flocks, herds, men, beasts of every kind,
Draw each at birth the fine essential flame;
Yea, and that all things hence to Him return,
Brought back by dissolution, nor can death
Find place: but, each into his starry rank,
Alive they soar, and mount the heights of heaven.
If now their narrow home thou wouldst unseal,
And broach the treasures of the honey-house,
With draught of water first foment thy lips,
And spread before thee fumes of trailing smoke.
Twice is the teeming produce gathered in,
Twofold their time of harvest year by year,
Once when Taygete the Pleiad uplifts
Her comely forehead for the earth to see,
With foot of scorn spurning the ocean-streams,
Once when in gloom she flies the watery Fish,
And dips from heaven into the wintry wave.
Unbounded then their wrath; if hurt, they breathe
Venom into their bite, cleave to the veins
And let the sting lie buried, and leave their lives
Behind them in the wound. But if you dread
Too rigorous a winter, and would fain
Temper the coming time, and their bruised hearts
And broken estate to pity move thy soul,
Yet who would fear to fumigate with thyme,

Or cut the empty wax away? for oft
Into their comb the newt has gnawed unseen,
And the light-loathing beetles crammed their bed,
And he that sits at others' board to feast,
The do-naught drone; or 'gainst the unequal foe
Swoops the fierce hornet, or the moth's fell tribe;
Or spider, victim of Minerva's spite,
Athwart the doorway hangs her swaying net.
The more impoverished they, the keenlier all
To mend the fallen fortunes of their race
Will nerve them, fill the cells up, tier on tier,
And weave their granaries from the rifled flowers.
Now, seeing that life doth even to bee-folk bring
Our human chances, if in dire disease
Their bodies' strength should languish—which anon
By no uncertain tokens may be told—
Forthwith the sick change hue; grim leanness mars
Their visage; then from out the cells they bear
Forms reft of light, and lead the mournful pomp;
Or feast foot to foot about the porch they hang,
Or within closed doors loiter, listless all
From famine, and benumbed with shrivelling cold.
Then is a deep note heard, a long-drawn hum,
As when the chill South through the forests sighs,
As when the troubled ocean hoarsely booms
With back-swung billow, as ravening tide of fire
Surges, shut fast within the furnace-walls.
Then do I bid burn scented galbanum,
And, honey-streams through reeden troughs instilled,
Challenge and cheer their flagging appetite
To taste the well-known food; and it shall boot
To mix therewith the savour bruised from gall,
And rose-leaves dried, or must to thickness boiled
By a fierce fire, or juice of raisin-grapes
From Psithian vine, and with its bitter smell
Centaury, and the famed Cecropian thyme.
There is a meadow-flower by country folk
Hight star-wort: 'tis a plant not far to seek:
For from one sod an ample growth it rears,
Itself all golden, but girt with plenteous leaves,

Where glory of purple shines through violet gloom.
With chaplets woven hereof full oft are decked
Heaven's altars: harsh its taste upon the tongue;
Shepherds in vales smooth-shorn of nibbling flocks
By Mella's winding waters gather it.
The roots of this, well seethed in fragrant wine,
Set in brimmed baskets at their doors for food.
But if one's whole stock fail him at a stroke,
Nor hath he whence to breed the race anew,
'Tis time the wondrous secret to disclose
Taught by the swain of Arcady, even how
The blood of slaughtered bullocks oft has borne
Bees from corruption. I will trace me back
To its prime source the story's tangled thread,
And thence unravel. For where thy happy folk,
Canopus, city of Pellaean fame,
Dwell by the Nile's lagoon-like overflow,
And high o'er furrows they have called their own
Skim in their painted wherries; where, hard by,
The quivered Persian presses, and that flood
Which from the swart-skinned Aethiop bears him down,
Swift-parted into sevenfold branching mouths
With black mud fattens and makes Aegypt green,
That whole domain its welfare's hope secure
Rests on this art alone. And first is chosen
A strait recess, cramped closer to this end,
Which next with narrow roof of tiles atop
'Twixt prisoning walls they pinch, and add hereto
From the four winds four slanting window-slits.
Then seek they from the herd a steer, whose horns
With two years' growth are curling, and stop fast,
Plunge madly as he may, the panting mouth
And nostrils twain, and done with blows to death,
Batter his flesh to pulp i' the hide yet whole,
And shut the doors, and leave him there to lie.
But 'neath his ribs they scatter broken boughs,
With thyme and fresh-pulled cassias: this is done
When first the west winds bid the waters flow,
Ere flush the meadows with new tints, and ere
The twittering swallow buildeth from the beams.

Meanwhile the juice within his softened bones
Heats and ferments, and things of wondrous birth,
Footless at first, anon with feet and wings,
Swarm there and buzz, a marvel to behold;
And more and more the fleeting breeze they take,
Till, like a shower that pours from summer-clouds,
Forth burst they, or like shafts from quivering string
When Parthia's flying hosts provoke the fray.
Say what was he, what God that fashioned forth
This art for us, O Muses? of man's skill
Whence came the new adventure? From thy vale,
Peneian Tempe, turning, bee-bereft,
So runs the tale, by famine and disease,
Mournful the shepherd Aristaeus stood
Fast by the haunted river-head, and thus
With many a plaint to her that bare him cried:
'Mother, Cyrene, mother, who hast thy home
Beneath this whirling flood, if he thou sayest,
Apollo lord of Thymbra, be my sire,
Sprung from the Gods' high line, why barest thou me
With fortune's ban for birthright? Where is now
Thy love to me ward banished from thy breast?
O! wherefore didst thou bid me hope for heaven?
Lo! even the crown of this poor mortal life,
Which all my skilful care by field and fold,
No art neglected, scarce had fashioned forth,
Even this falls from me, yet thou call'st me son.
Nay, then, arise! With thine own hands pluck up
My fruit plantations: on the homestead fling
Pitiless fire; make havoc of my crops;
Burn the young plants, and wield the stubborn axe
Against my vines, if there hath taken thee
Such loathing of my greatness.' But that cry,
Even from her chamber in the river-deeps,
His mother heard: around her spun the nymphs
Milesian wool stained through with hyaline dye,
Drymo, Xanthe, Lycaa, Phyllodoce,
Their glossy locks o'er snowy shoulders shed,
Cydippe and Lycorias yellow-haired,
A maiden one, one newly learned even then

To bear Lucina's birth-pang. Clio, too,
And Beroe, sisters, ocean-children both,
Both zoned with gold and girt with dappled fell,
Ephyre and Opis, and from Asian meads
Deiopea, and, bow at length laid by,
Fleet-footed Arethusa. But in their midst
Fair Clymene was telling o'er the tale
Of Vulcan's idle vigilance and the stealth
Of Mars' sweet rapine, and from Chaos old
Counted the jostling love-joys of the Gods.
Charmed by whose lay, the while their woolly tasks
With spindles down they drew, yet once again
Smote on his mother's ears the mournful plaint
Of Aristaeus; on their glassy thrones
Amazement held them all; but Arethuse
Before the rest put forth her auburn head,
Peering above the wave-top, and from far
Exclaimed, 'Cyrene, sister, not for naught
Scared by a groan so deep, behold! 'tis he,
Even Aristaeus, thy heart's fondest care,
Here by the brink of the Peneian sire
Stands woebegone and weeping, and by name
Cries out upon thee for thy cruelty.'
To whom, strange terror knocking at her heart,
'Bring, bring him to our sight,' the mother cried;
'His feet may tread the threshold even of Gods.'
So saying, she bids the flood yawn wide and yield
A pathway for his footsteps; but the wave
Arched mountain-wise closed round him, and within
Its mighty bosom welcomed, and let speed
To the deep river-bed. And now, with eyes
Of wonder gazing on his mother's hall
And watery kingdom and cave-prisoned pools
And echoing groves, he went, and, stunned by that
Stupendous whirl of waters, separate saw
All streams beneath the mighty earth that glide,
Phasis and Lycus, and that fountain-head
Whence first the deep Enipeus leaps to light,
Whence father Tiber, and whence Anio's flood,
And Hypanis that roars amid his rocks,

And Mysian Caicus, and, bull-browed
'Twixt either gilded horn, Eridanus,
Than whom none other through the laughing plains
More furious pours into the purple sea.
Soon as the chamber's hanging roof of stone
Was gained, and now Cyrene from her son
Had heard his idle weeping, in due course
Clear water for his hands the sisters bring,
With napkins of shorn pile, while others heap
The board with dainties and set on afresh
The brimming goblets; with Panchaian fires
Upleap the altars; then the mother spake,
'Take beakers of Maeonian wine,' she said,
'Pour we to Ocean.' Ocean, sire of all,
She worships, and the sister-nymphs who guard
The hundred forests and the hundred streams;
Thrice Vesta's fire with nectar clear she dashed,
Thrice to the roof top shot the flame and shone:
Armed with which omen she essayed to speak:
'In Neptune's gulf Carpathian dwells a seer,
Caerulean Proteus, he who metes the main
With fish-drawn chariot of two-footed steeds;
Now visits he his native home once more,
Pallene and the Emathian ports; to him
We nymphs do reverence, ay, and Nereus old;
For all things knows the seer, both those which are
And have been, or which time hath yet to bring;
So willed it Neptune, whose portentous flocks,
And loathly sea-calves' neath the surge he feeds.
Him first, my son, behoves thee seize and bind,
That he may all the cause of sickness show,
And grant a prosperous end. For save by force
No rede will he vouchsafe, nor shalt thou bend
His soul by praying; whom once made captive, ply
With rigorous force and fetters; against these
His wiles will break and spend themselves in vain.
I, when the sun has lit his noontide fires,
When the blades thirst, and cattle love the shade,
Myself will guide thee to the old man's haunt,
Whither he lies him weary from the waves,

That thou mayst safelier steal upon his sleep.
But when thou hast gripped him fast with hand and gyve,
Then divers forms and bestial semblances
Shall mock thy grasp ; for sudden he will change
To bristly boar, fell tigress, dragon scaled,
And tawny-tufted lioness, or send forth
A crackling sound of fire, and so shake off
The fetters, or in showery drops anon
Dissolve and vanish. But the more he shifts
His endless transformations, thou, my son,
More straitlier clench the clinging bands, until
His body's shape return to that thou sawest,
When with closed eyelids first he sank to sleep.'
So saying, an odour of ambrosial dew
She sheds around, and all his frame therewith
Steeps throughly ; forth from his trim-combèd locks
Breathed effluence sweet, and a lithe vigour leapt
Into his limbs. There is a cavern vast
Scooped in the mountain-side, where wave on wave
By the wind's stress is driven, and breaks far up
Its inmost creeks—safe anchorage from of old
For tempest-taken mariners : therewithin,
Behind a rock's huge barrier, Proteus hides.
Here in close covert out of the sun's eye
The youth she places, and herself the while
Swathed in a shadowy mist stands far aloof.
And now the ravening dog-star that burns up
The thirsty Indians blazed in heaven ; his course
The fiery sun had half devoured : the blades
Were parched, and the void streams with droughty jaws
Baked to their mud-beds by the scorching ray,
When Proteus seeking his accustomed cave
Strode from the billows : round him frolicking
The watery folk that people the waste sea
Sprinkled the bitter brine-dew far and wide.
Along the shore in scattered groups to feed
The sea-calves stretch them : while the seer himself,
Like herdsman on the hills when evening bids
The steers from pasture to their stall repair,

And the lambs' bleating whets the listening wolves,
Sits midmost on the rock and tells his tale.
But Aristaeus the foe within his clutch,
Scarce suffering him compose his aged limbs,
With a great cry leapt on him, and ere he rose
Forestalled him with the fetters; he nathless,
All unforgetful of his ancient craft,
Transforms himself to every wondrous thing,
Fire and a fearful beast, and flowing stream.
But when no trickery found a path for flight,
Baffled at length, to his own shape returned,
With human lips he spake. 'Who bade thee, then,
So reckless in youth's hardihood, affront
Our portals? or what wouldst thou hence?'—But he,
'Proteus, thou knowest, of thine own heart thou knowest;
For thee there is no cheating, but cease thou
To practise upon me: at heaven's behest
I for my fainting fortunes hither come
An oracle to ask thee.' There he ceased.
Whereat the seer, by stubborn force constrained,
Shot forth the grey light of his gleaming eyes
Upon him, and with heavily gnashing teeth
Unlocks his lips to spell the fates of heaven:
'Doubt not 'tis wrath divine that plagues thee thus,
Nor light the debt thou payest; 'tis Orpheus' self,
Orpheus unhappy by no fault of his.
So fates prevent not, fans thy penal fires,
Yet madly raging for his ravished bride.
She in her haste to shun thy hot pursuit
Along the stream, saw not the coming death,
Where at her feet kept ward upon the bank
In the tall grass a monstrous water-snake.
But with their cries the Dryad-band her peers
Filled up the mountains to their proudest peaks:
Wailed for her fate the heights of Rhodope,
And tall Pangaea, and beloved of Mars,
The land that bowed to Rhesus, Thrace no less
With Hebrus' stream, and Orithyia wept,
Daughter of Acte old. But Orpheus' self,

Soothing his love-pain with the hollow shell,
Thee his sweet wife on the lone shore alone,
Thee when day dawned and when it died he sang.
Nay to the jaws of Taenarus too he came,
Of Dis the infernal palace, and the grove
Grim with a horror of great darkness—came,
Entered, and faced the Manes and the King
Of terrors, the stone heart no prayer can tame.
Then from the deepest deeps of Erebus,
Wrung by his minstrelsy, the hollow shades
Came trooping, ghostly semblances of forms
Lost to the light, as birds by myriads hie
To greenwood boughs for cover, when twilight-hour
Or storms of winter chase them from the hills;
Matrons and men, and great heroic frames
Done with life's service, boys, unwedded girls,
Youths placed on pyre before their fathers' eyes.
Round them, with black slime choked and hideous weed,
Cocytus winds; there lies the unlovely swamp
Of dull dead water, and, to pen them fast,
Styx with her ninefold barrier poured between.
Nay, even the deep Tartarean Halls of death
Stood lost in wonderment, and the Eumenides,
Their brows with livid locks of serpents twined;
Even Cerberus held his triple jaws agape,
And, the wind hushed, Ixion's wheel stood still.
And now with homeward footstep he had passed
All perils scathless, and, at length restored,
Eurydice to realms of upper air
Had well-nigh won, behind him following—
So Proserpine had ruled it—when his heart
A sudden mad desire surprised and seized—
Meet fault to be forgiven, might Hell forgive.
For at the very threshold of the day,
Heedless, alas! and vanquished of resolve,
He stopped, turned, looked upon Eurydice
His own once more. But even with the look,
Poured out was all his labour, broken the bond
Of that fell tyrant, and a crash was heard
Three times like thunder in the meres of hell.

"Orpheus! what ruin hath thy frenzy wrought
On me, alas! and thee? Lo! once again
The unpitying fates recall me, and dark sleep
Closes my swimming eyes. And now farewell:
Girt with enormous night I am borne away,
Outstretching toward thee, thine, alas! no more,
These helpless hands." She spake, and suddenly,
Like smoke dissolving into empty air,
Passed and was sundered from his sight; nor him
Clutching vain shadows, yearning sore to speak,
Thenceforth beheld she, nor no second time
Hell's boatman brooks he pass the watery bar.
What should he do? Ply whither, twice bereaved?
Move with what tears the Manes, with what voice
The Powers of darkness? She indeed even now
Death cold was floating on the Stygian barge!
For seven whole months unceasingly, men say,
Beneath a skyey crag, by thy lone wave,
Strymon, he wept, and in the caverns chill
Unrolled his story, melting tigers' hearts,
And leading with his lay the oaks along.
As in the poplar-shade a nightingale
Mourns her lost young, which some relentless swain,
Spying, from the nest has torn unfledged, but she
Wails the long night, and perched upon a spray
With sad insistence pipes her dolorous strain,
Till all the region with her wrongs o'erflows.
No love, no new desire, constrained his soul:
By snow-bound Tanais and the icy north,
Far steppes to frost Rhipaean for ever wed,
Alone he wandered, lost Eurydice
Lamenting, and the gifts of Dis ungiven.
Scorned by which tribute the Ciconian dames,
Amid their awful Bacchanalian rites
And midnight revellings, tore him limb from limb,
And strewed his fragments over the wide fields.
Then too, even then, what time the Hebrus stream
Claggran Hebrus, down mid-current rolled,
Rent from the marble neck, his drifting head,
The death-chilled tongue found yet a voice to cry

"Eurydice! ah! poor Eurydice!"
With parting breath he called her, and the banks
From the broad stream caught up "Eurydice!"'
So Proteus ending plunged into the deep,
And, where he plunged, beneath the eddying whirl
Churned into foam the water, and was gone;
But not Cyrene, who unquestioned thus
Bespake the trembling listener: 'Nay, my son,
From that sad bosom thou mayst banish care:
Hence came that plague of sickness, hence the nymphs,
With whom in the tall woods the dance she wove,
Wrought on thy bees, alas! this deadly bane.
Bend thou before the Dell-nymphs, gracious powers:
Bring gifts, and sue for pardon: they will grant
Peace to thine asking, and an end of wrath.
But how to approach them will I first unfold—
Four chosen bulls of peerless form and bulk,
That browse to-day the green Lycaean heights,
Pick from thy herds, as many kine to match,
Whose necks the yoke pressed never: then for these
Build up four altars by the lofty fanes,
And from their throats let gush the victims' blood,
And in the greenwood leave their bodies lone.
Then, when the ninth dawn hath displayed its beams,
To Orpheus shalt thou send his funeral dues,
Poppies of Lethe, and let slay a sheep
Coal-black, then seek the grove again, and soon
For pardon found adore Eurydice
With a slain calf for victim.'
No delay:
The self-same hour he hies him forth to do
His mother's bidding: to the shrine he came,
The appointed altars reared, and thither led
Four chosen bulls of peerless form and bulk,
With kine to match, that never yoke had known;
Then, when the ninth dawn had led in the day,
To Orpheus sent his funeral dues, and sought
The grove once more. But sudden, strange to tell!
A portent they espy: through the oxen's flesh,
Waxed soft in dissolution, hark! there hum

Bees from the belly; the rent ribs overboil!
In endless clouds they spread them, till at last
On yon tree-top together fused they cling,
And drop their cluster from the bending boughs.
So sang I of the tilth of furrowed fields,
Of flocks and trees, while Caesar's majesty
Launched forth the levin-bolts of war by deep
Euphrates, and bare rule o'er willing folk
Though vanquished, and essayed the heights of heaven.
I Virgil then, of sweet Parthenope
The nursling, wooed the flowery walks of peace
Inglorious, who erst trilled for shepherd-wights
The wanton ditty, and sang in sauey youth
Thee, Tityrus, 'neath the spreading beech tree's shade.

THE ECLOGUES

TO

THE LOVED AND HONOURED MEMORY

OF

ROBERT WHITELAW

NOTE

In undertaking thus, at the eleventh hour, to translate the Eclogues, I have availed myself of the published writings of the late Professor Conington, the late Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, and Professor J. W. Mackail, to whom my acknowledgements are due.

I have also, as the work proceeded, kept in touch with a free, but fine, unpublished version by him to whom my own is dedicated.

From this last, which was privately printed in 1899, among other verbal felicities, I was sorely tempted to borrow one perfect phrase, namely, 'When winds had glassed the wave', for 'cum placidum ventis staret mare' in Eclogue II. 26. And I now quote it here for the benefit of any whose eyes may light upon this page, because, taken in connexion with the context, it seems to me a flash of genius, and worthy to be accepted as the final rendering.

J. R.

Kingsthorpe, Kelvedon, Essex,
January 1, 1921.

ECLOGUE I

Meliboeus. Tityrus.

M. You, Tityrus, 'neath a broad beech-canopy 1–26
Reclining, on the slender oat rehearse
Your silvan ditties: I from my sweet fields,
And home's familiar bounds, even now depart.
Exiled from home am I; while, Tityrus, you
Sit careless in the shade, and, at your call,
'Fair Amaryllis' bid the woods resound.

T. O Meliboeus, 'twas a god vouchsafed
This ease to us, for him a god will I
Deem ever, and from my folds a tender lamb
Oft with its life-blood shall his altar stain.
His gift it is that, as your eyes may see,
My kine may roam at large, and I myself
Play on my shepherd's pipe what songs I will.

M. I grudge you not the boon, but marvel more,
Such wide confusion ills the country-side.
See, sick at heart I drive my she-goats on,
And this one, O my Tityrus, scarce can lead:
For 'mid the hazel-thicket here but now
She dropped her new-yeaned twins on the bare flint,
Hope of the flock—an ill, I mind me well,
Which many a time, but for my blinded sense,
The thunder-stricken oak foretold, oft too
From hollow trunk the raven's ominous cry.
But who this god of yours? Come, Tityrus, tell.

T. The city, Meliboeus, they call Rome,
I, simpleton, deemed like this town of ours,
Whereto we shepherds oft are wont to drive
The younglings of the flock: so too I knew
Whelps to resemble dogs, and kids their dams,
Comparing small with great; but this as far
Above all other cities rears her head
As cypress above pliant osier towers.

M. And what so potent cause took you to Rome ?
T. Freedom, which, though belated, cast at length
Her eyes upon the sluggard, when my beard
'Gan whiter fall beneath the barber's blade—
Cast eyes, I say, and, though long tarrying, came,
Now when, from Galatea's yoke released,
I serve but Amaryllis : for I will own,
While Galatea reigned over me, I had
No hope of freedom, and no thought to save.
Though many a victim from my folds went forth,
Or rich cheese pressed for the unthankful town,
Never with laden hands returned I home.
M. I used to wonder, Amaryllis, why
You cried to heaven so sadly, and for whom
You left the apples hanging on the trees ;
'Twas Tityrus was away. Why, Tityrus,
The very pines, the very water-springs,
The very vineyards, cried aloud for you.
T. What could I do ? how else from bonds be freed,
Or otherwhere find gods so nigh to aid ?
There, Meliboeus, I saw that youth to whom
Yearly for twice six days my altars smok
There instant answer gave he to my suit,
' Feed, as before, your kine, boys, rear your bulls.'
M. So in old age, you happy man, your fields
Will still be yours, and ample for your need !
Though, with bare stones o'erspread, the pastures all
Be choked with rushy mire, your ewes with young
By no strange fodder will be tried, nor hurt
Through taint contagious of a neighbouring flock.
Happy old man, who 'mid familiar streams
And hallowed springs, will court the cooling shade !
Here, as of old, your neighbour's bordering hedge,
That feasts with willow-flower the Hybla bees,
Shall oft with gentle murmur lull to sleep,
While the leaf-dresser beneath some tall rock
Uplifts his song, nor cease their cooings hoarse
The wood-pigeons that are your heart's delight,
Nor doves their moaning in the elm-tree top.
T. Sooner shall light stags, therefore, feed in air,

The seas their fish leave naked on the strand,
Germans and Parthians shift their natural bounds,
And these the Arar, those the Tigris drink,
Than from my heart his face and memory fade.

M. But we far hence, to burning Libya some,
Some to the Scythian steppes, or thy swift flood,
Cretan Oaxes, now must wend our way,
Or Britain, from the whole world sundered far.
Ah! shall I ever in aftertime behold
My native bounds — see many a harvest hence
With ravished eyes the lowly turf-roofed cot
Where I was king? These fallows, trimmed so fair,
Some brutal soldier will possess, these fields
An alien master. Ah! to what a pass
Has civil discord brought our hapless folk!
For such as these, then, were our furrows sown!
Now, Meliboeus, graft your pears, now set
Your vines in order! Go, once happy flock,
My she goats, go. Never again shall I,
Stretched in green cave, behold you from afar
Hang from the bushy rock; my songs are sung;
Never again will you, with me to tend,
On clover flower, or bitter willows, browse.

T. Yet here, this night, you might repose with me,
On green leaves pillowed. Apples ripe have I,
Soft chestnuts, and of curdled milk enow.
And, see, the farm-roof chimneys smoke afar,
And from the hills the shadows lengthening fall!

ECLOGUE II

Alexis

The shepherd Corydon with love was fired
For fair Alexis, his own master's joy :
No room for hope had he, yet, none the less,
The thick-leaved shadowy-soaring beech-tree grove
Still would he haunt, and there alone, as thus,
To woods and hills pour forth his artless strains.
'Cruel Alexis, heed you naught my songs ?
Have you no pity ? you'll drive me to my death.
Now even the cattle court the cooling shade,
And the green lizard hides him in the thorn :
Now for tired mowers, with the fierce heat spent,
Pounds Thestilis her mess of savoury herbs,
Wild thyme and garlic. I, with none beside,
Save hoarse cicalas shrilling through the brake,
Still track your footprints 'neath the broiling sun.
Better have borne the petulant proud disdain
Of Amaryllis, or Menalcas wooed,
Albeit he was so dark, and you so fair !
Trust not too much to colour, beauteous boy ;
White privets fall, dark hyacinths are culled.
You scorn me, Alexis, who or what I am
Care not to ask—how rich in flocks, or how
In snow-white milk abounding : yet for me
Roam on Sicilian hills a thousand lambs ;
Summer or winter, still my milk-pails brim.
I sing as erst Amphion of Circe sang,
What time he went to call his cattle home
On Attic Aracynthus. Nor am I
So ill to look on : lately on the beach
I saw myself, when winds had stilled the sea,
And, if that mirror lie not, would not fear
Daphnis to challenge, though yourself were judge.
Ah ! were you but content with me to dwell.

Some lowly cot in the rough fields our home.
Shoot down the stags, or with green osier-wand
Round up the straggling flock! There you with me
In silvan strains will learn to rival Pan.
Pan first with wax taught reed with reed to join;
For sheep alike and shepherd Pan hath care.
Nor with the reed's edge fear you to make rough
Your dainty lip; such arts as these to learn
What did Amyntas do?—what did he not?
A pipe have I, of hemlock-stalks compact
In lessening lengths, Damoetas' dying-gift:
"Mine once," quoth he, "now yours, as heir to own."
Foolish Amyntas heard and envied me.
Ay, and two fawns, I risked my neck to find
In a steep glen, with coats white-dappled still,
From a sheep's udders suckled twice a day—
These still I keep for you; which Thestylis
Implores me oft to let her lead away;
And she shall have them, since my gifts you spurn.
Come hither, beauteous boy; for you the Nymphs
Bring baskets, see, with lilies brimmed; for you,
Plucking pale violets and poppy-heads,
Now the fair Naiad, of narcissus flower
And fragrant fennel, doth one posy twine—
With cassia then, and other scented herbs,
Blends them, and sets the tender hyacinth off
With yellow marigold. I too will pick
Quinces all silvered o'er with hoary down,
Chestnuts, which Amaryllis wont to love,
And waxen plums withal: this fruit no less
Shall have its need of honour; and I will pluck
You too, ye laurels, and you, ye myrtles, near,
For so your sweets ye mingle. Corydon,
You are a boor, nor heeds a whit your gifts
Alexis; no, nor would Iollas yield,
Should gifts decide the day. Alack! alack!
What misery have I brought upon my head!—
Loosed on the flowers Sirocco to my bane,
And the wild boar upon my crystal springs!
Whom do you fly, infatuate? gods ere now,

And Dardan Paris, have made the woods their home.
Let Pallas keep the towers her hand hath built,
Us before all things let the woods delight.
The grim-eyed lioness pursues the wolf,
The wolf the she-goat, the she-goat herself
In wanton sport the flowering cytisus,
And Corydon Alexis, each led on
By their own longing. See, the ox comes home
With plough up-tilted, and the shadows grow
To twice their length with the departing sun,
Yet me love burns, for who can limit love ?
Ah ! Corydon, Corydon, what hath crazed your wit ?
Your vine half-pruned hangs on the leafy elm ;
Why haste you not to weave what need requires
Of pliant rush or osier ? Scorned by this,
Elsewhere some new Alexis you will find.'

ECLOGUE III

MENALCAS. DAMOETAS. PALAEMON

M. Who owns the flock, Damoetas? Meliboeus?
D. Nay, they are Aegon's sheep, of late by him
Committed to my care.
M. O every way
Unhappy sheep, unhappy flock! while he
Still courts Neaera, fearing lest her choice
Should fall on me, this hireling shepherd here
Wrings hourly twice their udders, from the flock
Filching the life-juice, from the lambs their milk.
D. Hold! not so ready with your jeers at men!
We know who once, and in what shrine with you—
The he-goats looked aside—the light nymphs laughed—
M. Ay, then, I warrant, when they saw *me* slash
Micon's young vines and trees with spiteful hook.
D. Or here by these old beeches, when you broke
The bow and arrows of Damon; for you chafed
When first you saw them given to the boy,
Cross-grained Menalcas, ay, and had you not
Done him some mischief, would have chafed to death.
M. With thieves so daring, what can masters do?
Did I not see you, rogue, in ambush lie
For Damon's goat, while loud Lycisca barked?
And when I cried, 'Where is he off to now?
Gather your flock together, Tityrus,'
You hid behind the sedges.
D. Well, was he
Whom I had conquered still to keep the goat,
Which in the piping-match my pipe had won?
You may not know it, but the goat was mine.
M. *You* out-pipe *him*? when had you ever pipe
Wax-welded? in the cross-ways used you not

On grating straw some miserable tune
To mangle ?

D. Well, then, shall we try our skill
Each against each in turn ? Lest you be loth,
I pledge this heifer ; every day she comes
Twice to the milking-pail, and feeds withal
Two young ones at her udder : say you now
What you will stake upon the match with me.

M. Naught from the flock I'll venture, for at home
I have a father and a step-dame harsh,
And twice a day both reckon up the flock,
And one withal the kids. But I will stake,
Seeing you are so mad, what you yourself
Will own more priceless far—two beechen cups
By the divine art of Alcimedon
Wrought and embossed, whereon a limber vine,
Wreathed round them by the graver's facile tool,
Twines over clustering ivy-berries pale.
Two figures, one Conon, in the midst he set,
And one—how call you him, who with his wand
Marked out for all men the whole round of heaven,
That they who reap, or stoop behind the plough,
Might know their several seasons ? Nor as yet
Have I set lip to them, but lay them by.

D. For me too wrought the same Alcimedon
A pair of cups, and round the handles wreathed
Pliant acanthus, Orpheus in the midst,
The forests following in his wake ; nor yet
Have I set lip to them, but lay them by.
Matched with a heifer, who would prate of cups ?

M. You shall not balk me now ; where'er you bid,
I shall be with you ; only let us have
For auditor—or see, to serve our turn,
Yonder Palaemon comes ! In singing-bouts
I'll see you play the challenger no more.

D. Out then with what you have ; I shall not shrink,
Nor budge for any man : only do you,
Neighbour Palaemon, with your whole heart's skill—
For it is no slight matter—play your part.

P. Say on then, since on the green sward we sit,
And now is burgeoning both field and tree;
Now is the forest green, and now the year
At fairest. Do you first, Damoetas, sing,
Then you, Menalcas, in alternate strain:
Alternate strains are to the Muses dear.

D. 'From Jove the Muse began; Jove filleth all,
Makes the earth fruitful, for my songs hath care.'

M. 'Me Phoebus loves; for Phoebus his own gifts,
Bays and sweet-blushing hyacinths, I keep.'

D. 'Gay Galatea throws an apple at me,
Then flies to the willows, hoping to be seen.'

M. 'My dear Amyntas comes unasked to me;
Not Delia to my dogs is better known.'

D. 'Gifts for my love I've found; mine eyes have marked
Where the wood-pigeons build their airy nests.'

M. 'Ten golden apples have I sent my boy,
All that I could, to-morrow as many more.'

D. 'What words to me, and uttered O how oft,
Hath Galatea spoke! waft some of them,
Ye winds, I pray you, for the gods to hear.'

M. 'It profiteth me naught, Amyntas mine,
That in your very heart you spurn me not,
If, while you feast the boar, I guard the nets.'

D. 'Phyllis, lollies, for my birthday guest
Send me your Phyllis; when for the young crops
I slay my heifer, you yourself shall come.'

M. 'I am all hers: she wept to see me go,
And lingering on the word, "farewell" she said,
"My beautiful Lilies, fare you well."'

D. 'Fell is the wolf to the fold-ed flock,
Rain to ripe corn, Sirocco to the trees,
The wind of Aquilo is to me.'

M. 'As moisture to the corn, to ewes with young
Lithe willow, as arbute to the yearling kids,
So sweet Amyntas, and none else, to me.'

D. 'My Muse, although she be but country-bred,
Is loved by Pollio. O Pierian Maids,
Pray you, a heifer for your reader feed!'

M. 'Pollio himself too doth new verses make:
Feed ye a bull now ripe to butt with horn,
And scatter with his hooves the flying sand.'
D. 'Who loves thee, Pollio, may he thither come
Where thee he joys beholding; ay, for him
Let honey flow, the thorn-bush spices bear.'
M. 'Who hates not Bavius, let him also love
Thy songs, O Maevius, ay, and therewithal
Yoke foxes to his car, and he-goats milk.'
D. 'You, picking flowers and strawberries that grow
So near the ground, fly hence, boys, get you gone!
There 's a cold adder lurking in the grass.'
M. 'Forbear, my sheep, to tread too near the brink;
Yon bank is ill to trust to; even now
The ram himself, see, dries his dripping fleece!'
D. 'Back with the she-goats, Tityrus, grazing there
So near the river! I, when time shall serve,
Will take them all, and wash them in the pool.'
M. 'Boys, get your sheep together; if the heat,
As late it did, forestall us with the milk,
Vainly the dried-up udders shall we wring.'
D. 'How lean my bull amid the fattening vetch!
Alack! alack! for herdsman and for herd!
It is the self-same love that wastes us both.'
M. 'These truly—nor is even love the cause—
Scarce have the flesh to keep their bones together:
Some evil eye my lambkins hath bewitched.'
D. 'Say in what clime—and you shall be withal
My great Apollo—the whole breadth of heaven
Opens no wider than three ells to view.'
M. 'Say in what country grow such flowers as bear
The names of kings upon their petals writ,
And you shall have fair Phyllis for your own.'
P. Not mine betwixt such rivals to decide:
You well deserve the heifer, so does he,
With all who either fear the sweets of love,
Or taste its bitterness. Now, boys, shut off
The sluices, for the fields have drunk their fill.

ECLOGUE IV

Pollio

Muses of Sicily, essay we now
A somewhat loftier task! Not all men love
Coppice or lowly tamarisk: sing we woods,
Woods worthy of a Consul let them be.
Now the last age by Cumae's Sibyl sung
Has come and gone, and the majestic roll
Of circling centuries begins anew:
Justice returns, returns old Saturn's reign,
With a new breed of men sent down from heaven.
Only do thou, at the boy's birth in whom
The iron shall cease, the golden race arise,
Befriend him, chaste Lucina; 'tis thine own
Apollo reigns. And in thy consulate,
This glorious age, O Pollio, shall begin,
And the months enter on their mighty march.
Under thy guidance, whatso tracks remain
Of our old wickedness, once done away,
Shall free the earth from never-ceasing fear.
He shall receive the life of gods, and see
Heroes with gods commingling, and himself
Be seen of them, and with his father's worth
Reign o'er a world at peace. For thee, O boy,
First shall the earth, untilled, pour freely forth
Her childish gifts, the gadding ivy-spray
With foxglove and Egyptian bean-flower mixed,
And laughing eyed acanthus. Of themselves,
Untended, will the she-goats then bring home
Their udders swollen with milk, while flocks afield
Shall of the monstrous lion have no fear.
Thy very cradle shall pour forth for thee
Caressing flowers. The serpent too shall die,
Die shall the treacherous poison-plant, and far
And wide Assyrian spices spring. But soon

As thou hast skill to read of heroes' fame,
And of thy father's deeds, and inly learn
What virtue is, the plain by slow degrees
With waving corn-crops shall to golden grow,
From the wild briar shall hang the blushing grape,
And stubborn oaks sweat honey-dew. Nathless
Yet shall there lurk within of ancient wrong
Some traces, bidding tempt the deep with ships,
Gird towns with walls, with furrows cleave the earth.
Therewith a second Tiphys shall there be,
Her hero-freight a second Argo bear;
New wars too shall arise, and once again
Some great Achilles to some Troy be sent.
Then, when the mellowing years have made thee man,
No more shall mariner sail, nor pine-tree bark
Ply traffic on the sea, but every land
Shall all things bear alike: the glebe no more
Shall feel the harrow's grip, nor vine the hook;
The sturdy ploughman shall loose yoke from steer,
Nor wool with varying colours learn to lie;
But in the meadows shall the ram himself,
Now with soft flush of purple, now with tint
Of yellow saffron, teach his fleece to shine.
While clothed in natural scarlet graze the lambs.
'Such still, such ages weave ye, as ye run,'
Sang to their spindles the consenting Fates
By Destiny's unalterable decree.
Assume thy greatness, for the time draws nigh,
Dear child of gods, great progeny of Jove!
See how it totters—the world's orbèd might,
Earth, and wide ocean, and the vault profound,
All, see, enraptured of the coming time!
'Ah! might such length of days to me be given,
And breath suffice me to rehearse thy deeds,
Nor Thracian Orpheus should out-sing me then,
Nor Linus, though his mother this, and that
His sire should aid—Orpheus Calliope,
And Linus fair Apollo. Nay, though Pan,
With Arcady for judge, my claim contest,

With Aready for judge great Pan himself
Should own him foiled, and from the field retire.
Begin to greet thy mother with a smile,
O baby-boy! ten months of weariness
For thee she bore: O baby-boy, begin!
For him, on whom his parents have not smiled,
Gods deem not worthy of their board or bed.

ECLOGUE V

MENALCAS. MOPSUS

ME. Why, Mopsus, being both together met,
You skilled to breathe upon the slender reeds,
I to sing ditties, do we not sit down
Here where the elm-trees and the hazels blend ?
MO. You are the elder, 'tis for me to bide
Your choice, Menalcas, whether now we seek
Yon shade that quivers to the changeful breeze,
Or the cave's shelter. Look you how the cave
Is with the wild vine's clusters over-laced !
ME. None but Amyntas on these hills of ours
Can vie with you.
MO. What if he also strive
To out-sing Phoebus ?
ME. Do you first begin,
Good Mopsus, whether minded to sing aught
Of Phyllis and her loves, or Alcon's praise,
Or to fling taunts at Codrus. Come, begin,
While Tityrus watches o'er the grazing kids.
MO. Nay, then, I will essay what late I carved
On a green beech-tree's rind, playing by turns,
And marking down the notes ; then afterward
Bid you Amyntas match them if he can.
ME. As limber willow to pale olive yields,
As lowly Celtic nard to rose-buds bright,
So, to my mind, Amyntas yields to you.
But hold awhile, for to the cave we come.
MO. ' For Daphnis cruelly slain wept all theNymphs—
Ye hazels, bear them witness, and ye streams—
When she, his mother, clasping in her arms
The hapless body of the son she bare,
To gods and stars unpitying poured her plaint.
Then, Daphnis, to the cooling streams were none
That drove the pastured oxen, then no beast

Drank of the river, or would the grass-blade touch.
Nay, the wild rocks and woods then voiced the roar
Of Afric lions mourning for thy death.
Daphnis, 'twas thou bad'st yoke to Bacchus' car
Armenian tigresses, lead on the pomp
Of revellers, and with tender foliage wreathe
The bending spear-wands. As to trees the vine
Is crown of glory, as to vines the grape,
Bulls to the herd, to fruitful fields the corn,
So the one glory of thine own art thou.
When the Fates took thee hence, then Pales' self,
And even Apollo, left the country lone.
Where the plump barley-grain so oft we sowed,
There but wild oats and barren darnel spring;
For tender violet and narcissus bright
Thistle and prickly thorn uprear their heads.
Now, O ye shepherds, strew the ground with leaves,
And o'er the fountains draw a shady veil—
So Daphnis to his memory bids be done—
And rear a tomb, and write thereon this verse:
"I, Daphnis in the woods, from hence in fame
Am to the stars exalted, guardian once
Of a fair flock, myself more fair than they."

ME. So is thy song to me, poet divine,
As slumber on the grass to weary limbs,
Or to slake thirst from some sweet-bubbling rill
In summer's heat. Not on the reeds alone,
But with thy voice art thou, thrice happy boy,
Ranked with thy master, second but to him.
Yet will I, too, in turn, as best I may,
Sing thee a song, and to the stars uplift
Thy Daphnis—Daphnis to the stars extol,
For me too Daphnis loved.

MO. Than such a boon
What dearer could I deem? the boy himself
Was worthy to be sung, and many a time
Hath Stimichon to me your singing praised.

ME. 'In dazzling sheen with unaccustomed eyes

Daphnis stands rapt before Olympus' gate,
And sees beneath his feet the clouds and stars.
Wherefore the woods and fields, Pan, shepherd-folk,
And Dryad-maidens, thrill with eager joy;
Nor wolf with treacherous wile assails the flock,
Nor nets the stag: kind Daphnis loveth peace.
The unshorn mountains to the stars up-toss
Voices of gladness; ay, the very rocks,
The very thickets, shout and sing, "A god,
A god is he, Menalcas!" Be thou kind,
Propitious to thine own. Lo! altars four,
Twain to thee, Daphnis, and to Phoebus twain
For sacrifice, we build; and I for thee
Two beakers yearly of fresh milk a-foam,
And of rich olive-oil two bowls, will set;
And of the wine-god's bounty above all,
If cold, before the hearth, or in the shade
At harvest-time, to glad the festal hour,
From flasks of Ariusian grape will pour
Sweet nectar. Therewithal at my behest
Shall Lyctian Aegon and Damoetas sing,
And Alphesiboeus emulate in dance
The dancing Satyrs. This, thy service due,
Shalt thou lack never, both when we pay the Nymphs
Our yearly vows, and when with lustral rites
The fields we hallow. Long as the wild boar
Shall love the mountain-heights, and fish the streams,
While bees on thyme and crickets feed on dew,
Thy name, thy praise, thine honour, shall endure.
Even as to Bacchus and to Ceres, so
To thee the swain his yearly vows shall make;
And thou thereof, like them, shalt quittance claim.'

Mo. How, how repay thee for a song so rare?
For not the whispering south-wind on its way
So much delights me, nor wave-smitten beach,
Nor streams that race adown their bouldered beds.

ME. First this frail hemlock-stalk to you I give,
Which taught me 'Corydon with love was fired
For fair Alexis', ay, and this beside,
'Who owns the flock? Melibœus?'

MO. But take you
This shepherd's crook, which, howso hard he begged,
Antigenes, then worthy to be loved,
Prevailed not to obtain — with brass, you see,
And equal knots, Menalcas, fashioned fair!

ECLOGUE VI

To Varus

First my Thalia stooped in sportive mood
To Syracusan strains, nor blushed within
The woods to house her. When I sought to tell
Of battles and of kings, the Cynthian god
Plucked at mine ear and warned me: 'Tityrus,
Beseems a shepherd-wight to feed fat sheep,
But sing a slender song.' Now, Varus, I—
For lack there will not who would laud thy deeds.
And treat of dolorous wars—will rather tune
To the slim oaten reed my silvan lay
I sing but as vouchsafed me; yet even this
If, if but one with ravished eyes should read,
Of thee, O Varus, shall our tamarisks
And all the woodland ring; nor can there be
A page more dear to Phoebus, than the page
Where, foremost writ, the name of Varus stands.
Speed ye, Pierian Maids! Within a cave
Young Chromis and Mnasyllos chanced to see
Silenus sleeping, flushed, as was his wont,
With wine of yesterday. Not far aloof,
Slipped from his head, the garlands lay, and there
By its worn handle hung a ponderous cup.
Approaching—for the old man many a time
Had balked them both of a long hoped-for song—
Garlands to fetters turned, they bind him fast.
Then Aeglë, fairest of the Naiad-band,
Aeglë came up to the half-frightened boys,
Came, and, as now with open eyes he lay,
With juice of blood-red mulberries smeared him o'er,
Both brow and temples. Laughing at their guile,
And crying, 'Why tie the fetters? loose me, boys;
Enough for you to think you had the power;
Now list the songs you wish for—songs for you,

Another meed for her '—forthwith began.
Then might you see the wild things of the wood,
With Fauns in sportive frolic beat the time,
And stubborn oaks their branchy summits bow.
Not Phoebus doth the rude Parnassian crag
So ravish, nor Orpheus so entrance the heights
Of Rhodope or Ismarus : for he sang
How through the mighty void the seeds were driven
Of earth, air, ocean, and of liquid fire,
How all that is from these beginnings grew,
And the young world itself took solid shape,
Then 'gan its crust to harden, and in the deep
Shut Nereus off, and mould the forms of things
Little by little ; and how the earth amazed
Beheld the new sun shining, and the showers
Fall, as the clouds soared higher, what time the woods
'Gan first to rise, and living things to roam
Scattered among the hills that knew them not.
Then sang he of the stones by Pyrrha cast,
Of Saturn's reign, and of Prometheus' theft,
And the Caucasian birds, and told withal
Nigh to what fountain by his comrades left
The mariners cried on Hylas, till the shore
Re-echoed 'Hylas Hylas!' Then he soothed
Pasiphaë with the love of her white bull—
Happy if cattle-kind had never been!—
O all-starred maid, what frenzy caught thy soul
The daughters too of Proetus filled the fields
With their feigned lowings, yet no one of them
Of such unhallowed union e'er was fain
As with a beast to mate, though many a time
On her smooth forehead she had sought for horns,
And for her neck had feared the galling plough.
O all-starred maid! thou roamest now the hills,
While on soft hyacinths he, his snowy side
Reposing, under some dark ilex now
Chews the pale herbage, or some heifer tracks
Amid the crowding herd. Now close, ye Nymphs,
Ye Nymphs of Dicte, close the forest glades,
If haply there may chance upon mine eyes

The white bull's wandering foot-prints: him belike
Following the herd, or by green pasture lured,
Some kine may guide to the Gortynian stalls.
Then sings he of the maid so wonder-struck
With the apples of the Hesperids, and then
With moss-bound, bitter bark rings round the forms
Of Phaëthon's fair sisters, from the ground
Up-towering into poplars. Next he sings
Of Gallus wandering by Permessus' stream,
And by a sister of the Muses led
To the Aonian mountains, and how all
The choir of Phoebus rose to greet him; how
The shepherd Linus, singer of songs divine,
Brow-bound with flowers and bitter parsley, spake:
'These reeds the Muses give thee, take them thou,
Erst to the agèd bard of Ascra given,
Wherewith in singing he was wont to draw
Time-rooted ash-trees from the mountain heights.
With these the birth of the Grynean grove
Be voiced by thee, that of no grove beside
Apollo more may boast him.' Wherefore speak
Of Scylla, child of Nisus, who, 'tis said,
Her fair white loins with barking monsters girt
Vexed the Dulichian ships, and, in the deep
Swift-eddying whirlpool, with her sea-dogs tore
The trembling mariners? or how he told
Of the changed limbs of Tereus—what a feast,
What gifts, to him by Philomel were given;
How swift she sought the desert, with what wings
Hovered in anguish o'er her ancient home?
All that, of old, Eurotas, happy stream,
Heard, as Apollo mused upon the lyre,
And bade his laurels learn, Silenus sang;
Till from Olympus, loth at his approach,
Vesper, advancing, bade the shepherds tell
Their tale of sheep, and pen them in the fold.

ECLOGUE VII

MELIBOEUS. CORYDON. THYRSIS

Daphnis beneath a rustling ilex-tree
Had sat him down; Thyrsis and Corydon
Had gathered in the flock, Thyrsis the sheep,
And Corydon the she-goats swollen with milk—
Both in the flower of age, Arcadians both,
Ready to sing, and in like strain reply.
Hither had strayed, while from the frost I fend
My tender myrtles, the he-goat himself,
Lord of the flock: when Daphnis I espy!
Soon as he saw me, 'Hither haste,' he cried,
'O Meliboeus! goat and kids are safe,
And, if you have an idle hour to spare,
Rest here beneath the shade. Hither the steers
Will through the meadows, of their own free will,
Untended come to drink. Here Mincius hath
With tender rushes rimmed his verdant banks,
And from yon sacred oak with busy hum
The bees are swarming.' What was I to do?
No Phyllis or Alcippe left at home
Had I, to shelter my new-weaned lambs,
And no slight matter was a singing-bout
'Twixt Corydon and Thyrsis. Howsoe'er,
I let my business wait upon their sport.
So they began to sing, voice answering voice
In strains alternate—for alternate strains
The Muses then were minded to recall—
First Corydon, then Thyrsis in reply.

C. 'Libethrian Nymphs, who are my heart's delight,
Grant me, as doth my Codrus, so to sing—
Next to Apollo he—or if to this
We may not all attain, my tuneful pipe
Here on this sacred pine shall silent hang.'

T. 'Arcadian shepherds, wreathe with ivy-spray

Your budding poet, so that Codrus burst
With envy: if he praise beyond my due,
Then bind my brow with foxglove, lest his tongue
With evil omen blight the coming bard.'

C. 'This bristling boar's head, Delian Maid, to thee,
With branching antlers of a sprightly stag,
Young Micon offers: if his luck but hold,
Full-length in polished marble, ankle-bound
With purple buskin, shall thy statue stand.'

T. 'A bowl of milk, Priapus, and these cakes,
Yearly, it is enough for thee to claim;
Thou art the guardian of a poor man's plot.
Wrought for a while in marble, if the flock
At lambing time be filled, stand there in gold.'

C. 'Daughter of Nereus, Galatea mine,
Sweeter than Hybla-thyme, more white than swans,
Fairer than ivy pale, soon as the steers
Shall from their pasture to the stalls repair,
If aught for Corydon thou carest, come.'

T. 'Now may I seem more bitter to your taste
Than herb Sardinian, rougher than the broom,
More worthless than strewn sea-weed, if to-day
Hath not a year out-lasted! Fie for shame!
Go home, my cattle, from your grazing go!'

C. 'Ye mossy springs, and grass more soft than sleep,
And arbute green with thin shade sheltering you,
Ward off the solstice from my flock, for now
Comes on the burning summer, now the buds
Upon the limber vine-shoot 'gin to swell.'

T. 'Here is a hearth, and resinous logs, here fire
Unstinted, and doors black with ceaseless smoke.
Here heed we Boreas' icy breath as much
As the wolf heeds the number of the flock,
Or furious rivers their restraining banks.'

C. 'The junipers and prickly chestnuts stand,
And 'neath each tree lie strewn their several fruits,
Now the whole world is smiling, but if fair
Alexis from these hill-slopes should away,
Even the rivers you would see run dry.'

T. 'The field is parched, the grass-blades thirst to death
In the faint air; Liber hath grudged the hills
His vine's o'er-shadowing: should my Phyllis come,
Green will be all the grove, and Jupiter
Descend in floods of fertilizing rain.'

C. 'The poplar doth Alcides hold most dear,
The vine Lacchus, Phoebus his own bays,
And Venus fair the myrtle: therewithal
Phyllis doth hazels love, and while she loves,
Myrtle nor bay the hazel shall out-vie.'

T. 'Ash in the forest is most beautiful,
Pine in the garden, poplar by the stream,
Fir on the mountain-height: but if more oft
Thou'ldst come to me, fair Lycidas, to thee
Both forest-ash, and garden-pine should bow.'

M. These I remember, and how Thyrsis strove
For victory in vain. From that time forth
Is Corydon still Corydon with us.

ECLOGUE VIII

To Pollio

Damon. Alphesiboeus.

Of Damon and Alphesiboeus now,
Those shepherd-singers at whose rival strains
The heifer wondering forgot to graze,
The lynx stood awe-struck, and the flowing streams,
Unwonted loiterers, stayed their course to hear—
How Damon and Alphesiboeus sang
Their pastoral ditties, will I tell the tale.
Thou, whether broad Timavus' rocky banks
Thou now art passing, or dost skirt the shore
Of the Illyrian main,—will ever dawn
That day when I thy deeds may celebrate,
Ever that day when through the whole wide world
I may renown thy verse—that verse alone
Of Sophoclean buskin worthy found?
With thee began, to thee shall end, the strain.
Take thou these songs that owe their birth to thee,
And deign around thy temples to let creep
This ivy-chaplet 'twixt the conquering bays.
Scarce had night's chilly shade forsook the sky
What time to nibbling sheep the dewy grass
Tastes sweetest, when, on his smooth shepherd-staff
Of olive leaning, Damon thus began.

D. 'Rise, Lucifer, and, heralding the light,
Bring in the genial day, while I make moan
Fooled by vain passion for a faithless bride,
For Nysa, and with this my dying breath
Call on the gods, though little it bestead—
The gods who heard her vows and heeded not.
'Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.
Ever hath Maenalus his murmuring groves
And whispering pines, and ever hears the songs

Of love-lorn shepherds, and of Pan, who first
Brooked not the tuneful reed should idle lie.
'Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.
Mysa to Mopsus given! what may not then
We lovers look for? soon shall we see mate
Griffins with mares, and in the coming age
Shy deer and hounds together come to drink.
'Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.
Now, Mopsus, cut new torches, for they bring
Your bride along; now, bridegroom, scatter nuts:
Forsaking Oeta mounts the evening star!
'Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.
O worthy of thy mate, while all men else
Thou scornest, and with loathing dost behold
My shepherd's pipe, my goats, my shaggy brow,
And unshrimmed beard, nor deem'st that any god
For mortal doings hath regard or care.
Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.
Once with your mother, in our orchard-garth,
A little maid I saw you—I your guide—
Plucking the dewy apples. My twelfth year
I scarce had entered, and could barely reach
The brittle boughs. I looked, and I was lost;
A sudden frenzy swept my wits away.
'Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.
Now know I what Love is: 'mid savage rocks
Tmaros or Rhodope brought forth the boy,
Or Garamantes in earth's utmost bounds
No kin of ours, nor of our blood begot.
Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.
Fierce Love it was once stocked a mother's heart
With her own offspring's blood her hands to imbrue:
Mother, thou too wert cruel; say were thou
More cruel, mother, or more ruthless he?
Ruthless the boy, thou, mother, cruel too
Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.
Now let the wolf turn tail and fly the sheep,
Tough oaks bear golden apples, alder trees
Bloom with narcissus flower, the tamarisk
Sweat with rich amber, and the screech-owl vie

In singing with the swan : let Tityrus
Be Orpheus, Orpheus in the forest-glade,
Arion 'mid his dolphins on the deep.
'Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.
Yea, be the whole earth to mid-ocean turned !
Farewell, ye woodlands ! I from the tall peak
Of yon aerial rock will headlong plunge
Into the billows : this my latest gift,
From dying lips bequeathed thee, see thou keep.
Cease now, my flute, now cease Maenalian lays.
Thus Damon : but do ye, Pierian Maids—
We cannot all do all things—tell me how
Alphesiboeus to his strain replied.

A. 'Bring water, and with soft wool-fillet bind
These altars round about, and burn thereon
Rich vervain and male frankincense, that I
May strive with magic spells to turn astray
My lover's saner senses, whereunto
There lacketh nothing save the power of song.
'Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.
Songs can the very moon draw down from heaven
Circe with singing changed from human form
The comrades of Ulysses, and by song
Is the cold meadow-snake asunder burst.
'Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.
These triple threads of threefold colour first
I twine about thee, and three times withal
Around these altars do thine image bear :
Uneven numbers are the god's delight.
'Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.
Now, Amaryllis, ply in triple knots
The threefold colours ; ply them fast, and say
This is the chain of Venus that I ply.
'Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.
As by the kindling of the self-same fire
Harder this clay, this wax the softer grows,

So by my love may Daphnis; sprinkle meal,
And with bitumen burn the brittle bays.
Me Daphnis with his cruelty doth burn,
I to melt cruel Daphnis burn this bay.
'Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.
As when some heifer, seeking for her steer
Through woodland and deep grove, sinks wearied out
On the green sedge beside a stream, love-lorn,
Nor marks the gathering night that calls her home—
As pines that heifer, with such love as hers
May Daphnis pine, and I not care to heal.
'Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.
These relics once, dear pledges of himself,
The traitor left me, which, O earth, to thee
Here on this very threshold I commit—
Pledges that bind him to redeem the debt.
'Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.
These herbs of bane to me did Moeris give,
In Pontus culled where baneful herbs abound.
With these full oft have I seen Moeris change
To a wolf's form, and hide him in the woods,
Oft summon spirits from the tomb's recess,
And to new fields transport the standing corn.
'Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.
Take ashes, Amaryllis, fetch them forth,
And o'er your head into the running brook
Fling them, nor look behind: with these will I
Upon the heart of Daphnis make essay.
Nothing for gods, nothing for songs cares he.
'Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.
Look, look! the very embers of themselves
Have caught the altar with a flickering flame,
While I delay to fetch them: may the sign

Prove lucky! something it must mean, for sure,
And Hylax on the threshold 'gins to bark!
May we believe it, or are lovers still
By their own fancies fooled?
Give o'er, my songs,
Daphnis is coming from the town, give o'er.'

ECLOGUE IX

LYCIDAS. MOERIS.

L. Say whither, Moeris ?—Make you for the town,
Or on what errand bent ?
M. O Lycidas,
We have lived to see, what never yet we feared,
An interloper own our little farm,
And say, 'Be off, you former husbandmen !
These fields are mine'. Now, cowed and out of heart,
Since Fortune turns the whole world upside down,
We are taking him—ill luck go with the same !—
These kids you see.
L. But surely I had heard
That where the hills first draw from off the plain,
And the high ridge with gentle slope descends,
Down to the brook-side and the broken crests
Of yonder veteran beeches, all the land
Was by the songs of your Menalcas saved.
M. Heard it you had, and so the rumour ran,
But 'mid the clash of arms, my Lycidas,
Our songs avail no more than, as 'tis said,
Doves of Dodona when an eagle comes.
Nay, had I not, from hollow ilex-bole
Warned by a raven on the left, cut short
The rising feud, nor I, your Moeris here,
No, not Menalcas, were alive to-day.
L. Alack ! could any of so foul a crime
Be guilty ? Ah ! how nearly, with thyself,
Reft was the solace that we had in thee,
Menalcas ! Who then of the Nymphs had sung,
Or who with flowering herbs bestrewn the ground,
And o'er the fountains drawn a leafy veil ?—
Who sung the stave I filched from you that day
To Amaryllis wending, our hearts' joy ?—

'While I am gone, 'tis but a little way,
Feed, Tityrus, my goats, and, having fed,
Drive to the drinking-pool, and, as you drive,
Beware the he-goat; with his horn he butts.'

M. Ay, or to Varus that half-finished lay,
'Varus, thy name, so still our Mantua live—
Mantua to poor Cremona all too near—
Shall singing swans bear upward to the stars.'

L. So may your swarms Cyrnean yew-trees shun,
Your kine with Cytisus their udders swell,
Begin, if aught you have. The Muses made
Me too a singer; I too have sung; the swains
Call me a poet, but I believe them not:
For naught of mine, or worthy Varius yet
Or Cinna deem I, but account myself
A cackling goose among melodious swans.

M. 'Twas in my thought to do so, Lycidas
Even now was I revolving silently
If this I could recall—no paltry song:
'Come, Galatea, what pleasure is 't to play
Amid the waves? Here glows the Spring, here earth
Beside the streams pours forth a thousand flowers;
Here the white poplar bends above the cave,
And the lithe vine weaves shadowy covert: come,
Leave the mad waves to beat upon the shore.'

L. What of the strain I heard you singing once
On a clear night alone? the notes I still
Remember, could I but recall the words.

M. 'Why, Daphnis, upward gazing, do you mark
The ancient risings of the Signs? for look
Where Dionean Caesar's star comes forth
In heaven, to gladden all the fields with corn,
And to the grape upon the sunny slopes
Her colour bring! Now, Daphnis, graft the pears
So shall your children's children pluck their fruit.
Time carries all things, even our wits, away.
Oft, as a boy, I sang the sun to rest,
But all those songs are from my memory fled,
And even his voice is failing Moeris now;
The wolves eyed Moeris first: but at your wish

Menalcas will repeat them oft enow.

L. Your pleas but linger out my heart's desire:
Now all the deep is into silence hushed,
And all the murmuring breezes sunk to sleep.
We are half-way thither, for Bianor's tomb
Begins to show: here, Moeris, where the hinds
Are lopping the thick leafage, let us sing.
Set down the kids, yet shall we reach the town;
Or, if we fear the night may gather rain
Ere we arrive, then singing let us go,
Our way to lighten; and, that we may thus
Go singing, I will ease you of this load.

M. Cease, boy, and get we to the work in hand:
We shall sing better when himself is come.

ECLOGUE X

Gallus

This now, the very latest of my toils,
Vouchsafe me, Arethusa! needs must I
Sing a brief song to Gallus—brief, but yet
Such as Lycoris' self may fitly read.
Who would not sing for Gallus? So, when thou
Beneath Sicanian billows glidest on,
May Doris blend no bitter wave with thine,
Begin! The love of Gallus be our theme,
And the shrewd pangs he suffered, while, hard by,
The flat-nosed she-goats browse the tender brush.
We sing not to deaf ears; no word of ours
But the woods echo it. What groves or lawns
Held you, ye Dryad-maidens, when for love—
Love all unworthy of a loss so dear—
Gallus lay dying? for neither did the slopes
Of Pindus or Parnassus stay you then,
No, nor Aonian Aganippe. Him
Even the laurels and the tamarisks wept;
For him, outstretched beneath a lonely rock,
Wept pine-clad Maenalus, and the flinty crags
Of cold Lycaeus. The sheep too stood around—
Of us they feel no shame, poet divine;
Nor of the flock be thou ashamed: even fair
Adonis by the rivers fed his sheep—
Came shepherd too, and swine-herd footing slow,
And, from the winter-acorns dripping-wet
Menalcas. All with one accord exclaim:
'From whence this love of thine?' Apollo came;
'Gallus, art mad?' he cried, 'thy bosom's care
Another love is following.' Therewithal
Silvanus came, with rural honours crowned;
The flowering fennels and tall lilies shook
Before him. Yea, and our own eyes beheld

Pan, god of Arcady, with blood-red juice
Of the elder-berry, and with vermilion, dyed.
'Wilt ever make an end?' quoth he, 'behold
Love recks not aught of it: his heart no more
With tears is sated than with streams the grass,
Bees with the cytisus, or goats with leaves.'
'Yet will ye sing, Arcadians, of my woes
Upon your mountains,' sadly he replied —
'Arcadians, that alone have skill to sing.
O then how softly would my ashes rest,
If of my love, one day, your flutes should tell!
And would that I, of your own fellowship,
Or dresser of the ripening grape had been,
Or guardian of the flock! for surely then,
Let Phyllis, or Amyntas, or who else,
Bewitch me — what if swart Amyntas be?
Dark is the violet, dark the hyacinth —
Among the willows, 'neath the limber vine,
Reclining would my love have lain with me,
Phyllis plucked garlands, or Amyntas sung.
Here are cool springs, soft mead and grove, Lycoris;
Here might our lives with time have worn away.
But me mad love of the stern war-god holds
Armed amid weapons and opposing foes,
Whilst thou — Ah! might I but believe it not! —
Alone without me, and from home afar,
Look'st upon Alpine snows and frozen Rhine.
Ah! may the frost not hurt thee, may the sharp
And jagged ice not wound thy tender feet!
I will depart, re-tune the songs I framed
In verse Chalcidian to the oaten reed
Of the Sicilian swain. Resolved am I
In the woods, rather, with wild beasts to couch,
And bear my doom, and character my love
Upon the tender tree-trunks: they will grow,
And you, my love, grow with them. And meanwhile
I with the Nymphs will haunt Mount Maenalus,
Or hunt the keen wild boar. No frost so cold
But I will hem with hounds thy forest glades,
Parthenius. Even now, methinks, I range

O'er rocks, through echoing groves, and joy to launch
Cydonian arrows from a Parthian bow.—
As if my madness could find healing thus,
Or that god soften at a mortal's grief!
Now neither Hamadryads, no, nor songs
Delight me more: ye woods, away with you!
No pangs of ours can change him; not though we
In the mid-frost should drink of Hebrus' stream,
And in wet winters face Sithonian snows,
Or, when the bark of the tall elm-tree bole
Of drought is dying, should, under Cancer's Sign,
In Aethiopian deserts drive our flocks.
Love conquers all things; yield we too to love!'
These songs, Pierian Maids, shall it suffice
Your poet to have sung, the while he sat,
And of slim mallow wove a basket fine:
To Gallus ye will magnify their worth,
Gallus, for whom my love grows hour by hour,
As the green alder shoots in early Spring.
Come, let us rise: the shade is wont to be
Baneful to singers; baneful is the shade
Cast by the juniper, crops sicken too
In shade. Now homeward, having fed your fill—
Eve's star is rising—go, my she-goats, go.

THE WORLD'S CLASSICS

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

The World's Classics

THE best recommendation of *The World's Classics* is the books themselves, which have earned unstinted praise from critics and all classes of the public. Some two million copies have been sold, and of the volumes already published very many have gone into a second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, or later impression. It is only possible to give so much for the money when large sales are certain. The clearness of the type, the quality of the paper, the size of the page, the printing, and the binding—from the cheapest to the best—cannot fail to commend themselves to all who love good literature presented in worthy form. That a high standard is insisted upon is proved by the list of books already published and of those on the eve of publication. A great feature is the brief critical introductions written by leading authorities of the day.

A NUMBER of the volumes are issued in the *Oxford Library of Standard Works*, the size and type as *The World's Classics*, but bound in Italian, thin boards, gilt designs, gilt top, and in Suède, yapp edges, gilt top, both with bookmarker. These are specially recommended for presentation. (The volumes are obtainable only through the booksellers.)

Pocket size, 6×4 inches. Large type, on thin opaque paper. Obtainable either in superfine art cloth or sultan-red leather.

LIST OF THE SERIES

The figures in parentheses denote the number of the book in the series

Aeschylus The Seven Plays. Translated by LEWIS CAMPBELL. (117)

Ainsworth (W. Harrison). The Tower of London. (162)

A Kempis Thomas. Of the Imitation of Christ. (149)

Aksakoff Serge. A Russian Gentleman. Trans. J. D. DUFF. (241)
Years of Childhood. Trans. J. D. DUFF. (242)

Aristophanes. Frere's translation of the Acharnians, Knights, Birds, and Frogs. Introduction by W. W. MERRY. (134)

Arnold Matthew). Poems. Intro. by SIR A. T. QUILLER-COUCH. (85)

Aurelius Marcus. Thoughts. Trans. J. JACKSON. (60)

Austen Jane. Emma. Introduction by E. V. LUCAS. (120)

Bacon. The Advancement of Learning, and the New Atlantis. Introduction by Professor CASE. (93). Essays. 24

Barham. The Ingoldsby Legends. (9)

Barrow Sir John). The Mutiny of the Bounty. Introduction by Admiral Sir CYPRIAN BRIDGE. (195)

Betham-Edwards M.). The Lord of the Harvest. Introduction by FREDERIC HARRISON. (194)

Blackmore R. D.. Lorna Doone. Intro. by Sir H. WARREN. (171)

Borrow. The Bible in Spain. (56). Lavengro. (66)
The Romany Rye. (73). Wild Wales. 224)

Bronte Sisters.

Charlotte Bronte. Jane Eyre. (1). Shirley. (14). Villette. (47)
The Professor, and the Poems of Charlotte, Emily and Anne Bronte. Introduction by THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. (78)
Life of Charlotte Bronte. by E. C. GASKELL. (213)

Emily Bronte. Wuthering Heights. (100)

Anne Brontë. Agnes Grey. (141)
The Tenant of Wildfell Hall. (67)

Brown Dr. John. Horae Subsecivae. Intro. by AUSTIN DOBSON. (118)

Browning Elizabeth Barrett. Poems. A Selection. (170)

Browning Robert. Poems and Plays, 1833–1842. (58)
Poems, 1842–1864. (59)

Buckle. History of Civilization in England. 3 vols. (41, 48, 54)

Bunyan. The Pilgrim's Progress. (2)

Burke. Vol. I. Critical Introduction by Judge WILLIS and Preface by F. W. RAFFETY. (191)
Vols. II., IV., V., VI. Prefaces by F. W. RAFFETY. (81, 112, 114)
Vol. III. Preface by J. H. WILLIS. (97)
Letters with Introduction by H. J. LASKI. (257)

Burns Poems. (34)

Butler The Analogy of Religion. Ed. W. E. GLADSTONE. (136)

Byron. Poems: A Selection. (180)

Carlyle. On Heroes and Hero-Worship. (62)
Past and Present. Introduction by G. K. CHESTERTON. (153)
Sartor Resartus. (19)
The French Revolution. Intro. C. R. L. FLETCHER. 2 vols. (125, 126)
The Life of John Sterling. Introduction by W. HALE WHITE. (144)

Cervantes. Don Quixote. Translated by C. JERVAS. Intro. and Notes by J. FITZMAURICE-KELLY. 2 vols. With a frontispiece. (130, 131)

Chaucer. The Canterbury Tales. (76)

Chaucer. The Works of. From the text of Professor SKEAT. 3 vols. Vol. I (42); Vol. II (56); Vol. III, containing the whole of the Canterbury Tales (76)

Cobbold. Margaret Catchpole. Intro. by CLEMENT SHORTER. (119)

Coleridge. Poems. Introduction by Sir A. T. QUILLER-COUCH. (99)

Collins (Wilkie). The Woman in White. (226)

Cooper (T. Fenimore). The Last of the Mohicans. (163)

Cowper. Letters. Selected, with Introduction, by E. V. LUCAS. (138)

Darwin. The Origin of Species. With a Note by GRANT ALLEN. (11)

Defoe. Captain Singleton. Intro. by THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. (82)
Robinson Crusoe. (17)

De Quincey. Confessions of an English Opium-Eater. (23)

Dickens. Great Expectations. With 6 Illustrations. (128)
Oliver Twist. With 24 Illustrations by GEO. CRUIKSHANK. (8)
Pickwick Papers. With 43 Illustrations by SEYMOUR and 'PHIZ'. 2 vols. (120, 121)
Tale of Two Cities. With 16 Illustrations by 'PHIZ'. (38)

Dobson (Austin). Eighteenth-Century Vignettes. Three Series. (245–7)
Four Frenchwomen. (248) Selected Poems. (249)
A Paladin of Philanthropy, &c. (256) Side-Walk Studies. (257)

Dufferin (Lord). Letters from High Latitudes. Illustrated. With Introduction by R. W. MACAN. (158)

Eliot (George). Adam Bede. (63)
Felix Holt. Introduction by VIOLA MEYNELL. (179)
Romola. Introduction by VIOLA MEYNELL. (178)
Scenes of Clerical Life. Introduction by ANNIE MATHESON. (155)
Silas Marner, The Lifted Veil, and Brother Jacob. Introduction by THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. (80)
The Mill on the Floss. (31)

Emerson. English Traits, and Representative Men. (30)
Essays. First and Second Series. (6)
Nature; and Miscellanies. (236)

English Critical Essays. Selected and edited by EDMUND D. JONES. (Nineteenth Century.) (206)
(Sixteenth to Eighteenth Centuries.) (240)

English Essays. Chosen and arranged by W. PEACOCK. (32)

English Essays, 1600–1900 (Book of). Chosen by S. V. MAKOWER and B. H. BLACKWELL. (172)

English Letters. Fifteenth to Nineteenth Centuries.) Selected and edited by M. DUCKITT and H. WRAGG. (102)

English Prose. Chosen and arranged by W. PEACOCK.

Mandeville to Ruskin. (45) Wycliffe to Clarendon. (219)
Milton to Gray. (220) Walpole to Lamb. (221)
Landor to Holmes. (222) Mrs. Gaskell to Henry James. (223)

English Prose Narrative, Descriptive, and Dramatic. Selected by H. A. TREBLE. (204)

English Short Stories. (Nineteenth Century.) Introduction by Prof. HUGH WALKER. (193)

Second Series. Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries. (228)

English Songs and Ballads. Compiled by T. W. H. CROSLAND. (13)

English Speeches, from Burke to Gladstone. Selected by EDGAR R. JONES, M.P. (101)

Fielding. Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon, &c. Intro. A. DOBSON. (142)

Franklin Benjamin. Autobiography. (25)

Galt John. The Entail. Introduction by JOHN AYSCOUGH. (177)

Gaskell Mrs. Introductions by CLEMENT SHORTER.

Cousin Phillis, and Other Tales, &c. (168)
Cranford, The Cage at Cranford, and The Moorland Cottage. (110)
Lizzie Leigh, The Grey Woman, and Other Tales, &c. (175)
Mary Barton. (82) North and South. (154)
Right at Last, and Other Tales, &c. (203)
Round the Sofa. (190) Ruth. (88)
Sylvia's Lovers. (156)
Wives and Daughters. (167) Life of Charlotte Brontë. (214)

Gibbon. Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. With Maps. 7 vols. (35, 44, 51, 55, 64, 69, 74)

Autobiography. Introduction by J. B. BURY. (119)

Goethe. Faust, Part I (with Marlowe's Dr. Faustus). Translated by JOHN ANSTER. Introduction by Sir A. W. WARD. (122)

Goldsmith. Poems. Introduction and Notes by AUSTIN DOBSON. (123)

The Vicar of Wakefield. (4)

Grant James. The Captain of the Guard. (15)

Hawthorne. The Scarlet Letter. (26)

Hazlitt. Characters of Shakespeare's Plays. Introduction by Sir A. QUILLER-COUCH. (205)

Lectures on the English Comic Writers. Introduction by R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. (92) Lectures on the English Poets. (94)
Sketches and Essays. (74) Spirit of the Age. (57)
Table-Talk. (83) Winterslow. (25)

Herbert George. Poems. Introduction by ARTHUR WAUGH. (109)

Herrick Poems. (16)

Holmes Oliver Wendell. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. (61)
The Poet at the Breakfast Table. Intro. Sir W. R. NICOLL. (150)
The Professor at the Breakfast Table. Intro. Sir W. R. NICOLL. (80)

Homer. Iliad. Translated by Pope. (18)
Odyssey. Translated by Pope. (36)

Hood. Poems. Introduction by WALTER JERROLD. (87)

Horne (R. H.). A New Spirit of the Age. Intro. W. JERROLD. (127)

Hume. Essays. (33)

Hunt (Leigh). Essays and Sketches. Intro. R. B. JOHNSON. (115)
The Town. Introduction and Notes by AUSTIN DOBSON. (132)

Irving (Washington). The Conquest of Granada. (150)
The Sketch-Book. Introduction by T. BALSTON. (173)

Jerrold (Douglas). Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures, &c. Intro. WALTER JERROLD, and 90 Illustrations by KEENE, LEECH, and DOYLE. (122)

Johnson. Lives of the English Poets: Intro. A. WAUGH. 2 vols. (83, 84)

Keats. Poems. (7)

Keble. The Christian Year. (181)

Lamb. Essays of Elia, and The Last Essays of Elia. (2)

Landor. Imaginary Conversations. Selected with Introduction by Prof. E. DE SÉLINCOURT. (196)

Lesage. Gil Blas. Translated by T. SMOLLETT, with Introduction and Notes by J. FITZMAURICE-KELLY. 2 vols. (151, 152)

Letters written in War Time. Selected by H. WRAGG. (202)

Longfellow. Evangeline, The Golden Legend, &c. (39)
Hiawatha, Miles Standish, Tales of a Wayside Inn, &c. (174)

Lytton. Harold. With 6 Illustrations by CHARLES BURTON. (165)

Macaulay. Lays of Ancient Rome; Ivry; The Armada. (27)

Machiavelli. The Prince. Translated by LUIGI RICCI. (43)

Marcus Aurelius. See Aurelius.

Marlowe. Dr. Faustus (with Goethe's Faust, Part I). Introduction by Sir A. W. WARD. (135)

Marryat. Mr. Midshipman Easy. (160)
The King's Own. With 6 Illustrations by WARWICK GOBLE. (164)

Melville (Herman). Moby-Dick. Intro. VIOLA MEYNELL. (225)
White Jacket. Intro. CARL VON DOREN. (253)

Mill (John Stuart). On Liberty, &c. Intro. Mrs. FAWCETT. (170)

Milton. The English Poems. (182)

Montaigne. Essays. Translated by J. FLORIO. 3 vols. (65, 70, 77)

Morier (J. J.). Hajji Baba of Ispahan. Ed. by C. W. STEWART. With a Map. (238)

Morris (W.). The Defence of Guenevere, Jason, &c. (183)

Motley. Rise of the Dutch Republic. 3 vols. (96, 97, 98)

Nekrassov. Who can be happy and free in Russia? A Poem. Trans. by JULIET SOSKICE. (213)

Palgrave. The Golden Treasury. With additional Poems, including FITZGERALD'S translation of Omar Khayyám. (133)

Peacock (T. L.). Misfortunes of Elphin; and Crotchet Castle. Intro. by R. W. CHAPMAN. (244)

Peacock W., English Prose from Mandeville to Ruskin. (45)
English Prose. 5 vols. :—
Wyclif to Clarendon. (219) Walpole to Lamb (221)
Milton to Gray (220) Landor to Holmes (222)
Mrs. Gaskell to Henry James. (223)
Selected English Essays. (32)

Persian From the. The Three Dervishes, and Other Stories. Translated by R. LEVY. (254)

Poe (Edgar Allan). Tales of Mystery and Imagination. (21)

Polish Tales. A Selection. Translated by ELSE C. M. BENECKE and MARIE BUSCH. (230)

Porter Jane. The Scottish Chiefs (161)

Prescott W. H., History of the Conquest of Mexico. Introduction by Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE. 2 vols. (197, 198)

Reid Mayne. The Rifle Rangers. With 6 Illustrations. (166)
The Scalp Hunters. With 6 Illustrations by A. H. COLLINS. (167)

Reynolds Sir Joshua. The Discourses, and the Letters to 'The Idler.' Introduction by AUSTIN DOBSON. (149)

Rossetti (Christina). Goblin Market, The Prince's Progress, and Other Poems. (184)

Rossetti D. G., Poems and Translations, 1850-1870. (185)

Ruskin. *Seven Ruskin Volumes, by arrangement with Messrs. Allen and Unwin, Ltd.*
Sesame and Lilies, and The Ethics of the Dust (145)
The King of the Golden River, and The Queen of the Air. (146)
Unto this Last, and Munera Pulveris (148)

Scott. Ivanhoe (27)
The Talisman. Introduction by AUSTIN DOBSON (94)
Poems. A Selection. (186)

Selected English Short Stories. (Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries.) Two Series. (193, 228)

Selected Speeches and Documents on British Colonial Policy 1763-1917. Edited with Introduction by Professor A. B. KEITH, D.C.L., D.Litt. 2 vols. (215, 216)

Selected Speeches and Documents on Indian Policy 1750-1921. Edited with Introduction by A. B. KEITH. 2 vols.

Selected Speeches on British Foreign Policy 1738-1914. Edited by EDGAR R. JONES, M.P. (201)

Shakespeare Poems. With a Preface by A. C. SWINBURNE. The text of the several plays and poems by E. K. CHAMBERS, with a Note by I. GOLLANCZ on the special typographical features of this Edition. 9 vols.
Comedies. 3 vols. (104, 105, 106)
Histories and Poems. 3 vols. (Nos. 1, 2, 3)
Tragedies. 3 vols. (106, 107, 108)

Shakespeare's Contemporaries. Six Plays by BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, MASSINGER, WEBSTER, and MIDDLETON. Edited by C. B. WHEELER. (199)

Shakespearean Criticism. A Selection. Ed. D. N. SMITH. (212)
Shelley. Poems. A Selection. (187)
Sheridan. Plays. Introduction by JOSEPH KNIGHT. (79)
Smith (Adam). The Wealth of Nations. 2 vols. (54, 59)
Smith (Alexander). Dreamthorp, with Selections from Last Leaves. Introduction by Prof. HUGH WALKER. (200)
Smollett. Travels through France and Italy. Intro. T. SECCOMBE. (90)
Sophocles. The Seven Plays. Trans. LEWIS CAMPBELL. (116)
Southey (Robert). Letters. Selected, with an Introduction and Notes, by MAURICE H. FITZGERALD. (169)
Sterne. Tristram Shandy. (40)
Swift. Gulliver's Travels. (20)
Taylor (Meadows). Confessions of a Thug. (207)
Tennyson. Selected Poems. Introduction by Sir H. WARREN. (3)
Thackeray. Book of Snobs, Sketches and Travels in London, &c. (50)
Henry Esmond. (28)
Pendennis. Introduction by EDMUND GOSSE. 2 vols. (91, 92)
Thoreau. Walden. Introduction by THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. (68)
Tolstoy. Essays and Letters. Translated by AYLMER MAUDE. (46)
Twenty-three Tales. Translated by L. and A. MAUDE. (72)
The Cossacks. Translated by L. and A. MAUDE. (208)
Resurrection. Trans. L. MAUDE. Intro. A. MAUDE. (209)
Anna Karenina. Trans. L. and A. MAUDE. 2 vols. (210, 211)
A Confession, and What I Believe. Trans. AYLMER MAUDE. (229)
War and Peace. Trans. L. and A. MAUDE. 3 vols. (233–5)
Plays. Complete. (243)
Trollope. An Autobiography. Intro. by MICHAEL SADLEIR. (239)
The Belton Estate. (251)
The Claverings Intro. by G. S. STREET. (252)
The Three Clerks. Intro. by W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE. (140)
The Warden. (217)
Virgil. Translated by DRYDEN. (37)
Virgil. Translated by J. RHOADES. (227)
Watts-Dunton (Theodore). Aylwin. (52)
Wells (Charles). Joseph and his Brethren. With an Introduction by ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, and a Note on Rossetti and Charles Wells by THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. (143)
White (Gilbert). The Natural History of Selborne. (22)
Whitman. Leaves of Grass: A Selection. Introduction by E. DE SÉLINCOURT. (218)
Whittier. Poems: A Selection. (188)
Wordsworth. Poems: A Selection. (189)

Other Volumes in preparation.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
London Edinburgh Glasgow Copenhagen
New York Toronto Melbourne Cape Town
Bombay Calcutta Madras Shanghai
Humphrey Milford

10/23